Dec. 9, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

Gahan Wilson

If you're the type of person who thinks caviar
tastes better when it costs $120 an ounce,
you'd probably like Cutty Sark better if it cost $120 a bottle.
Let us know. Our price tag can be easily changed.

CUTTY SARK®
SCOTS WHISKY
UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky. 40% Alc. by Vol. Imported by © W. A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1991.

BEST *of* GIFTS

Whether you're one to give anonymously, joyously, benevolently, begrudgingly, belatedly, however, whatever, to whomever, we've got what it takes to be original. For the first time, our entire 2nd floor will be given over to gifting of a highly personal, often exclusive nature. Our colossal new kid's world premieres on 8 and 9. And we've got a few altruistic ideas, too.

bloomingdale's

GIVING IS GOOD. GIVING OF YOURSELF IS BETTER.

ESSEX HOUSE

ANNOUNCING THE
RETURN OF A NEW YORK
TREASURE.

AFTER A TWO-YEAR RENOVATION,
THE GRAND NEW
ESSEX HOUSE HAS REOPENED
ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH.
WHETHER YOU RECALL THE HOTEL
AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS GLORY
OR YOU SIMPLY REMEMBER
THE SIGN ON THE SKYLINE,
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT
NIKKO HOTELS INTERNATIONAL
HAS NOW RESTORED ONE OF
NEW YORK'S GREATEST
TREASURES. FOR RESERVATIONS
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
1-800-NIKKO-US.

ESSEX HOUSE
hotel nikko new york

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU
REMEMBER. AND MORE.

160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019
212-247-0300

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER 9, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41

"ATTRACTION" . . . . *David Long* 46

"THE FEELINGS" (POEM) . . . . *Sharon Olds* 48

"COVENTRY" (POEM) . . . . *Alfred Corn* 52

REPORT FROM MADRID . . . . *Milton Viorst* 57

"AN ORDINARY AFTERNOON IN CHARLOTTESVILLE" (POEM) . . . . . *Charles Wright* 68

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 83

THE THEATRE . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 111

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 112

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN) 115

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 129

COVER: *Gahan Wilson*

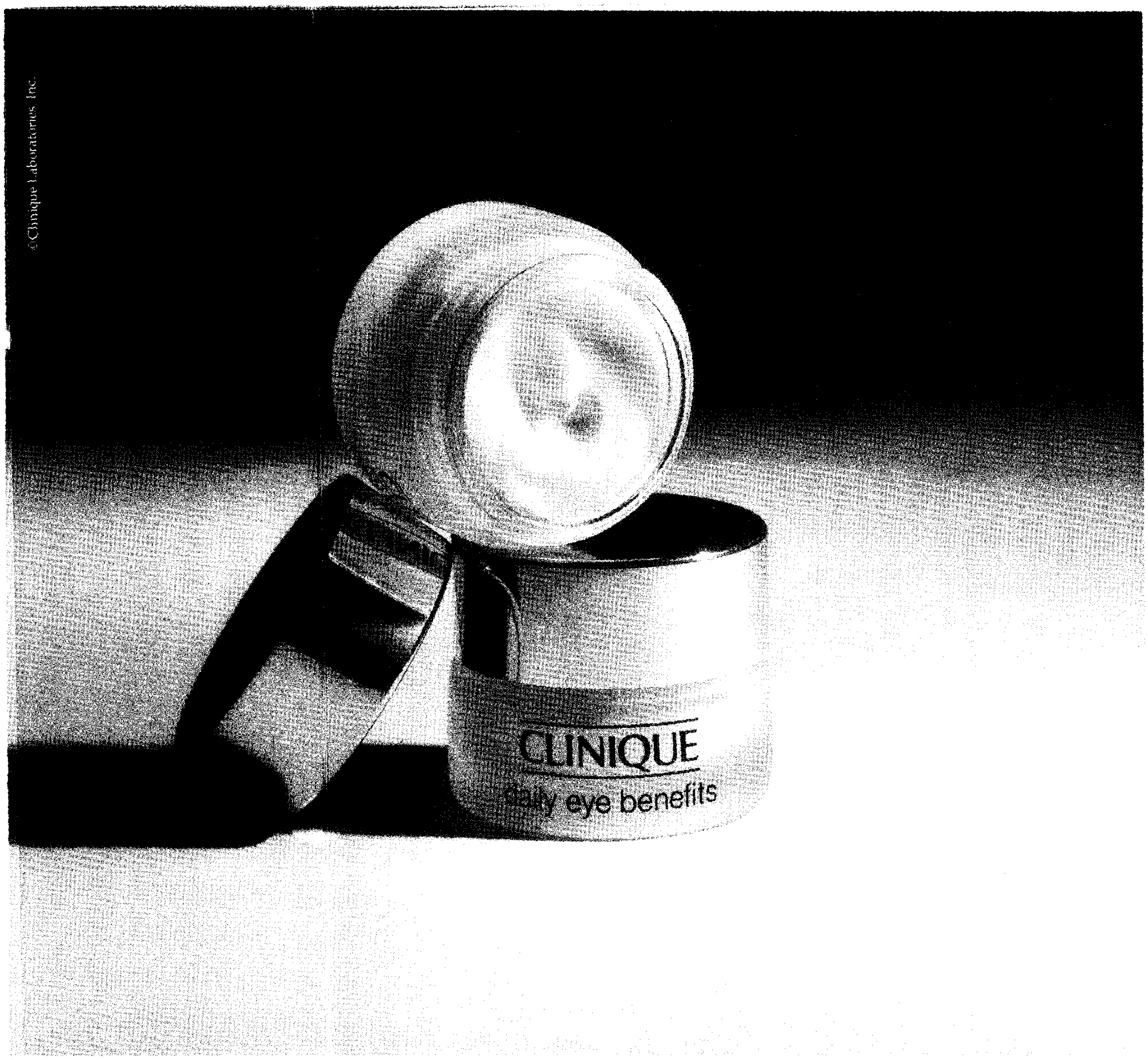
DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Robert Mankoff, Mike Twohy, John O'Brien, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Michael Crawford, William Steig, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, James E. Kirchman, Danny Shanahan, Edward Frascino, Leo Cullum, Peter Steiner, Bernard Schoenbaum, Irena Roman, Benoît van Innis, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman, Mick Stevens*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London, W1X7LF. Penn Brown & Associates, Inc.: 175 Derby St., Suite 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503 Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co.,Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 42, December 9, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC. PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.


©Clinique Laboratories Inc.

Feast Your Eyes.

Eyes look their best when the skin around them is firm and smooth—unworried by lines, sags, puffs.

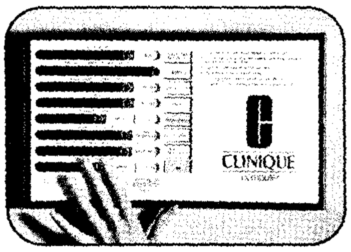
For many eyes, this ideal setting was unlikely until now. Until this: Clinique's Daily Eye Benefits.

This is the vitalizing cream that eyes have been waiting for. A daily diet that offers unique refreshment, eye tech efficiency, a support system that keeps working, on any skin, with no letdown.

Used regularly, Daily Eye Benefits firms eye area skin. Helps iron out puffiness and pleats. Moisturizes. Soothes irritation. Is invisible on. Won't slip into eyes. Won't upset eye makeup.

Find it—and a free skin analysis with the famous Clinique Computer—at any Clinique counter.

Daily Eye Benefits serves this thin skin all the nourishment it wants. For eyes, it's a feast.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

FOR some time now, professional gastronomes have been rediscovering the pleasures of "comfort food," dependable culinary fare that one cannot even think about without feeling good. We've been wondering lately whether there isn't also such a thing as "comfort theatre." We don't have in mind plays that pander to prejudices or encourage complacency; we mean work—serious or silly—that produces pleasure at the very idea of a return visit.

In the serious category, Romulus Linney's "Heathen Valley" is certainly such a piece. Adapted from the writer's 1962 novel of the same name, it's one of his earliest works dealing with "mountain people." The play received a wonderful production at the Theatre for the New City in 1988, and is being revived this month by the Signature Theatre Company, a group that is devoting its current season exclusively to Mr. Linney.

On the silly side, we want to mention "Tony n' Tina's Wedding." As all the world knows, this forerunner of the current spate of "participatory" theatre involves a nuptial ceremony at St. John's Church, on Christopher Street, and a subsequent reception in a hall nearby. We'd caught "Tony n' Tina" when it opened, in 1988, and had thought about it only intermittently since, but news of an upcoming movie set our wheels turning once more. The film is David Cronenberg's "Naked Lunch," and it features a very gifted, very up-and-coming young Canadian actor named Joseph Scorsiani, whom we'd seen as Tony in an out-of-town production and whom we're anxious to see again. We can't report, alas, that Mr. Scorsiani has taken over the lead in the New York production, but we can say that Rick Pasqualone, who does have the role, is perfectly fine, as is Sharon Angela, who plays his bride. "Tony n' Tina" may be the only show in town that serves up both comfort theatre and comfort food.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A comedic tribute to the Borscht Belt, starring Freddie Roman, Marilyn Michaels, Mal Z. Lawrence, and Dick Capri. Previews Dec. 3-4. Opens Dec. 5 at 6:45. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Mason Adams, Joan Copeland, Larry Keith, and Anne Pitoniak star in **THE ROSE QUARTET**, a play by Tom Cumella. Opens Dec. 3 at 8, and runs through Dec. 29. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

THE CRUCIBLE—The National Actors Theatre (founded by Tony Randall) débuts with a revival of the Arthur Miller play. The cast includes Madeleine Potter, Martin Sheen, Fritz Weaver, Carol Woods, and Michael York. Previews through Dec. 8. Opens Dec. 10 at 8. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE DON JUAN AND THE NON DON JUAN—A new musical by Neil Radisch, James Milton, and David Goldstein, which was based on two novels by Marvin Cohen. With Joseph Adams, Monica Carr, Vicki Lewis, Karen Mason, and Polly Pen. Previews begin Dec. 5. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FINKEL'S FOLLIES—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

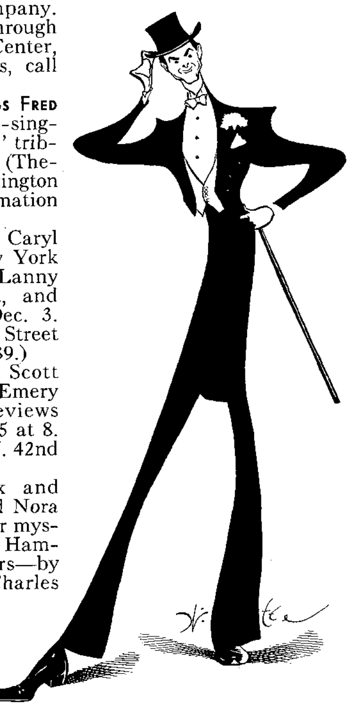
HEATHEN VALLEY—A production of Romulus Linney's play, directed by James Houghton and the playwright himself. Presented by the Signature Theatre Company. Opens Dec. 4 at 8, and runs through Dec. 22. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. For reservations, call 262-1647.)

I WON'T DANCE: STEVE ROSS SINGS FRED ASTAIRE—Mr. Ross in an "all-singing, all-playing, non-dancing" tribute. Previews begin Dec. 4. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 688-7253.)

MAD FOREST—A 1990 play by Caryl Churchill, presented by New York Theatre Workshop. With Lanny Flaherty, Calista Flockhart, and Mary Shultz. Preview on Dec. 3. Opens Dec. 4 at 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 302-6989.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play by Scott McPherson, featuring Lisa Emery and Laura Esterman. Previews through Dec. 4. Opens Dec. 5 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

NICK & NORA—Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason are Nick and Nora Charles in this musical murder mystery—inspired by Dashiell Hammett's "Thin Man" characters—by Arthur Laurents (book), Charles Strouse (score), and Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics). Mr. Laurents directed. Also with Christine Baranski and Chris Sarandon. Previews through Dec. 7. Opens Dec. 8 at 6:15. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)



Steve Ross salutes Fred Astaire in "I Won't Dance"

RAGS—Ann Crumb and Crista Moore star in this revised version of the 1986 musical by Charles Strouse, Stephen Schwartz, and Joseph Stein. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. Opens Dec. 2 at 7. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

WHAT ABOUT LUV?—Austin Pendleton, David Green, and Judy Kaye star in a revival of the musical version of Murray Schisgal's play "Luv." The book is by Jeffrey Sweet, the lyrics are by Susan Birkenhead, and the music is by Howard Marren. Opens Dec. 6 at 8, and runs through Jan. 19. (York, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

OPENED RECENTLY

THE BABY DANCE—Jane Anderson's humorous, affecting play about two couples—Wanda and Al, of Louisiana, who are about to have a child, and Rachel and her husband, of Southern California, who plan to adopt it. The script is composed of sudden sympathy and petty misunderstandings, and two of the performances, under Jenny Sullivan's direction, are exceptional: Stephanie Zimbalist, as Rachel, and Richard Lineback, as Al; he could be a young Henry Fonda. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/91.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BEGGARS IN THE HOUSE OF PLENTY—Though the hero of John Patrick Shanley's eruptive satire, significantly named Johnny, is—man and boy—the victim of his Irish Catholic family, he is a resilient victim, which is more than can be said for most of his relatives. The action, under Mr. Shanley's direction, trips along in a comic, inventive manner until, weighed down by bitterness, it turns bleak. Loren Dean is fine as Johnny, as are Dana Ivey, Daniel von Bargen, and Jon Tenney, as relatives. (11/4/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Dec. 15.)

BLUEBEARD—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company revives Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

BON APPÉTIT!—Jean Stapleton in two short operas by Lee Hoiby. The first is a musical staging of Ruth Draper's monologue "The Italian Lesson"; the second is a setting of a Julia Child cooking lesson. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Dec. 15.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (6/3/91) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

COLE AND COWARD: JULIE WILSON WITH WILLIAM ROY—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA—Essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

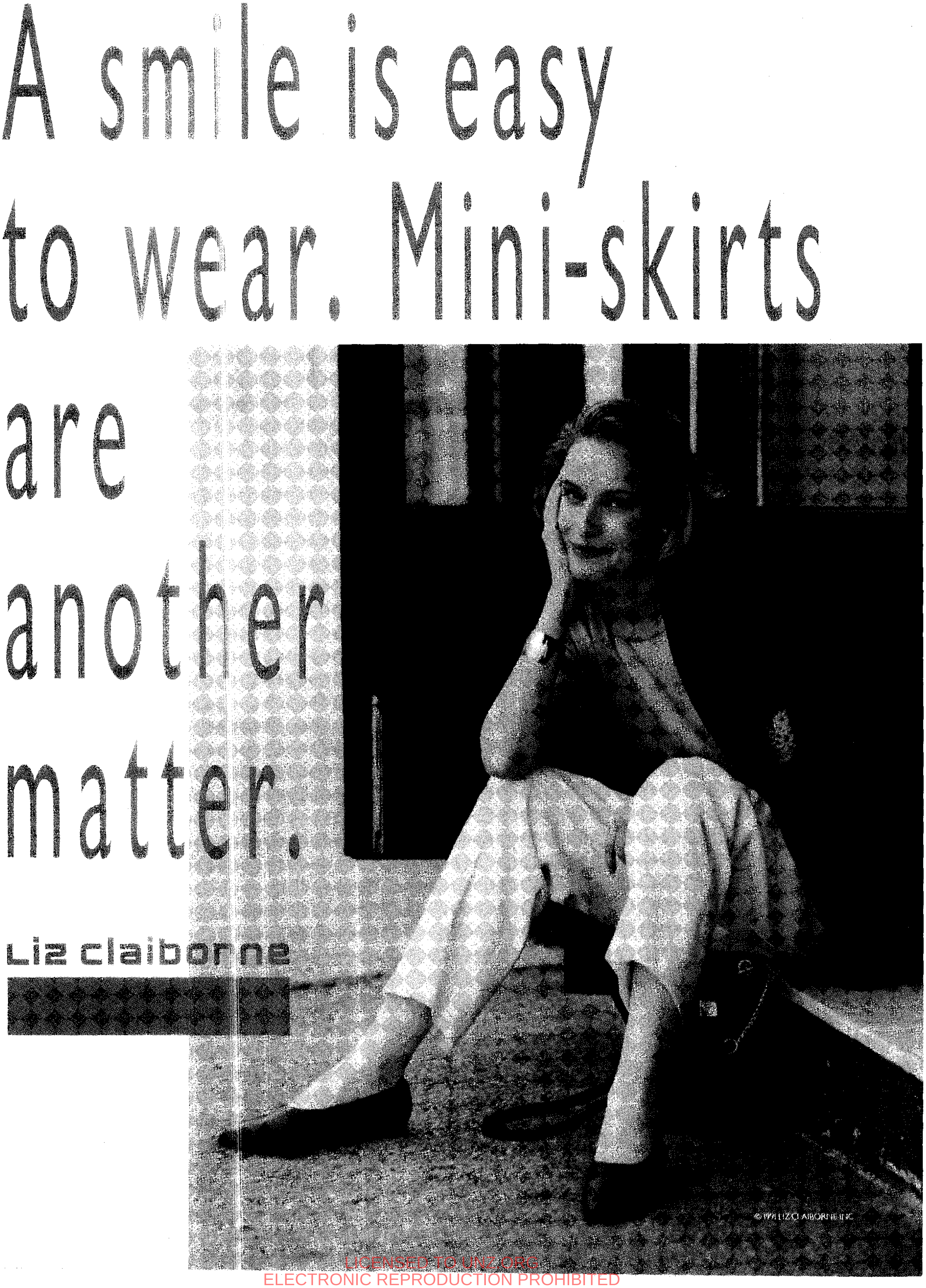
THE HOMECOMING—This production, the Roundabout's Broadway début, in every way revives Harold Pinter's ironic, puzzling, funny, riveting, and altogether masterly play about a professor who returns from America, with his wife, to his horrible family in London. The acting throughout is worthy of the script. Roy Dotrice plays the father of the family; Lindsay Crouse is the wife; Daniel Gerroll is a brother who pimps for a living; and Jonathan Hogan is the professor. Also with John Horton and Reed Diamond. (11/11/91) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Dec. 8.)

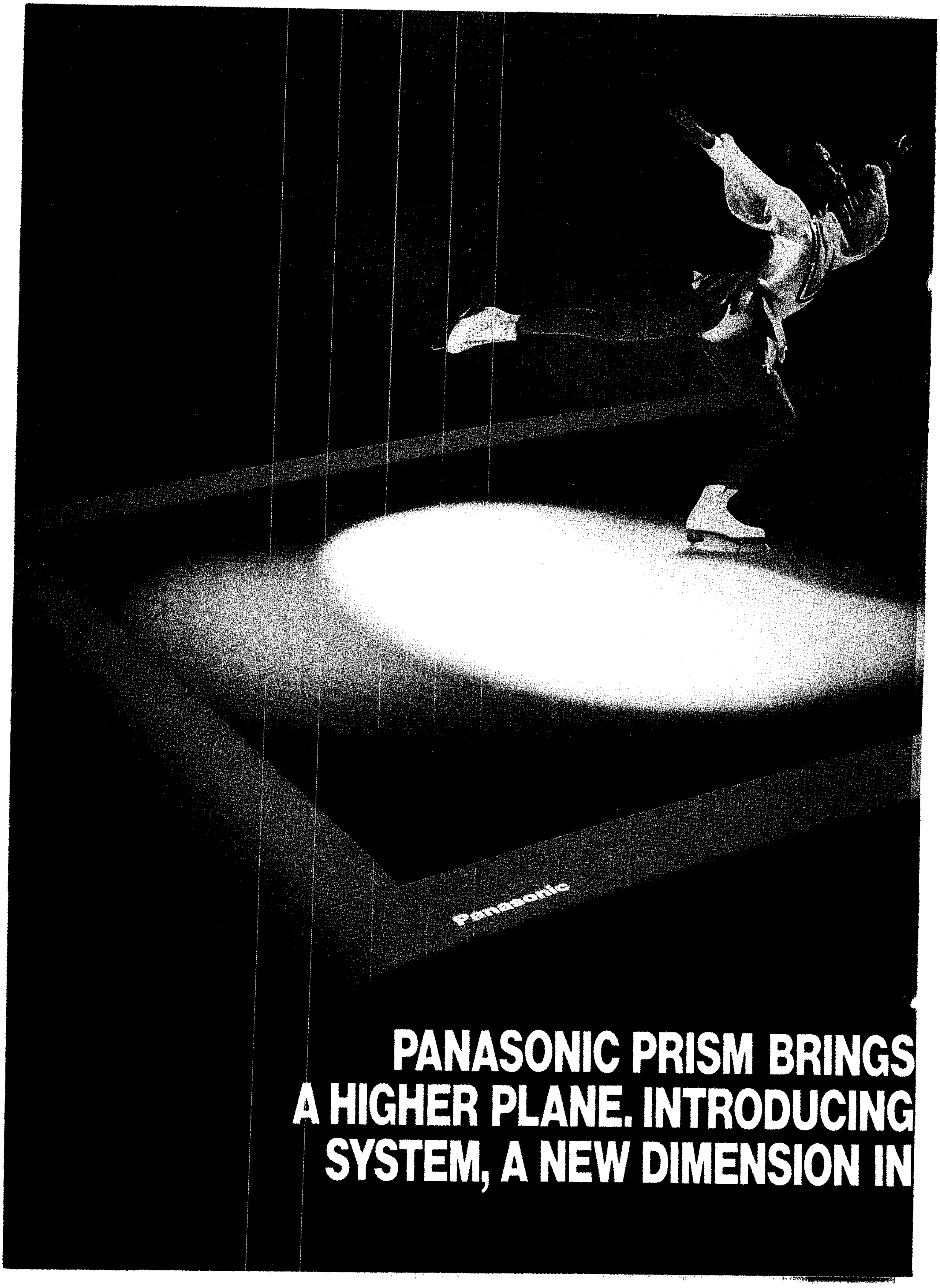
LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

NO CURE FOR CANCER—Denis Leary's one-man show, which received its première at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was originally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is


A smile is easy to wear. Mini-skirts are another matter.
Liz claiborne
© 1991 LIZ CLAIBORNE INC


Panasonic
PANASONIC PRISM BRINGS
A HIGHER PLANE. INTRODUCING
SYSTEM, A NEW DIMENSION IN

TELEVISION TO THE SUPERFLAT TV TECHNOLOGY.

Panasonic Prism Television with the Superflat System and Active Dome Sound creates a video experience of incredible depth and detail.

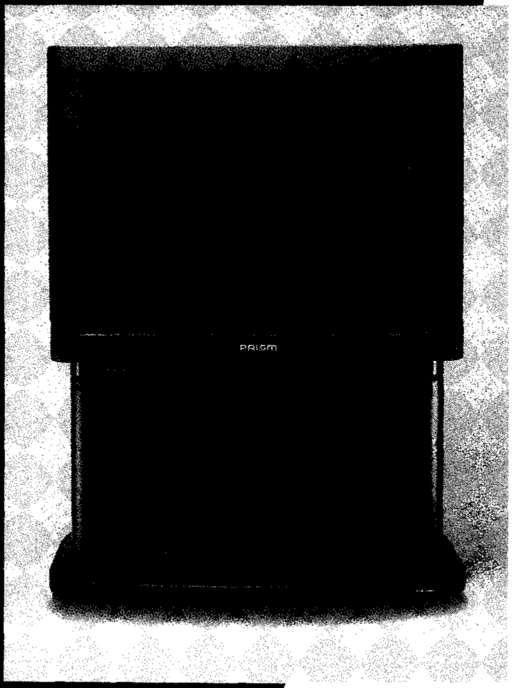
Imagine looking out your window and seeing an Olympic event. The only thing separating you from the action is a single sheet of glass. That's what it feels like to watch the new Panasonic Prism Television with the Superflat System, model CTP-3196SF.

Superflat technology produces a picture with amazing depth. An ultra black glass screen increases image contrast by 40% over conventional screens. Improved phosphor technology produces brighter reds and greens, compared to our standard picture tubes. Our new multi-prefocus electron gun and invar mask create a stunningly sharp picture. And with the capability of 750 lines of resolution, the total result is television technology at its finest.

SUPERFLAT
SYSTEM

The new Active Dome Sound System uses computer-designed acoustic chambers, a new coaxial speaker arrangement and front-fired bass ports. Creating incredible stereo sound and clear dialogue that feels like it's actually emanating from the screen.

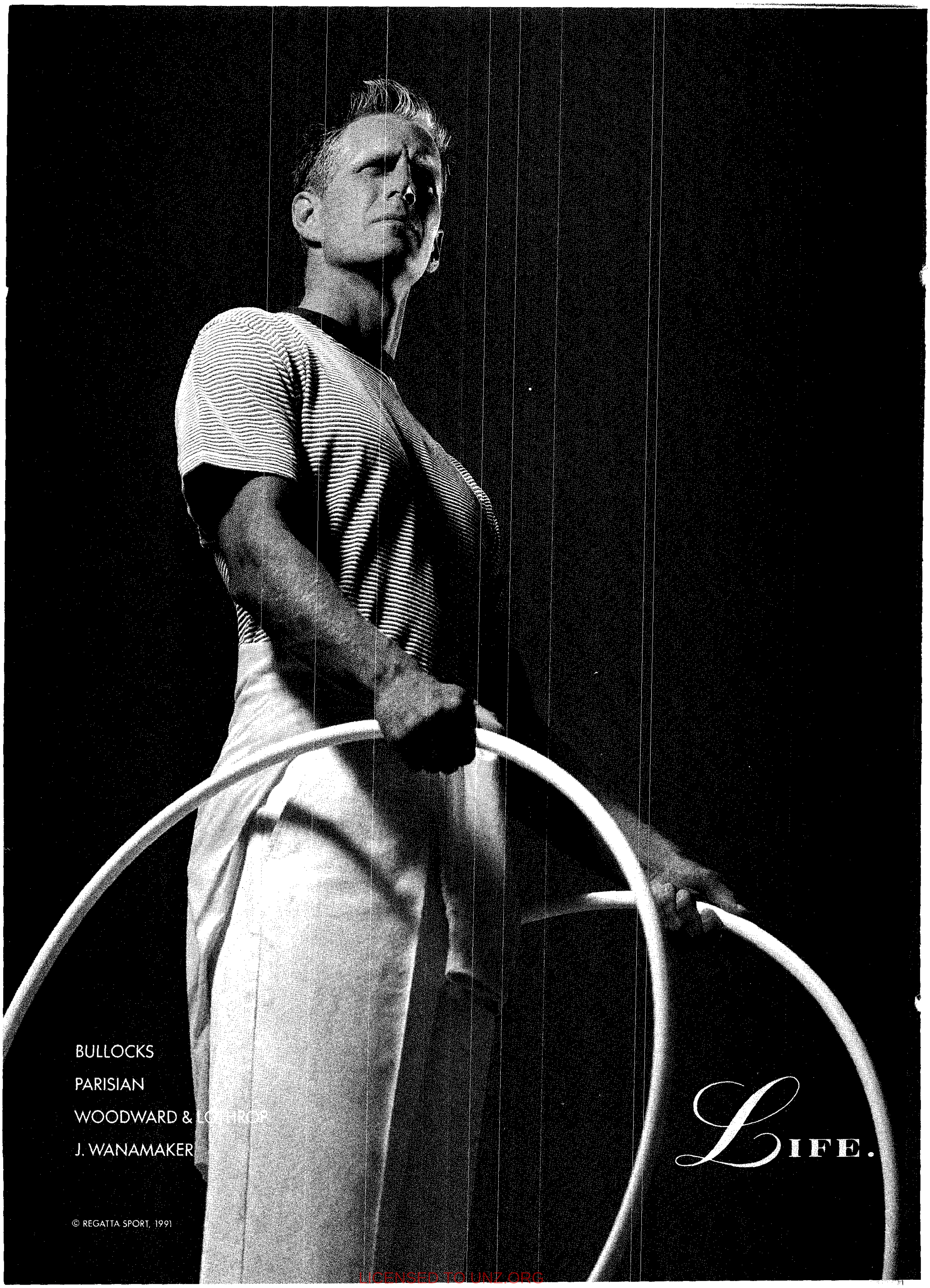
The Panasonic Prism TV with the Superflat System and Active Dome Sound. It's not the next step in television. It's the step after that. ■



USA

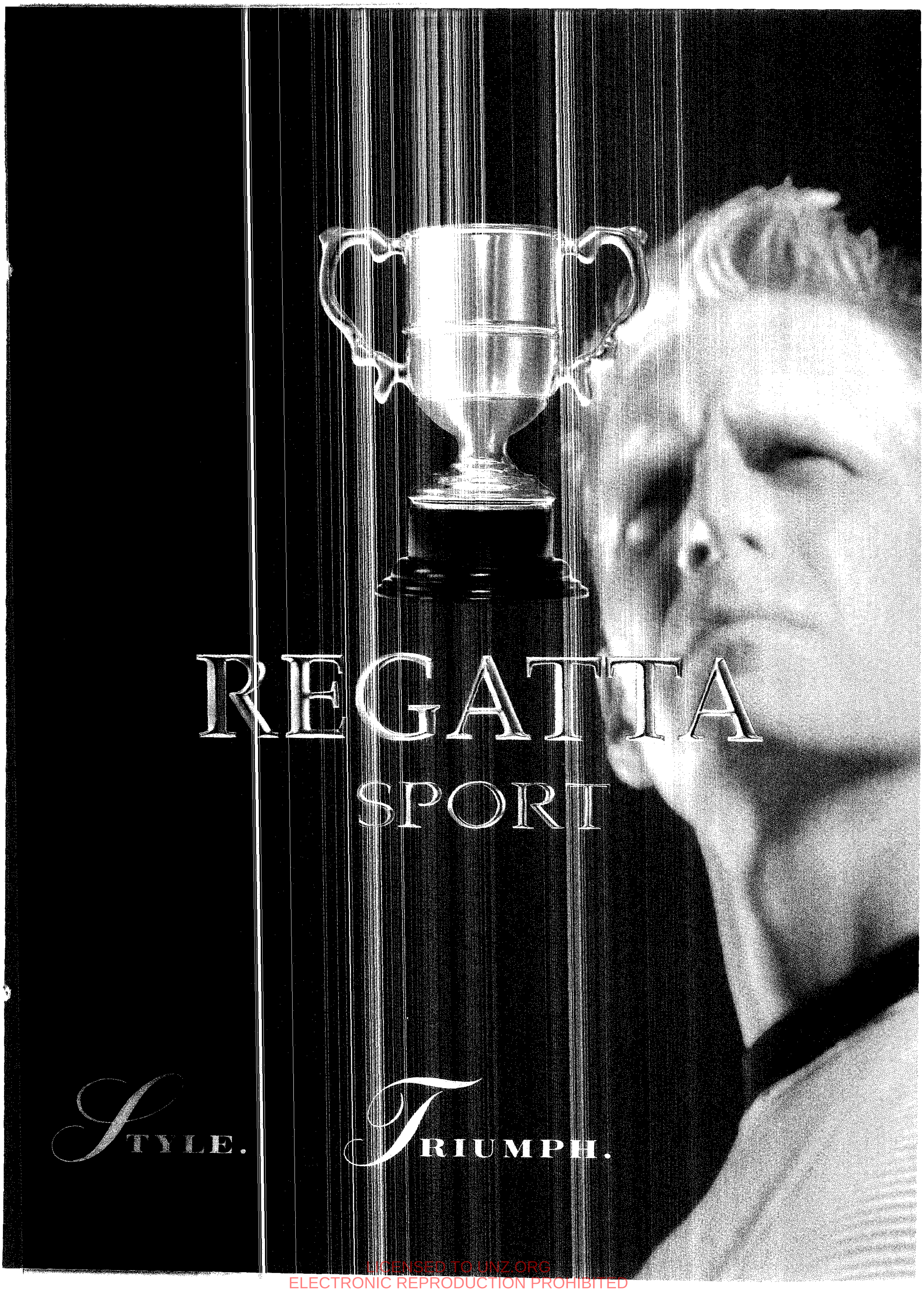
OFFICIAL SPONSOR
1992 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
36 U.S.C. 380

PRISM
Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®



BULLOCKS
PARISIAN
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
J. WANAMAKER

© REGATTA SPORT, 1991


REGATTA
SPORT
STYLE. TRIUMPH.

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom he traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Park Your Car in Harvard Yard—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Pericles, Prince of Tyre—Campbell Scott has the title role in the nineteenth play in the Shakespeare Marathon. Michael Greif directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 22.)

Peter Pan—A return engagement of the production led by Cathy Rigby. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Servy-n-Bernice 4Ever—A drama by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, with Ron Eldard and Lisa Gay Hamilton. Terry Kinney directed. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-5048.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—The 1923 play by Sean O'Casey, presented by a company established by O'Casey's daughter, Shivaun. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Closes Dec. 8.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

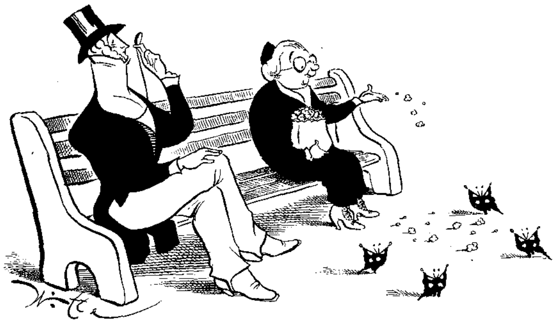
Tubes—A work by Blue Man Group. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love—All is not well in Edmonton, Alberta—that's the news in Brad Fraser's play about down-and-outers in one of Canada's provincial capitals. The script, which would have been passé in 1975, is full of desperate young people doing drugs, having sex, leaving telephone messages, committing gory crimes, making prophecies, and crying out in anguish. Tennis, anyone? (9/30/91) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Closes Dec. 8.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

And the World Goes 'Round: The Kander & Ebb Musical: A musical revue, with Karen Ziémba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.). . .**Cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **City of Angels:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.). . . **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **Forbidden Broadway:** This revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. A holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," runs through Jan. 5. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **Forever Plaid:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **Grand Hotel:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **Lost in Yonkers:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **Six Degrees of Separation:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Stockard Channing returns to the cast starting Dec. 10. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** The reception's included, too. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.)



DANCE

The Englishman Philip Astley didn't have much use for musicians. "Any fool can handle a fiddle," he is alleged to have said, "but it takes a man to manage a horse." Astley's own methods of handling horses might raise a few eyebrows now. When a theatrical manager complained to him about the behavior of some actors, Astley retorted, "Why don't you treat them as I do [my horses]? I never give them anything to eat until their performance is done." Still, Astley is honored as the father of the modern circus. This entertainment developed at the end of the eighteenth century, from the conjunction of Astley's ambition to perform equestrian feats for paying audiences, his invention of the circus ring, and his idea of interjecting clowns as leavening parody between acrobatic acts. Astley was also the first man on record to teach horses to dance to music; Billy, his favorite horse, learned to lift a kettle from the fire and set the table for tea.

Circuses have grown well beyond their initial recipe of a ring, a horse act, clowns, and a band of ravenous musicians. But no circus worthy of the name has outgrown the principle of Astley's invention: take something beautiful and something funny and mix them up in such a way that the result looks breakneck and tumultuous but feels ordered and sure (or vice versa). This discrepancy between optical and visceral effect is one of the things that has linked the circus and the dance in the work of artists and filmmakers since the end of the nineteenth century.

If you want a sense of the dancelike satisfaction that a circus can elicit, you can't do better than the Big Apple Circus, at Lincoln Center through January 5. The effortless transitions between numbers, the flow of stunts and clown satires, the emotional texture of the animal acts (especially Katja Schumann's equestrian turns), the clarity of action, the dramatic importance accorded to entrances, the fit between movement and the music (by Linda Hudes)—these give the entire show a balletic character. This year, the theme is pre-First World War Coney Island, the performers include an outstandingly graceful Russian aerialist named Elena Panova, and the two-hour-long proceedings are as tightly organized as if they had been choreographed. Some of them have been: by Lisa Giobbi, formerly of Pilobolus and Momix. What was her objective, we asked her. "Not to take away from tricks, but to give the audience something more—something beyond acrobatics," she said. "I try to keep the spirit of a number in mind."

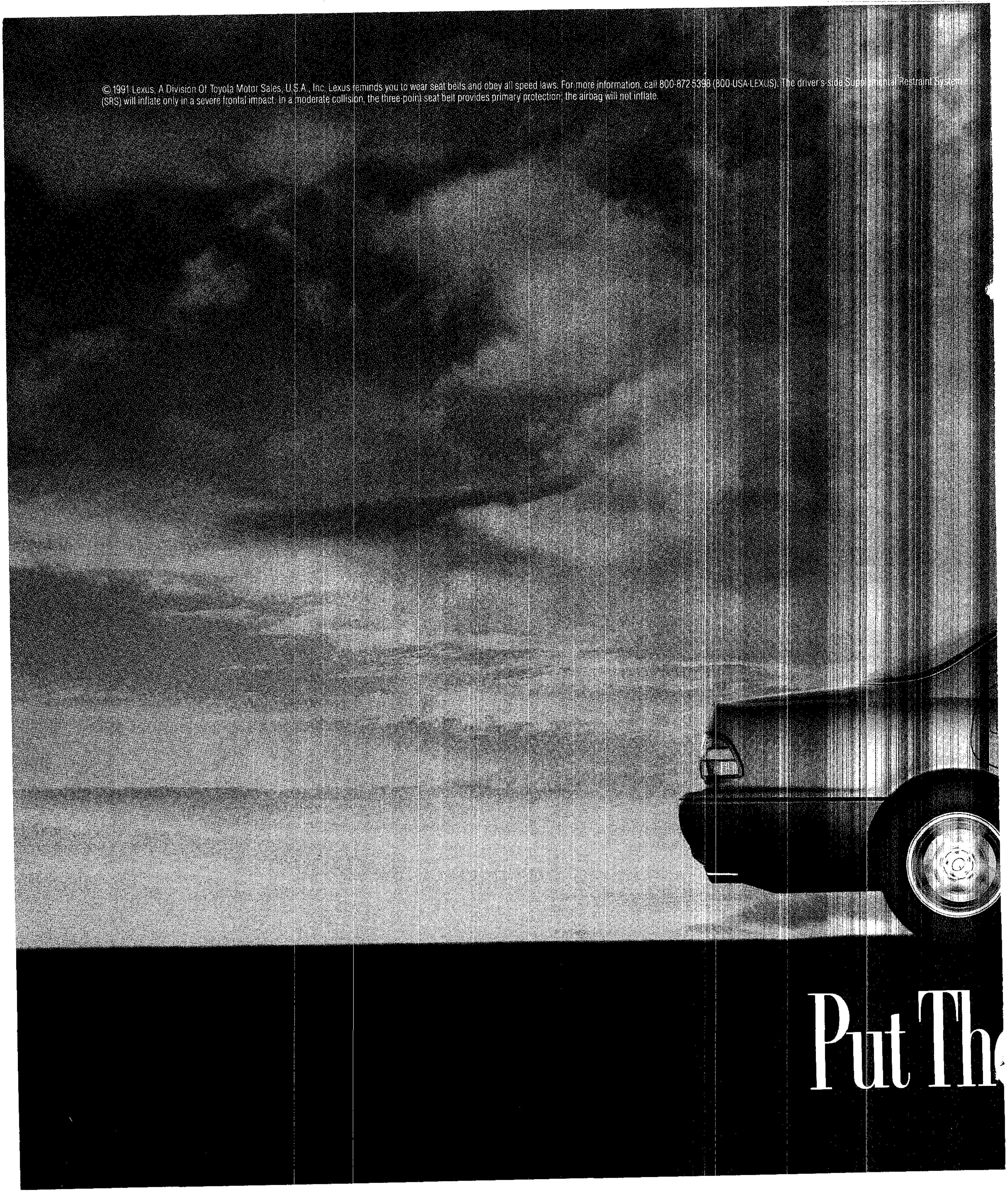
New York City Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker," through Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 4 and Dec. 6 at 8; Dec. 5 and Dec. 10-11 at 6; Dec. 7 at 2 and

40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 19

In 1762, Hugh McDermott neglected to give a bottle of Drambuie to the postman for Christmas. To this day, no member of the McDermott clan has ever received so much as a postcard.

As legends go, this fact may well be fiction. But what is indisputably the truth is that Drambuie is the legendary liqueur with a uniquely satisfying taste. Drink Drambuie, the liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. Or, now that the holidays are near, give Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745. **Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.**

DRAMBUIE
DRAMBUIE
DRAMBUIE



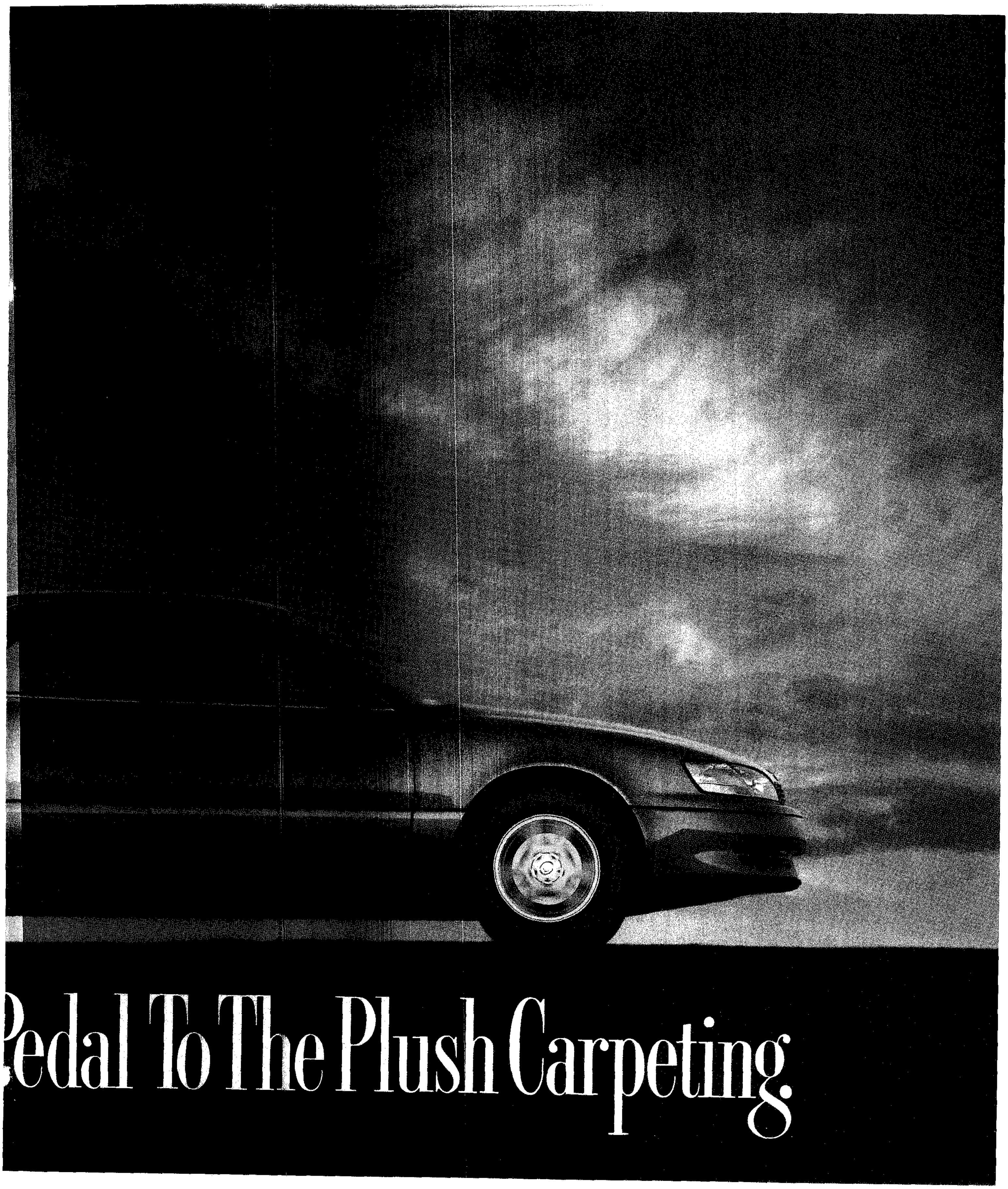
© 1991 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For more information, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS). The driver's side Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) will inflate only in a severe frontal impact. In a moderate collision, the three-point seat belt provides primary protection; the airbag will not inflate.

The ES300 Sports Sedan

185-horsepower 24-valve V6

Multi-link strut suspension

Anti-lock braking system



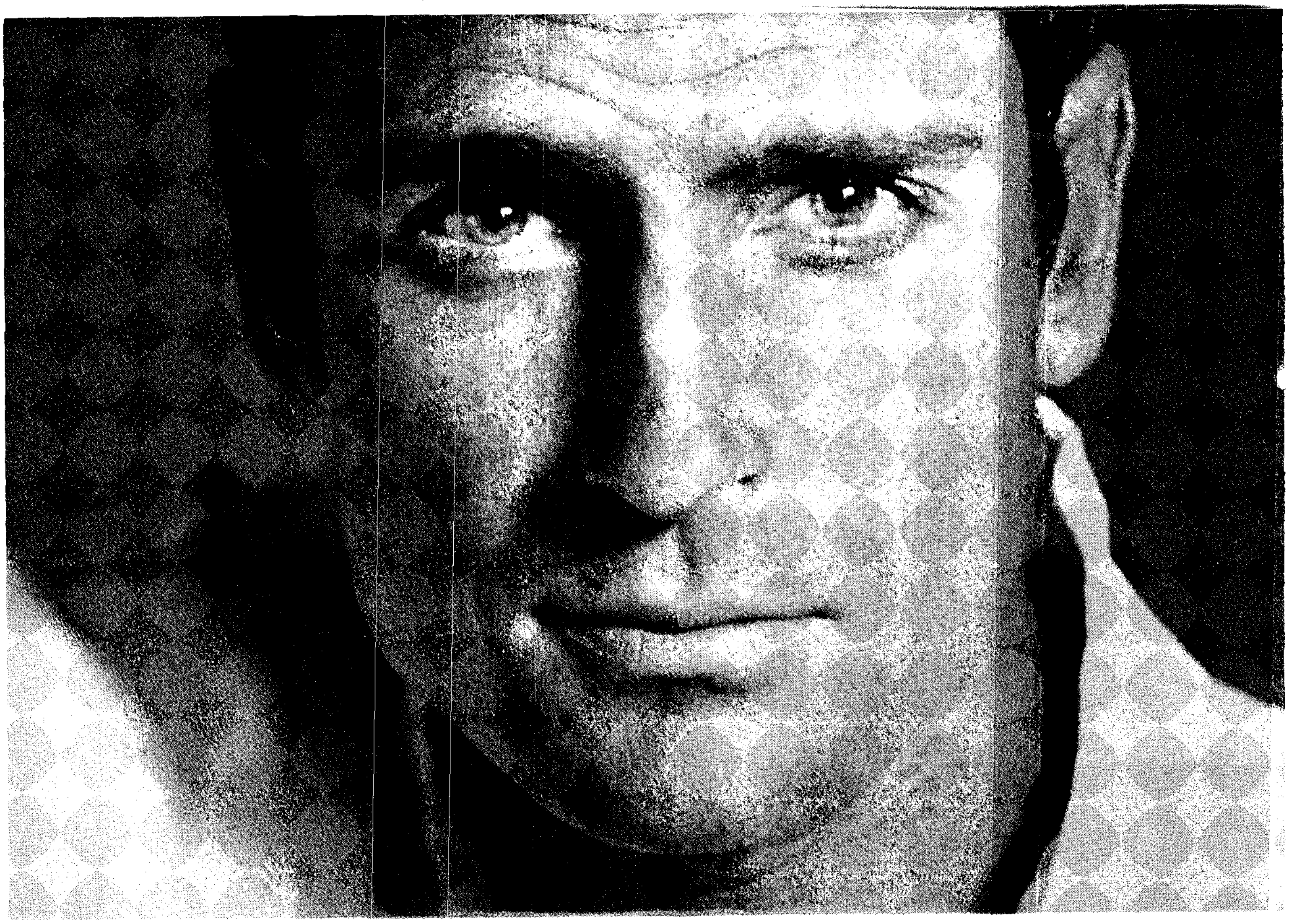
edal To The Plush Carpeting.

Driver's-side airbag SRS

8-speaker, 180-watt audio

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WEAR PACO AND BE REMEMBERED.
WHAT IS REMEMBERED IS UP TO YOU.

paco rabanne
pour homme

EAU DE TOILETTE

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

paco rabanne

8; and Dec. 8 at 1 and 5. The season continues through Feb. 23.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Dec. 29. Dec. 4 at 7:30: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Dance at the Gym" (première), and "Memoria."... ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: A program of excerpts from Alvin Ailey classics.... ¶ Dec. 6 at 8: "Streams," "Treading," "Escargot" (company première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Hidden Rites," "Episodes," and "The Stack-Up."... ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Dance at the Gym," "Reflections in D," and "Escargot."... ¶ Dec. 8 at 3: Ailey classics.... ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Dance at the Gym," and "Memoria."... ¶ Dec. 10 at 7:30: "Escargot," "Rift" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Episodes," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

María Benítez Spanish Dance Company—A two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 3-7 and Dec. 10-11 at 8, and Dec. 8 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 15.)

Blondell Cummings—With Tom Thayer, in the New York première of "Relationships: Intimate and Not So Intimate." Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Dec. 5-8 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-231[illegible].)

Claire Porter—Presenting a program of works called "Garden Party." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 5-7 at 8 and Dec. 8 at 3.)

Ekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasiliev—With several other dancers, in a single performance. (Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, the Bronx. 960-8833. Dec. 7 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

SEVENTIES funk has lately been rediscovered with a passion that is partly kitsch but mostly genuine. The catalysts for this resurgence have been house music and rap, both of which sample funk riffs and bring them up to the moment. In night clubs, at parties, and on the radio, funk is definitely in vogue, whether in its original or its reworked form. The Groove Academy, a promotional concern headed up by two young expatriates—Maurice Bernstein, from England, and Jonathan Rudnick, from South Africa—has been capitalizing on funk fever for over a year now by putting on shows, at Sounds of Brazil and elsewhere, that feature such groups as Kool and the Gang and Average White Band. Bernstein and Rudnick know how to create a scene—by combining these elder statesmen with hip d.j.s, the duo is able to attract crowds who might otherwise be out at a dance club. Their most recent offering was the Ohio Players (at S.O.B.'s), whom they have booked twice before.

The group, which formed in Dayton in 1959 but didn't hit its stride until the early seventies, is memorable for hits like "Fire," "Love Rollercoaster," and "Skin Tight," and for steamy album covers that usually featured a nude woman posing with a snake, say, or eating a spoonful of honey. At S.O.B.'s, the group demonstrated the strengths that come from years of experience: they're skilled showmen and proficient musicians, and in performance they turn their songs into extended, spiralling jams. But the crowd had come to hear funk—the Groove Academy's motto, after all, is "Dedicated to the preservation of funk"—and what they got instead was a long set of windy, preachy ballads bookended by the hits mentioned above. Rather than emphasizing the aspects of funk that have won new converts—its great beat and grooves—they rehashed the most tiresome traits of seventies soul: the fusionist synthesizer wailing, the earnest speechifying about love and peace, the endless "Can I hear you say yeah!" exhortations. Crowd members received all of this respectfully, but you could tell that they were itching to dance.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The singer and actress **andrea marcovicci** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. The program, titled "Home for the Holidays," marks the singer's fifth anniversary at the Algonquin, and has been described as "a love letter to New York City." Saturday nights at eleven-thirty, Ms. Marcovicci is offering a set titled "I'll Be Seeing You: The Love Songs of World War II." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Firehose at Maxwell's

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The **gerry mulligan** quartet is here Dec. 3-4, and **milton nascimento's** acoustic trio holds forth Dec. 5-8. **tony bennett** will be here on Dec. 9. Bennett's shows are not padded with cloying patter, jokey medleys, or endless exit and entrance themes. One gets the singer and the songs. As for the singer, Bennett's voice has taken on a deeper, grainier tone over the years, but he is still the same nimble, jubilant Tony Bennett. As for the songs, recent shows have included "I Wish I Were in Love Again," "San Francisco," "I Love a Piano," and "Taking a Chance on Love." Music from nine. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. The trio of bassist **ray drummond**, pianist **james williams**, and drummer **billy higgins** plays through Dec. 7. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **bobby short**. Sets at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.... ¶Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **barbara carroll** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. This is Carroll's fourteenth season at the Carlyle, and earlier this month she released a live album that she recorded here and that includes standards by Kern, Arlen, Bernstein, and Gershwin, as well as one original called "Barbara's Carol."

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. Dec. 6 belongs to the **george gee** orchestra. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Showtimes vary.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., near 14th St. (255-7373)—A recently inaugurated club that promises to "feature only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it affords local blues aficionados a chance to hear what they've been missing.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Pianist **ahmad jamal** leads a trio Dec. 3-8. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Monday nights are the province of the **clifford jordan** big band, with sets beginning at nine-thirty.

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole in the wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—This restaurant-and-bar is a giant junk shop of a place, where the walls are filled with redneck iconography, where the waiters and waitresses scurry around with such things as chicken-fried steak, and where some jumpy young band or other is always stomping around on stage.

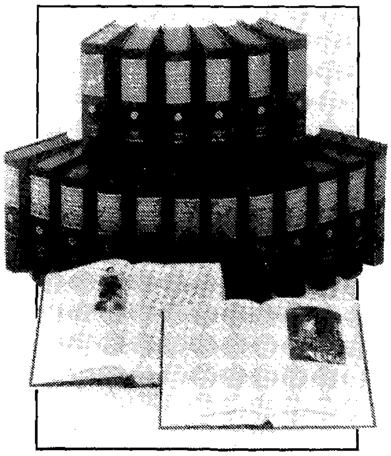
Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—This small, mirrored cabaret, in which waitpersons dip and sway and struggle to reach their destinations, will be home to weekly Christmas shows. On Dec. 5, **ann hampton callaway**, **ann francine**, and **rex reed** take part in "Looking a Lot Like Christmas."

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Quintets currently occupy the stand: trumpeter **freddie hubbard** leads one through Dec. 8, and alto-sax player **phil woods** is in charge of another beginning on Dec. 10. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **joanne brackeen** and bassist **cecil mc bee** are in swing Dec. 4-7; pianist **bill mays** commences work on Dec. 11. Music begins at about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid back, the audiences are

A Sound Investment



The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians

20 Volumes
Edited by Stanley Sadie

With *The New Grove* you expand your tastes, sharpen your ear, increase your enjoyment of concerts and operas, and satisfy your curiosity about composers and their works, performances, instruments, national cultures, and historical periods.

The New Grove has 4,500 photographs and illustrations, 2,400 contributors from 70 countries, over 3,000 musical examples, and 16,500 biographies.

SAVE OVER $400

Or take advantage of our convenient extended payment plan.

☐ Prepay $1900 and save $400 off the list price of $2300 and we will pay the shipping charges.
☐ Take advantage of our extended payment plan. Make a down payment of $495 (plus $35 shipping and handling), and receive the entire set of *The New Grove*. We will then bill your credit card $495 at six months, one year, and eighteen months.
☐ Please send a free 25-page illustrated brochure.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx ☐ Diners
Card No. ______________ Exp. ________

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City __________ State ________ Zip ______
Phone ______________________
NY State Residents, please add sales tax. N1NY2

Grove's Dictionaries of Music, Inc.
257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010
800-221-2123
212-673-4400 FAX 212-673-9842

HIGH AND LOW

On and off this fall, the Central Park Reservoir has looked like two side-by-side bathtubs with their plugs pulled out. A few months ago, officials of the city's Department of Environmental Protection slowly emptied the reservoir to about a third of its normal level, in order to get rid of algae discovered in it over the summer, and the process revealed a substantial stone ridge down the middle, which a department spokesman, Ian Michaels, said is a no longer used feature intended to help in draining and maintenance. Pigeons and seagulls made the ridge into an esplanade. The reservoir was refilled, but now it has been partially emptied again, after researchers discovered a different form of bacteria in the water, known as E. coli. (No one has determined what led to the outbreak.) Levels in the reservoir are likely to be dropped even further between now and the spring.

The earlier algae bloom was brought about by record high temperatures this year, which prompted bacteria to form in the Croton Reservoir, in Putnam and Westchester counties, the source of all the water for the billion-gallon reservoir. When the bacteria reached Central Park, it caused an algae proliferation, Michaels said. (He explained that there is usually a small amount of algae in most reservoirs.) Michaels said that the algae never made the water dangerous to drink, and that the reservoir was disconnected from the city system before any contamination occurred, but that bacteria flowing from the Croton system directly into the city's water mains caused dirty water to come out of some faucets on the East Side. That problem was quickly cleared up.

---

too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counter-culture that somehow landed on Houston Street. The guitar quartet of **KELVYN BELL, JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY, MARC RIBOT,** and **ELLIOTT SHARP** holds forth on Dec. 6. **CURLEW,** with **AMY DENIO,** can be found here on Dec. 7. Music after nine.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's armies of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. Guitarist **BOBBY RADCLIFFE** performs on Dec. 5; **BO DIDDLEY, JR., AND THE BLACK WIDOW BAND** claim Dec. 6-7. Sets from nine-fifteen, except on Sundays, when shows begin at eight-forty-five.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—The current front-runner on the alternative-music scene. **TEXAS,** which will be here on Dec. 3 at nine, is a Glasgow-based outfit that plays moody, blues-inflected rock and roll. The young band's first album, "Southside," included the hit single "I Don't Want a Lover." The record sold two million copies and spawned a firestorm of press, much of it devoted to how ironic it was for a Scottish band to dabble in a decidedly American idiom and to call themselves Texas. (The group has made it clear that they took their name from Wim Wender's movie "Paris, Texas," not from the actual state.) Texas recently released its second album, "Mothers Heaven."

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the aroma coming from the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. **FIREHOSE,** whose live shows are at once funny and edgy and intense, come in on Dec. 5. The group, a reincarnation of the seminal San Pedro, California band the Minutemen—they formed in 1986, shortly after the death of Minuteman guitarist D. Boon—have recently released a new album, "Flyin' the Flannel," which finds them as jolting and quirky as ever. Stylistically, their songs are all over the place, and there's a pointed irreverence in the abrupt way they shift gears. Show times vary.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. **ANITA O'DAY** begins a stretch here on Dec. 3. Ms. O'Day, an assured jazz vocalist, scat artist, and comedienne, rose to fame with Gene Krupa's big band in the forties. After Krupa, she drifted out of the jazz world for a long time, and she made a critically acclaimed comeback a couple of years ago. The last time we saw her, she concentrated on forties big-band material, and her voice sounded as supple as ever. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* There are plenty of niceties: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Singer **LORNA LUFT** is holding sway here for a few weeks. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this inveterate club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. On Dec. 5, rapper **KRS-1** gives a poetry reading, on a double bill with **MUTABARUKA;** and on Dec. 10 **STEVE TURRE** performs with Frank Ferucci. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show and a parka to live through it. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. **PETER LEITCH** leads a quintet Dec. 3-8. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a circa-1975 mirrored disco ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. Millie Jackson will be performing Dec. 6-7. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. Dec. 3-8 belongs to **JIM HALL'S** foursome; the **BARNEY KESSEL** trio settles in on Dec. 10. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Final performances of the festival. "Griot New York" is a collaboration by the choreographer Garth Fagan, the trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, and the sculptor Martin Puryear. The work is performed by Garth Fagan Dance, and Mr. Marsalis and a band will play live. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Dec. 4 at 7 and Dec. 5-7 at 8.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 5, in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 874-8990.

"The Christmas Spectacular"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—runs though Jan. 7. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"Nosferatu—A Symphony of Darkness"—Stills from the classic film will be projected onto a screen and accompanied by music, dance, and lighting effects. Created by Ping Chong, with a cast of six that includes Roger Babb, John Fleming, and Jeannie Hutchins. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 5-8 and Dec. 11 at 7:30. Through Dec. 22.)

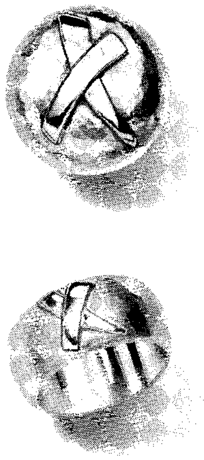
Bread and Puppet Theatre—Presenting "Nativity," a rendition, with puppets, of you know what. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Dec. 5-6 and Dec. 8 at 8, and Dec. 7 at 3 and 8. Through Dec. 15.)

ART

PHILIP TAAFFE's paintings might trigger an extraordinary sensation when you first see them. They might stop you right in your tracks and peel your eyelids up for that rare split instant of pure, unconflicted visual receptivity. Mission accomplished: Taaffe's aim, as he puts it in a text that accompanies his current show, is "to make a strong case for the possibility of painting as believable fiction." Taaffe has spent most of the past three years living in a half-ruined villa on the Bay of Naples, and the new show (Gagosian, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street; through January 11) marks a homecoming as well as his triumph over these extreme aesthetic conditions. Has Taaffe beaten the Stendhal syndrome? The mostly large, abstract paintings on view are sumptuously ornamental while being both technically and intellectually rigorous. They register effortlessly upon the mind and the eye, yet are in fact as complex as the ancient Byzantine-Levantine cultures that have provided the artist with many of his motifs.

Taaffe's process involves templates, stencils, and an intricate layering of paint on canvas and of painted collage elements that are subtly outlined to effect subliminal tensions—shapes, for instance, that dance together without quite touching—along with an extraordinarily vibrant play of positive and negative pictorial spaces. Buoyant forms and patterns perform against shadowy, atmospheric grounds that are visible as if through the latticed windows of Morocco. Taaffe's colors, opulent and sometimes weathered yet without the facile decorator's touch of so much recent antiquing in art, may make you yearn for travel and adventure, poetry and pleasure. Taaffe's paintings arch toward ideals. Controlled and systematic, they don't invite easy intimacy. And gorgeous as they are, they have little need to ingratiate.

©T&CO. 1991

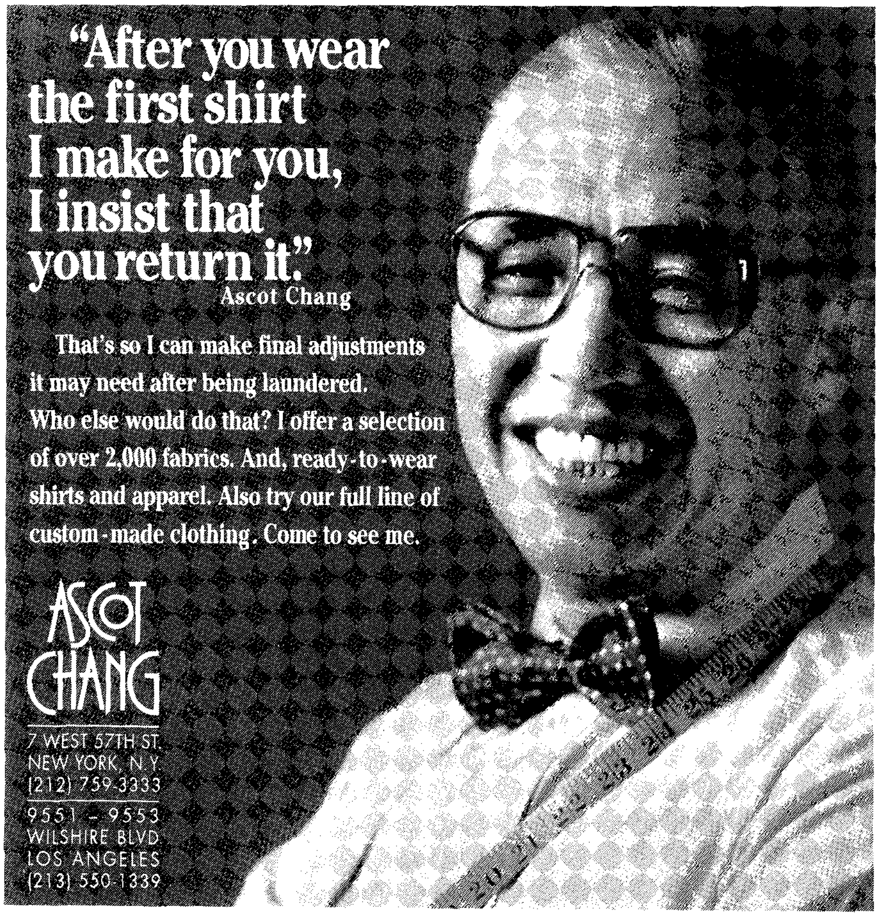


Stylish Statements by Paloma Picasso

Paloma Picasso's designs for Tiffany in hand-hammered eighteen karat gold. "X" ring, $795. "X" ear-clips, $1,500. Ear-clips also available in larger size, $2,100.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA DALLAS
HOUSTON WASHINGTON, D.C. CHICAGO ATLANTA BOSTON PHILADELPHIA 800-526-0649



"After you wear the first shirt I make for you, I insist that you return it."
Ascot Chang

That's so I can make final adjustments it may need after being laundered. Who else would do that? I offer a selection of over 2,000 fabrics. And, ready-to-wear shirts and apparel. Also try our full line of custom-made clothing. Come to see me.

ASCOT CHANG

7 WEST 57TH ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
(212) 759-3333

9551 - 9553
WILSHIRE BLVD.
LOS ANGELES
(213) 550-1339

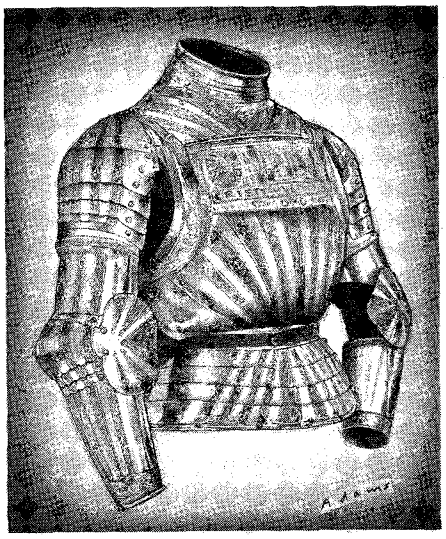
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis (1892-1964), including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors, by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese, European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." Samuel Eilenberg, a Columbia University professor emeritus of mathematics, has pursued his side interest in the sculpture of India and Southeast Asia with the patience and tenacity of an archeologist. He recently donated his collection to the Met. Though it is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, it *is* a sparkling collection, rich in many unexpected ways. Eilenberg has wandered down numerous scholarly paths, turning up an array of objects that stimulate all manner of intellectual cross-pollinations. From India there are plenty of treasures, ranging from several portable shrines that are lingams on one side and relief sculptures on the other to a delightful prancing mythical "leogryph." From the Khmer is an enchanting Angkoran relief of a resting Vishnu, and from Surat Thani, a comparatively little-studied southern province of Thailand, is an early and glorious carving of Avalokiteshvara. From Indonesia is a group of bronze sculptures that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred and fifty American watercolors from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Italy has taken up permanent residence in a new installation of sculptures, furniture, tapestries, and much more that reveals the influence of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo. . . . ¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy." This breathtaking exhibition of sixteenth-century works centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and on some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . **note:** The museum's Christmas tree and eighteenth-century crèche will go on view Dec. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"*Dislocations*" is an exhibition of seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "A Space Without Art," a commemorative installation in observance of AIDS Awareness Day, which was Dec. 1. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "Word 2 My Mother," a video installation by Tony Cokes. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's preoccupation with the life of the home, in more than a hundred and fifty works by Nan Goldin, William Eggleston, Cindy Sherman, Tina Barney, and others. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of drawings, photographs, scale models, and a video related to projects by Tadao Ando, one of Japan's leading architects, who designed this show himself. It's a beautiful but rather chilly mix of two well-known modern Japanese specialties: high-tech corporate production values and exquisitely rendered, dauntingly pristine structures for life, work, and the spirit—all somehow seen in the abstract. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			



Arms and Armor at the Met

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until May, 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. . . . ¶ "The Last Tableau" is a group of the last sculptures designed by Scott Burton (1939-1989): a pair of cherry "Guardian Cabinets" with mirrorlike bronze heads, a granite "Bench Goddess," and a stainless-steel "Slave Table" in the form of a crawling man. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Fifty mobiles, stabiles, works on paper, tapestries, and other objects by Alexander Calder (1898-1976). . . . ¶ "American Life in American Art." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Sigmar Polke." Despite some big problems—the absence of films, for one—this mid-career retrospective comes as a pleasant surprise. It begins in the mid-sixties, with essentially good-natured parodies of minimal and Conceptual art, which are nevertheless underscored by a certain resignation to their hegemony. And from the early eighties come the finest paintings of Polke's career, including the symphonic "Paganini" and the haunting "The Camp." Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Objects of Myth and Memory." A fascinating exhibition of two hundred and fifty of the museum's nine thousand Native American objects. The most engaging items are not the treasures, of which there are a number, but the objects of daily life: games, clothes, pots, baskets, belt buckles, rattles, and hats. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch" presents elaborately decorated plates and bowls, masks, and other objects used in the British Columbian tribe's lavish rituals of hospitality and wealth. Through Feb. 23. . . . **note:** The annual holiday origami tree can be seen through Jan. 5. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The forty-third annual purchase exhibition. Fifty-eight contemporary artists are represented this year, among them Jane Hammond, Sean Scully, Ida Applebroog, and Nicholas Africano. About one third of the works on view will be bought by the Academy and donated to museums around the country. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Two site-specific installations, one by Sam Gilliam, the other by Robert Kushner. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Undercurrents in the Floating World: Censorship and Japanese Prints." Although the pretty, often erotic ukiyo-e prints of the Tokugawa period (1615-1868) are perhaps the most popular of all Japanese art, they are rarely understood in their historical context, which has little to do with the picturesqueness that influenced Monet, Whistler, and others. Produced during an artistically repressive time, they were subject to the scrutiny of censors. What's more, artists were forced to conform to rigid rules, many of which might sound silly today, even though, curiously, explicit sexual imagery was often deemed acceptable. By means of informative wall labels, this exhibition articulately decodes works in several categories: "dangerous pictures," "heroes in disguise," "secret messages," and "forbidden news." The show is an intelligent and impassioned response to recent attempts to legislate "appropriate" subject matter for art. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Motifs and Meanings in Asian Art," a selection of sixty Korean, Chinese, and Japanese works from the Rockefeller collection. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Early Chinese Ceramics from New York State Museums" includes forty-eight earthenware, porcelain, and stoneware objects from around 3500 B.C. to the latter half of the thirteenth century. Through Dec. 14. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—The six large paintings that are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain are truly sophisticated: delicate yet grand in scale, unerringly structured by an almost impromptu line, imbued with a sense of a journey with no beginning and no end, they form a canvas-scape in which devotees of New York painting can lose themselves with pleasure. And however masterly these paintings are, their lyricism protects them against the calcified-masterpiece syndrome. The works on paper are, in contrast, awkward and pale, especially when compared with the Chinese calligraphy that they seem to mimic, half-heartedly. The etchings are more delicate, as are the mid-sized works on paper. . . . ¶ For those unfamiliar with the Conceptual and graphic work of Lawrence Weiner, this exhibition, titled "Displacement," is a good primer. While the artist is known for creating exquisite artistic moments in the sparest situations, the current show is sort of the inverse. Weiner has responded to the optimal conditions of Dia's space with a successful rediscovery of Conceptual art. The wittiest choice, expressing a double-edged ambivalence, is on the Center's bathroom doors, which are labelled "Us" and "Them." . . . ¶ On the roof, which offers a view of the Hudson River, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The walls are partially reflective, their precise reflectiveness depending on the angle of the sun and the amount of viewer activity. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight paintings and fourteen drawings by the French rococo master Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743). Through Jan. 12. (Open daily except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"From Expressionism to Resistance: Art in Germany, 1909-36" is a selection of a hundred and ninety paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the Marvin and Janet Fishman Collection. Artists on view include George Grosz, Erich Heckel, Conrad Felixmüller, and Otto Dix. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "The Sigmund Freud Antiquities: Fragments from a Buried Past" displays eighty-six objects from the psychoanalyst's personal collection, including Egyptian, Greek, Near Eastern, and Asian works. Another twenty works from London's Freud Museum and the Library of Congress supplement the exhibition, which was inspired by Edmund Engelman's 1938 photographs of Freud's Vienna study. Eight of those works are also on view. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library now possesses greatly improved interior spaces. The Morgan House (at 37th and Madison) has been purchased, and a glass-enclosed garden court has been constructed to connect the two buildings. The permanent collection is now given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Swiss Folk Art" consists of nearly two hundred works, including utilitarian and decorative objects, religious and ceremonial works, and American pieces inspired by Swiss design. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the Academy's founder. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"The Interrupted Life." There are only a few good works of art in this show about death, most notably two silk-screen paintings made by Andy Warhol almost thirty years ago. Warhol's montage of four grieving Jackie Kennedys and his electric chair have become icons of America's obsession with celebrity and of its equation of justice with death. Much of the remaining work in this ambitious but somewhat misdirected display is concerned with a sensationalistic view of death—cadavers, autopsies, and the like. Apart from the Warhols, the most affecting works are the documentary ones—anonymous nineteenth-century family photographs of dead loved ones, many posed as if they were alive. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Imagining the New World" is a shipload of paintings, drawings, maps, astrolabes, and other Columbian iconography drawn from museums and libraries in Italy, France, and Germany. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "While They Fought: The Homefront in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). (Berg Collection. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books—mostly from the period 1910-30—by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Closet No. 9," by Kenny Scharf, is one of the artist's surreal Day-Glo environments, incorporating paintings, customized appliances, and industrial materials. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings and sculptures by Mel Chin. Through Feb. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Jörg Immendorff—Paintings from 1965 and 1966, when the artist was a student of Joseph Beuys' at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art, and works in various mediums made between 1967 and 1970, under the LIDL rubric: a Dadaist parallel universe involving urban design (for instance, streets laid out according to the wanderings of turtles), baby-power symbols, and props relating to anti-authoritarian political actions of great humor and flamboyance. This show is extremely interesting and charming. It's a must for anyone interested in Beuys, early-eighties German painting, Western Europe's 1968 cult, Godardian Maoism, painting in general, agit-prop, etc. Through Dec. 21. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

"Six American Modernists"—A generous selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Marsden Hartley, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and John Storrs. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Short List—Stuart Davis and **Graham Nickson,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 21); **Joellyn Duesberry,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Dec. 14); **Marino Marini,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Dec. 20); **Bob Thompson,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Dec. 14).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman—Sculptural groupings of ordinary objects cast in bronze to look as if they were barnacle-encrusted and had just been raised from the ocean floor. The masses of shoes, hammers, sewing machines, and telephones are attractive enough, if ordinary, but there are two works that deserve particular mention. One consists of two chair frames collapsed in an exhausted heap, and the other of two especially fragile bicycles collapsed together. The latter work, titled "Philemon and Baucis," is a tender portrait of old age; the title refers to the couple that, because they were hospitable to a disguised Zeus and Hermes, were rewarded with eternal togetherness. Through Dec. 21. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Baechler—Paintings from 1981 and 1982. Baechler's earlier works, such as "Bay of Naples," with its sweetly hapless image of a pizza baker, are looking very classic these days, as well bred, in their quiet yet subversive way, as early works by Lichtenstein and Johns. This small, elegant show includes several white-on-white paintings, and one whose blotted image of a Miami Beach hotel hovers over a mottled, sandy ground. Through Dec. 21. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Spoerri—This *nouveau réaliste* caused a Fluxian sensation in the early sixties, when he affixed table scraps and other debris from various meals to upside-down tables, hung the result on the wall, and called it art. Having explored the issue of food, Spoerri has now gone on to two other major themes—sex and death—with very funny figurative assemblages made up of kitschy German landscape paintings, animal heads, battered but gracefully posed mannequins, various scythe-like farm implements, and occasional shells and animal horns set bawdily in all the wrong places. Through Dec. 31. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Wisdom and Compassion: The Sacred Art of Tibet"—This excellent exhibition consists almost exclusively of tankas and sculptures drawn from some of the best private and public collections of such material. Buddhism reached Tibet last and took on its most developed forms there. The exhibition's

No. 1
in Dallas

THE MACALLAN Malt Whisky, voluptuously smooth and lusciously mature, has played the lead *in Dallas* for longer than anyone can remember – Dallas, Morayshire, that is (pop. 203). Here on Speyside, Highland home of pure malt whisky, The Macallan regularly *gushes faster* than any other malt.

The MACALLAN
Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky
10

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

country of origin U.S.A.

When only the best will do

Silk poplin coat,
snap in/snap out
quilted or
cashmere lining,
collar and trim
in natural
mahogany Mink.

Exclusive design
custom made in
our workrooms

Alfred Rainer

Ben
Thylan furs

345 Seventh Avenue • New York 10001
(212) 753-7700 • 24th Floor
Fax: (212) 268-7432
Please call for appointment

ART–Cont'd

earliest sculpture, dating from the eleventh to the twelfth century, is an exquisite portrayal of Shakyamuni, the Buddha at the moment before enlightenment. He touches the earth with a look of utter contentment. Formally, it is a marvellous study in gently undulating lines. Another sculpture, from the same period, of Avalokiteshvara, the Buddha of Compassion (from the Ellsworth Collection), is rawer, more archaic in style, and an early manifestation of the voluptuousness *of form that exploded centuries later. The* Tibetans were masters of creating a sense of great animation through the merest hand gesture—this is especially true in the earlier works. Later, with the introduction of the multi-armed deities, the objects become theatre pieces, sometimes grotesquely over-rendered, at other times hypnotically epic. Through Dec. 28. (I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

SHORT LIST—**WILLIAM BECKMAN,** Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **JAKE BERTHOT,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 24); **LARRY COHEN,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 10); **EDWARD KOREN** (through Dec. 21) and **ELISABETH FRINK** (through Dec. 16), Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.; **ROBERT M. KULICKE,** Davis & Langdale, *231 E.* 60th St. (through *Dec. 21*); **ROBERT KUSHNER,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 7); **JOAN NELSON,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 28); **BEVERLY PEPPER** (through Jan. 4) and **STANLEY BOXER** (through Dec. 14), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **ANTONIO SAURA,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 14); **LINDA SOKOLOWSKI,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 7); **PAVEL TCHELITCHEW,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 14); **BILL TRAYLOR,** Ross, 50 W. *57th St. (through Jan. 11).*

GALLERIES—SoHo

IDA APPLEBROOG—New paintings that take on issues of sexual harassment, aging, health care, and nature. All of the works are colored by a sense of withdrawal and an unshakable feeling of injury. Through Dec. 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

GEORG BASELITZ—A re-creation of the artist's installation at "Zeitgeist," a 1982 exhibition in Berlin that formalized the new international order in contemporary art. These are some of the artist's most heated Expressionist paintings—inverted shouting men who are the defiant reverse of the silent scream. The paintings are installed very high on the wall, as they originally were, so that they intimidate the viewer. Perhaps in 1982, after several decades of exclusionary American hegemony in the art world, such a move could have been interpreted as a necessary stance *for just recognition, but today it simply de*tracts from one's ability to look at the works for what they are—paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

JOHN BEERMAN—A large group of somewhat saccharine yet admittedly appealing small paintings. All of them depict feathery and suspiciously well-manicured trees, rendered with an almost de Chiricoan repetetiveness. Through Dec. 21. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Since he came on the scene, in the late sixties, Close has been one of the most interesting artists around, and these new paintings—all portraits of artists, including himself—are likely his best. He has always been regarded as the thinking man's Photo-Realist, but in the face of this new work *such an epithet means little. The new* portraits are composed of pointillistic grids of paint, each of which, if viewed at close range, is seen to be a radiating pool of many colors. The portraits say much about beauty and human nature without revealing anything whatsoever about the subjects themselves. Through Dec. 14. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

GIULIO PAOLINI—For several decades, this artist has been engaged in a romantic expression of artistic melancholy. Two new large-scale works, several collages, and a series of photographs continue in this vein. They are arranged as if they were clues in an art-scene murder mystery. Of the larger works, one, hanging on the wall, is an engaging endgame meditation on illusionism and literalism, but the other, which lies in front of it, is the show's charmer: it's a gargantuan canvas stretcher collapsed atop an easel that's far too small to support it, with the canvas draped in a heap over one of its crossbars. Through Dec. 21. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

NICOLAS RULE—Monochromatic paintings of equine genealogy charts that trail off into perfectly aestheticized drips. Many of the works include the names of racehorses, suggesting an apt correspondence between art-making, or art collecting, and championship breeding. The paintings are very attractive though much too effete. Through Dec. 14. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

JULIA SCHER—This artist's bag is surveillance, and she is the *maîtresse* of the obvious. Scher has placed video cameras in various locations throughout the gallery, including the *loo, and has installed a group of monitors on* which visitors can view the goings-on, with such ominous phrases as "control paths," "incident desensitizers," and "child-torture patrols" superimposed over them. But a single eight-by-ten of an all-female security force says it all more hauntingly and ironically, and in so much less space. Through Dec. 21. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

RICHARD SERRA—There is more variety to this sculptor's work than he is usually given credit for, and this exhibition, *though com*prising only three works, indicates his breadth. In the main gallery is a piece consisting of two fat, leaning cylindrical slices of forged steel. They rise only to eye level, as if to deny their own monumentality, and have a strong ritualistic reference. In a small second gallery are two massive plates of steel angled in such a way as to add new meaning to the metaphor of having one's back against the wall. All three are powerful works. Through Jan. 11. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

CAROL SZYMANSKI—New sculptures: musical instruments whose shapes are based on the phonetic alphabet. The big copper floor piece—a group of drums—has a presence that is rakishly primordial, if such a thing is *possible. The smaller brass pieces—little* trumpets twisted into the letter shapes, installed on wall shelves—seem pinched and cold, as if they would make a pained sound. Szymanski is an interesting young artist who definitely follows the beat of her own private drummer. It would be great, however, if she could just start taking those ideas and constructs of hers a bit more for granted, and lavish more attention on the physical objects themselves. Viewers take note: a new work scored for Szymanski's instruments by Ben Neill will be performed at the gallery on Dec. 7 at 8 and 9:30. Call for reservations. Through Dec. 21. (Lipton, 67 Prince St.)

BETTY WOODMAN—Large-scale, exquisitely crafted clay vessels with fanciful handles. Many of the works are glazed to suggest volume where the form is quite flat, and Woodman does a better job with 2-D/3-D games than do most painters and sculptors who attempt them. There are also a few multipart wall pieces, which are less interesting precisely because they try so hard to be "sculpture," whereas the beauty of Woodman's extraordinarily sophisticated pots is that they make superfluous the division between craft and art. Through Dec. 14. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

"MARKING/TIME"—An engaging grouping of artists who approach in very different ways the

Daniel Spoerri

problem of how to record, on paper, the passage of time. Jacob El Hanani's precise ink drawings encourage a Zenlike submergence, whereas John A. Reilly's dot-pattern drawings defy it. Nancy Rubins' endearingly unruly piles of densely worked graphite drawings pushpinned to the wall and ceiling suggest a truly oddball sense of busywork. Angela Bulloch has constructed a machine that does the busywork for her—and for the viewer—by drawing in red ink directly on the wall. The contraption moves slowly up and down, at speeds that viewers can regulate with the use of a pedal and a cushioned chair. The piece is much more about following the journey of the line than about the line itself. By the end of the show it should have created a solid mass of red. Through Dec. 20. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

"The Hybrid State"—Since its inception in 1982, Exit Art has offered a multicultural perspective toward art, an idea that has gained great currency in the past few seasons. As if to take due credit, Papo Colo, one of the organization's guiding lights, has designed an installation in which he has adapted elements from the work of various artists who have exhibited at Exit Art—Jimmie Durham, David Hammons, Ursula von Rydingsvärd, Martin Wong, and others—and placed them in a dialogue with one another. "The Hybrid State" argues for a kind of post-multicultural collaborative approach in which interracial and intellectual bonds can be forged. The individual vignettes are linked in a way that approximates the interdependencies of a Rube Goldberg contraption, but with a tone that is perhaps closer to the patter of a Borscht Belt comic. Many of the groupings are quite clever, but most lack soul—a good-natured caricature of the artists' individual intentions. Through Dec. 14. (578 Broadway.)

"From the Train"—Works (by gallery artists) loosely connected in spirit, if not in image, to the title. Kate Ericson and Mel Zeigler are represented by a toy model of a Union Pacific coal train loaded with marble fragments etched with the text of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. The work is perhaps a suggestion that the railroad, a symbol to some of American colonization, was built in contradiction to the rights "guaranteed" by the Constitution. But the piece is dry and overly didactic. Matt Mullican's large rubbing of an old European railroad yard, on the other hand, is rich in poetic evocation. Its crisscrossing tracks suggest both the workings of the mind and the intricacies of a life. Equally compelling is Jackie Ferrara's small wood sculpture of a walkway—a Hopperesque waiting station infused with a vaporous sense of time. Through Jan. 18. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Short List—**VINCENZO AGNETTI,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 28); **ALAN BELCHER** and **LAURA BAIRD,** Baer, 476 Broome St. (through Dec. 28); **RICHARD BOSMAN,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Dec. 18); **DAVID CABRERA,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **WILLIAM COPLEY,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 14); **JAMES CROAK** and **TAMAS BANOVICH,** Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 28); **LAUREN EWING,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through Jan. 8); **DAN FLAVIN** and **HANS COPER,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **JAMES HENNESSEY,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **MICHAEL JENKINS,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Dec. 21); **ROBERT JESSUP,** Gimpel-Weitzenhoffer, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 7); **RONALD JONES,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Dec. 21); **IMI KNOEBEL,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Jan. 11); **JEFF KOONS,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **ANDREW MASULLO,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Dec. 21); **JAMES NARES,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **SUSAN NORRIE,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Dec. 11); **DAVID NYZIO,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 21); **JEAN-PIERRE RAYNAUD,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 14); **BERNAR VENET,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Jan. 4); **WILLIAM WEGMAN,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 4); **TOM WESSELMANN,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 21).

OTHER GALLERIES

Short List—**HAWKINS BOLDEN,** Ricco-Maresca, 105 Hudson St. (through Dec. 7); **BARBARA WESTMAN,** Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (through Dec. 31).

FROM ARMAN'S SYMPHONY OF LOVE COLLECTION.
Mandolin. Two sizes. 18 karat gold: $1,200; $1,900.
Sterling silver: $250; $450.
Heart pin/pendant. 18 karat gold: $395. Sterling silver: $95.

MOVADO®
Design Store.
MADISON AVENUE AND 59TH STREET • NEW YORK • 1-800-366-8236
Movado is proud to be a corporate sponsor of
the Channel THIRTEEN presentation of GREAT PERFORMANCES.

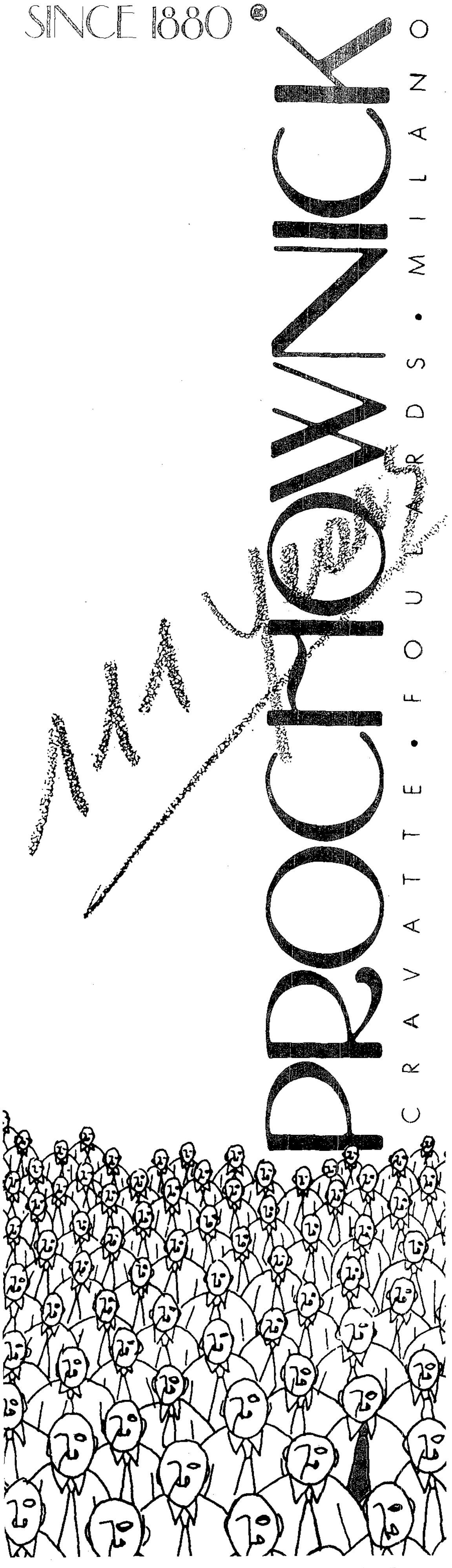
AFFORDABLE ART FOR THE NINETIES COLLECTOR
WINTER EXHIBITION 1991-1992

GEORGE W. HARVEY, "Early Snow, Rowley Marshes, Ipswich Bay Shore."
Oil on canvas, 22"×31", S.L.L., c.1912 $14,500

"What Determines the Price of an Older American Painting?"
is the subject of our winter catalog which illustrates 50
paintings for under $18,000 by recognized American artists.

CELEBRATING OUR 150th YEAR, 1841-1991

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02116
Tel. (617) 536-6176 • FAX (617) 247-VOSE



USA **JEAN ROBERT** New York Tel. (212) 24 61 979
CANADA **RADIX** Toronto Tel. (416) 32 49 356

PHOTOGRAPHY

DESPITE the amount of attention that's been given to Diane Arbus (1923-71) and her photographs, to us she is still a mystery. The latest exhibition of her work (Robert Miller, 41 East 57th Street; through December 28) consists of images taken from a series that she did in 1970-71; the prints were made by Neil Selkirk under the auspices of the Arbus estate, and many of these photographs, all of patients from New Jersey mental institutions, have never been published. If the exhibition leaves us more convinced than ever that Arbus was an artist of infinite depth, there is also something unsettling about the connections here between her photography and humanism.

The show's press release, available at the gallery, quotes from a letter that Arbus wrote, in which she describes her feelings about these images: "I took the most terrific pictures. The ones at Halloween . . . of the retarded women . . . they are very blurred and variable, but some are gorgeous. FINALLY what I've been searching for. And I seem to have discovered sunlight, late afternoon early winter sunlight . . . so lyric and tender and pretty. . . . It's the first time I've encountered a subject where the multiplicity is the thing. I mean I am not just looking for the BEST picture of them. I want to do lots . . ." Indeed, one senses here that Arbus's level of immersion in her subject matter is extraordinary. Looking at these pictures was unlike any experience we'd ever had. But we were relieved that some of the pictures were taken on Halloween. The masks that many of her subjects wore intensified Arbus's photos, but we couldn't help thinking that they also served as shields from her gaze.

O. WINSTON LINK—You have only to hear the name O. Winston Link and it can produce a yearning to be on a long train ride, seeing some countryside—any countryside—pass by out the window. You can imagine feeling the vibrations of the wheels all day and all night; hearing the soothing clatter and the rhythm in your ears; and adventuring to the dining car, with its elegant linen napery, there to make up stories about the people at the other tables. Link devoted the better part of five years (1955-60) to photographing the Norfolk and Western railroad steam engines. He captures something so visceral about trains and feelings, about trains and our lives, that it's surprising to learn that he is still largely unknown. In this exhibition the pleasure of discovery is at its optimum. Through Dec. 21. (Danziger, 415 West Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**ZEKE BERMAN,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Jan. 11); **GREGORY CREWDSON,** Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 28); **FRANTIŠEK DRTIKOL,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Dec. 7); **MARY HELLER,** La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Dec. 20); **MICHAEL KENNA,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **DAVID LA CHAPELLE,** Liguori, 93 Grand St. (through Dec. 21); **SALLY LARSEN** and **LOUIS DE CLERCQ,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through Jan. 18); **YASUMASA MORIMURA,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Dec. 21); **PATRICK NAGATANI AND HOLLY ROBERTS,** Baum, 588 Broadway (through Dec. 28); **RUTH THORNE-THOMSEN** and **AARON SISKIND,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 28).

MUSIC

NED ROREM has written about the way young song composers in the nineteen-forties and fifties envied Samuel Barber his access to "real" singers. Barber's aunt was the great contralto Louise Homer, and the composer (who had a "real voice" himself) always moved comfortably in opera-singer circles and found himself well received there. Eleanor Steber and Leontyne Price sang and recorded his music. Even though he reached his forties without having published an opera, it was unsurprising that Rudolf Bing's Metropolitan should have turned to him for a new work for the 1957-58 season. The result, "Vanessa," was enough of a success to be revived a few times and recorded by RCA.

The Met both made and unmade Barber as a stage composer: his second full-scale opera, "Antony and Cleopatra," opened the new Met in 1966 and failed spectacularly. Barber wrote very little music for the remaining fifteen years of his life. (John Corigliano, whose first opera is about to be produced with great fanfare at the same house, must shiver whenever he thinks of Barber.) "Vanessa" has a libretto by Gian-Carlo Menotti, a story of no great interest, and a setting in a gloomy Russia of Western imagination. We have never thought of it as a great opera, but we do think that, as surely as it requires real voices, it has real music: music with the sweep and lyricism that were Barber's honest possessions. The Juilliard School is reviving it for three performances this month (the opening is December 11); we do not know what sort of voices the school will provide, but we do know that the conductor is Richard Bradshaw, who found much more sweep and lyricism in Vaughan Williams' "Hugh the Drover" than we had ever imagined were there.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER CHRISTMAS CONCERTS—Dec. 2 at 6:30: Music of the season, performed by the Orchestra of St. Luke's (conducted by Michael Feldman), the New York Choral Artists (directed by Joseph Flummerfelt), the New York Herald Trumpets, and singer-pianist Bobby Short. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: The Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Chorus, directed by Laszlo Heltay, performs music by Bach, Britten, Purcell, and Mozart. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3: Selah, a choral ensemble directed by Matthew Lazar, performs Hanukkah pieces, ranging from folk and Yiddish melodies to contemporary liturgical works. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: The Boys Choir of Harlem, directed by Walter Turnbull, sings spirituals, classics, and contemporary works. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.)

TALLIS SCHOLARS—Peter Phillips directs the a-cappella choral ensemble in Renaissance Christmas music, including works by Victoria (his "Missa Alma Redemptoris Mater") and a number of English composers. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Dec. 5 at 8.)

"AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS"—Menotti's Christmas opera (which is forty years old this year) is performed, fully staged, by the

Little Orchestra Society, featuring soprano Ted Huffman and mezzo-soprano Cynthia Rose; conducted by Dino Anagnost. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 7 at 11 A.M., 1, and 3.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs the choir, harpist Susan Jolles, and organist David Shuler in seasonal music by Britten, Poulenc, and others. (St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Dec. 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chanticleer—The men's a-cappella group presents seasonal works by Josquin des Prés, Giovanni Gabrieli, and Michael Praetorius; French and English Christmas carols; and Christmas spirituals. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 8 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

Carnegie Hall Christmas—Soprano Kathleen Battle, mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade, harpist Nancy Allen, trumpeter Wynton Marsalis (with a jazz septet), choristers galore (including the entire American Boychoir, directed by Robert De Cormier), and the Orchestra of St. Luke's (conducted by André Previn) join in seasonal carols, folk songs, spirituals, classics, and jazz works. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 8 at 7.)

Brick Church Choirs—The church's choirs, soloists, and orchestra—all directed by Russell Gloyd—perform Dave Brubeck's "La Fiesta de la Posada," with the composer himself at the piano. A benefit concert. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. 289-4400. Dec. 8 at 7:45.)

The King's Singers—The sextet performs Christmas and Hanukkah music. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Zephyrus—The vocal quintet performs Christmas music in the elegant setting of an Italian Renaissance-style library. (Retreat House of the Redeemer, 7 E. 95th St. 289-0399. Dec. 11 at 7:30.)

Handel's "Messiah"—**RIVERSIDE CHURCH:** James Simms directs an audience sing-along, with soloists Diana Solomon-Glover (soprano), Victoria Manning (mezzo-soprano), John Morrison (tenor), and Sang Gyu Choi (baritone); Arlan Sunnarborg and John Walker take turns at the organ. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 8 at 4. Admission by contribution.). . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Directed by Lyndon Woodside, with soloists Pamela Hinchman (soprano), Molly Donnelly (mezzo-soprano), Glenn Siebert (tenor), and Richard Zeller (bass). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.). . . **NATIONAL CHORAL COUNCIL:** Martin Josman and nineteen other conductors direct the annual audience sing-in, with soloists Beverly Myers (soprano), Jeffrey Dooley (alto), Robert Guarino (tenor), and Thomas Sandri (bass); accompanied by organist Kenneth Bowen. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 at 7:30.)

OPERA

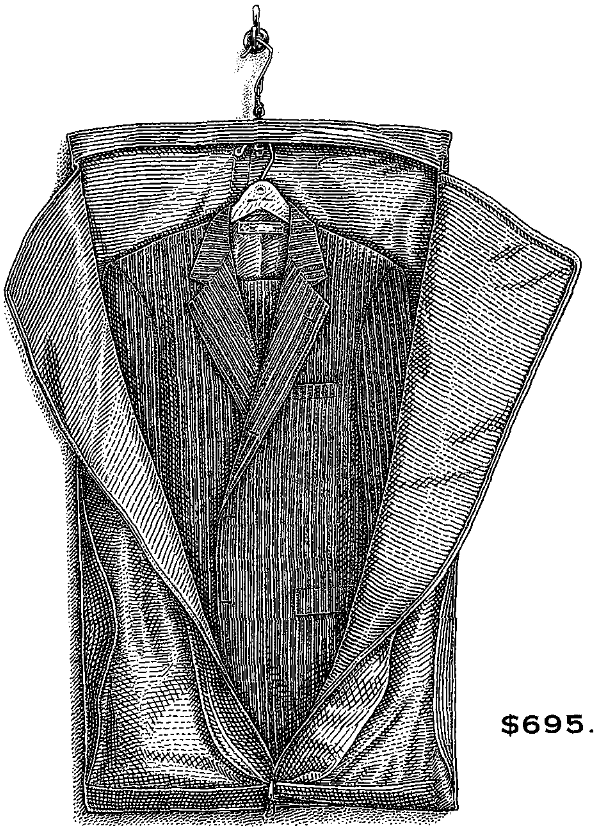
Metropolitan Opera—**DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL,** with Mariella Devia, Barbara Kilduff, Stanford Olsen, Anthony Laciura, and Matti Salminen; conducted by James Levine. (Dec. 2 at 8.). . . With Mariella Devia, Barbara Kilduff, Uwe Heilmann, Anthony Laciura, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (Dec. 5 and Dec. 10 at 8.). . . **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** with Carol Vaness, Delores Ziegler, Dawn Upshaw, Frank Lopardo, Richard Cowan, and Carlos Feller; Leopold Hager. (Dec. 3 at 8 and Dec. 7 at 1:30.). . . **AIDA,** with Leona Mitchell, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, and James Morris; Rico Saccani. (Dec. 4 and Dec. 7 at 8.). . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Cheryl Studer, Alfredo Kraus, and Vladimir Chernov; John Fiore. (Dec. 6 and Dec. 9 at 8.). . . **IDOMENEO,** with Carol Vaness, Dawn Upshaw, Susanne Mentzer, Ben Heppner, and Peter Kazaras; James Levine. (Dec. 11 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

New York Grand Opera—Vincent La Selva directs an all-Verdi program, including arias, operatic scenes, and the "Hymn of the Nations." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 4 at 8.)

"Treemonisha"—Scott Joplin's ragtime opera, in a concert version presented jointly by the Harlem School of the Arts and Opera Ebony. Tania León conducts. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—Opening performances of "La Bohème," conducted by Anthony Amato. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 7 at 7:30 and Dec. 8 at 2:30. Through Dec. 31.)

Turnpike Camerata—Richard Stout conducts his offbeat ensemble in John Sichel's "Orfeo



$695.

THE BROOKS-EASE SUIT.

[TRAVEL GEAR.] Of all the details to iron out while travelling for business, we believe your clothing shouldn't be one of them. That's why Brooks Brothers has developed the Brooks-Ease Suit.

Our unique double stretch pure wool fabric resists wrinkling and maintains its shape while offering comfort and confidence in any time zone. Woven exclusively for us in Sweden and tailored in our own U.S.A. workrooms.

® PURE WOOL

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best...Pure Wool.

Brooks Brothers

MADISON AVENUE CHICAGO BOSTON WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA

MUSIC–Cont'd

Suburbano," *a setting of the Orpheus myth* in which the title character (a sleazy lounge lizard, portrayed by tenor Richard Slade) is represented by his attorney, Belinda (mezzo-soprano Joy Hermalyn), in the hopes of regaining his deceased wife, Eurydice (soprano Catherine Tyrrell), from the realm of Hades (portrayed by baritone Stephen Kalm). (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Dec. 8 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

"Triptych"—The North American première of three short music-theatre pieces, composed in the late nineteen-sixties by Alexander Goehr. Although the three scenes—"Naboth's Vineyard" (taken from the Old Testament), "Shadowplay" (based on Plato's "Republic"), and "Sonata About Jerusalem" (derived from medieval Jewish texts)—are essentially autonomous, certain characters and images recur, inviting viewers to draw their *own conclusions about possible connections* among them. Staged by Stephen Wadsworth and conducted by David Gilbert. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802, ext. 540. Dec. 11 at 8. Through Dec. 15.)

Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Juilliard Opera Center—Presenting a fully staged production of Samuel Barber's "Vanessa," conducted by Richard Bradshaw. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Dec. 11 at 8. Through Dec. 15.)

Lee Hoiby Operas—See under "Bon Appétit!," in Theatre listings.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Dec. 3 at 8: Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Poulenc's "Concert Champêtre" (featuring harpsichordist Lionel Party), and music by Mozart, including his Concertone for Two Violins (featuring Hae-Young Ham and Gary Levinson). . . . ¶ Dec. 5-7 at 8 and Dec. 10 at 7:30: Mozart's final piano concerto (in B-Flat, K. 595, featuring Alicia de Larrocha), "Masonic Funeral Music," and sections of the Requiem completed by the composer; with soprano Roberta Alexander, mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar, tenor John Aler, bass Paul Plishka, and the New York Choral Artists . . . . **note:** The concert on Dec. 7 is preceded at 7 by a chamber-music recital, open to ticketholders, in which members of the orchestra will play Mozart's G-Major Trio (K. 266, for two violins and double bass) and his Horn Quintet.

Philadelphia Orchestra—James DePreist conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 31 (the "Paris") and Mahler's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Juilliard Chamber Singers—*Judith Clurman* directs the singers in a generous selection of Mozart's canons, as well as other pieces from his vocal chamber music. The program also includes a performance of the Serenade in B-Flat (the "Gran Partita," K. 361), in which Albert Fuller will conduct a dozen of Juilliard's woodwind players and a double bassist, and chamber works by Debussy and Sergiu Natra. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 3 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Carnegie Hill Concerts—That's Carnegie Hill, not Carnegie Hall, and it's a new series that *opens with this concert, which features the* Church of the Heavenly Rest Choir and the Villa-Lobos Orchestra. On the program: the first orchestral performance of Villa-Lobos's "Ibericarabe"; Poulenc's "Quatre Motets pour le Temps de Noël" and "Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani" (the latter featuring organist Justin H. Bischof); and Mozart's Requiem, in the familiar Süssmayr realization. Mollie Nichols and Alfred Heller conduct. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. 369-0296. Dec. 3 at 8.)

St. Ignatius Loyola Choir and Orchestra—Performing Mozart's C-Minor Mass, his "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," and his motet "Ave Verum Corpus." Kent Tritle directs. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 439-8044. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Neville Marriner conducting. Dec. 5 at 8: On December 5, 1791, at five minutes to one in the morning, Mozart died in Vienna, at the age of only thirty-five. Two hundred years later (to the day—unless you want to get sticky about time zones), the Academy performs Mozart's Requiem (K. 626), which the composer left incomplete, and which will be performed here in the traditional realization by Mozart's student Süssmayr. Soloists are soprano Sylvia McNair, mezzo-soprano Carolyn Watkinson, tenor Richard Croft, and bass-baritone Stafford Dean. The concert also includes Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore" (K. 339). (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3:30: Haydn's "Creation," with Ms. McNair, tenor John Aler, and baritone Håkan Hagegård. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Mannes Orchestra—In the orchestra's first concert ever at Lincoln Center, Michael Charry conducts the New York première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Second Symphony, as well as Mozart's Symphony No. 31 (the "Paris") and "Masonic Funeral Music," plus excerpts from de Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat." (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 5 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, *call 496-8524.*)

Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie—At Carnegie Hall. In the course of two concerts, violinist Gidon Kremer will double as violin soloist and conductor. Dec. 6: Mozart's Violin Concertos No. 2 (K. 211), No. 3 (K. 216), and No. 4 (K. 218), as well as Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge" and Berg's canon "An das Frankfurter Opernhaus" (in an arrangement by Alfred Schnittke, for violin and nine strings). . . . ¶ Dec. 7: Mozart's Violin Concertos No. 1 (K. 207) and No. 5 (K. 219, the "Turkish"), as well as a violin concerto and an orchestral work by Arthur Lourie. (Evenings at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs Kodály's Missa Brevis and "Christmas Dance of the Shepherds," as well as works by Janáček, *Dvořák, and Brahms. (St. Peter's Church,* Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 6-7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2551.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and St. Paul's Chapel Baroque Orchestra—Gail Archer directs a candlelight concert of Bach's Magnificat and the "Credo" from his B-Minor Mass, as well as Handel's Organ Concerto in F Major ("The Cuckoo and the Nightingale"). Soloists are soprano Barbara Shirvis, alto Mary Ann Hart, tenor Patrick Romano, bass Wilbur Pauley, and organist George Stauffer. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, entrance at Broadway at 116th St. 854-1540. Dec. 6-7 at 8.)

Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra—Tania León conducts music by Latin-American composers Silvestre Revueltas (from Mexico), Heitor Villa-Lobos (from Brazil), Gerardo Dirié (from Argentina), Ricardo Lorenz-Abreu (from Venezuela), Miguel del Aguila (from Uruguay), and Roberto Sierra (from Puerto Rico, whose "Glosas" will feature pianist José Ramos-Santana). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 7 at 2.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directs the choir, orchestra, and soloists in Mozart's C-Minor Mass (K. 427), the "Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento" (K. 243), and the motet "Ave Verum Corpus" (K. 618). (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Dec. 8 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard Symphony—Christopher Kendall conducts Debussy's "Danses Sacrée et Profane" *(featuring harpist Virginie Gout)* and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. Robert Mann (best known to audiences as the first violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet) then conducts the première of his "Concerto for Orchestra." (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 10 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

New York Virtuosi Chamber Symphony—Kenneth Klein conducts Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Morton Gould's "Spirituals," the *première of Raoul Pleskow's* "Essay on Quatrains," and Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, featuring Elaine Comparone, performing on a modern piano instead of her accustomed harpsichord). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 11 at 8.)

Apollo Ensemble—In its New York début, the fourteen-member period-instrument chamber orchestra performs three symphonies by Haydn: No. 23, No. 49 ("La Passione"), and No. 57. John Hsu conducts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 11 at 8.)

RECITALS

Chee-Yun—Violinist, playing sonatas by Mozart and Szymanowski, as well as Tchaikovsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique," Stravinsky's "Duo Concertant," and Wieniawski's D-Major Polonaise de Concert; assisted by pianist Akira Eguchi. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Aleck Karis—*Pianist, performing* Stravinsky's "Three Movements from 'Petrushka,'" Babbitt's "Reflections," and recent works by Martin Boykan, Sándor Jemnitz, Arthur Kreiger, and Roger Reynolds. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—The pianist presents a "keyboard conversation" on the piano music of Tchaikovsky. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 4 at 8.)

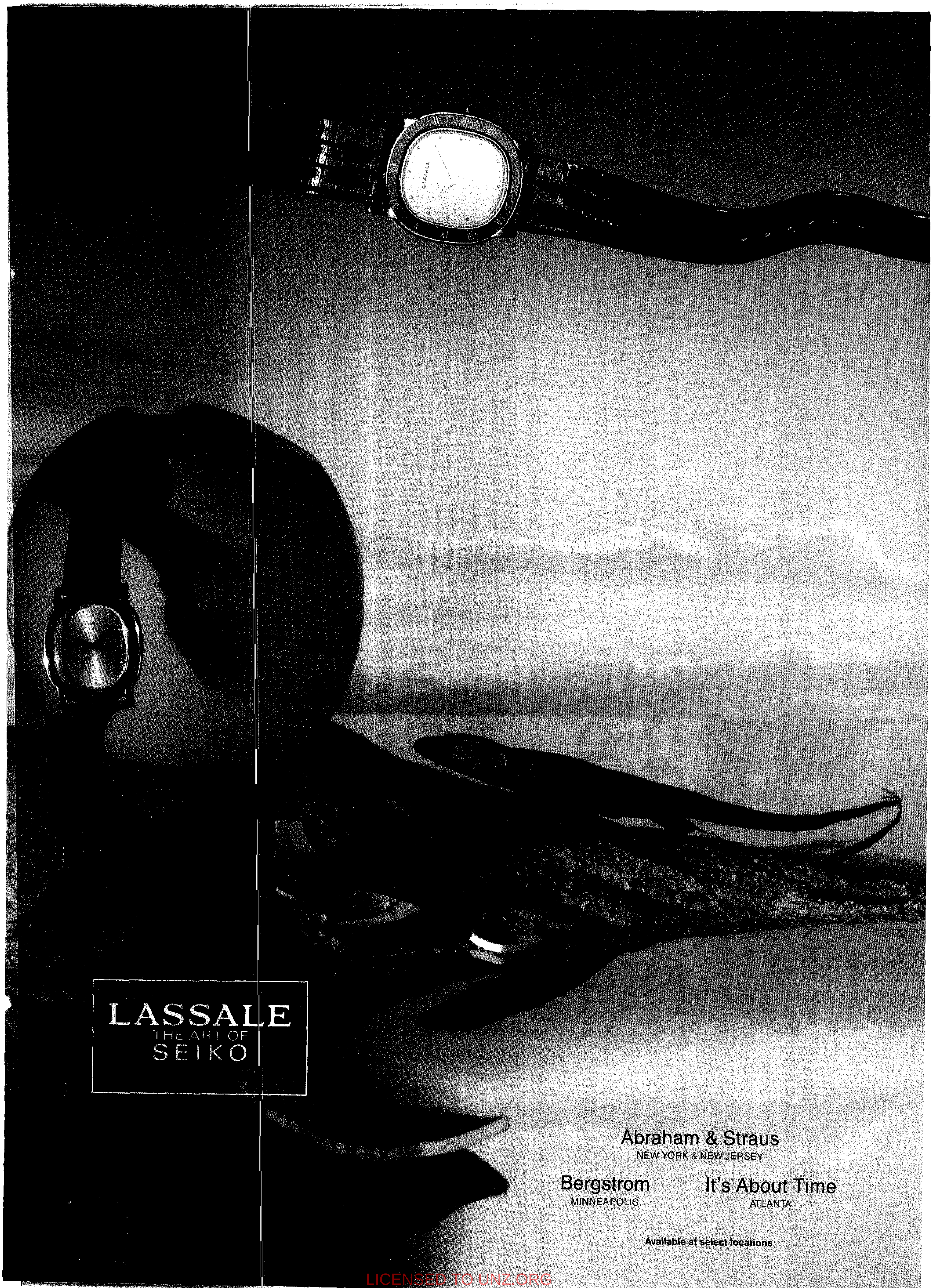
Anthony Newman—The organist performs Franck's "Grande Pièce Symphonique," Liszt's "Fantasia and Fugue on 'Ad Nos,'" Ruth Schoental's "Visione Santissima," and the New York première of his own Organ Symphony No. 1, the last movement of which is titled "Variations and Canons on 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'" (Was that "canons" with two "n"s or three?) (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Dec. 4 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Pianist William Tritt assists violinist Nai-Yuan Hu in Grieg's C-Minor Sonata, and cellist Christopher Costanza in Beethoven's "Variations on 'Bei Männern' from Mozart's 'Magic Flute.'" All join for Schumann's D-Minor Piano Trio, Op. 63. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Dec. 5 at 7:30 and Dec. 8 at 4.)

Misha and Cipa Dichter—*In the last century,* when musical texts were less sacrosanct, composers and performers didn't think twice about making transcriptions and arrangements of other composers' pieces. Such adaptations were not always greeted with approbation. *In 1890, George Bernard Shaw* railed in print against an arrangement of a Mozart piano fantasia, to which had been appended "an original part for a second piano . . . in which every interpolation was an impertinence and every addition a blemish. . . . The man who has had the unspeakable presumption to offer us his improvement on Mozart is the infinitesimal Grieg." Listeners can judge for themselves when this husband-and-wife piano duo performs one of Grieg's *Mozart arrangements* (of the C-Major Piano Sonata, K. 545, the first one everyone encounters in the course of youthful piano lessons). Their concert also includes a D-Major Sonata (K. 488), actually written by Mozart for two pianos, along with works by Shostakovich, Rachmaninoff, and Copland (his "El Salón Mexico," in an arrangement by Bernstein). A benefit concert. (Congregation Rodeph Sholom, 7 W. 83rd St. 362-8800. Dec. 5 at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—Presenting Mozart's Divertimento in B-Flat (for six wind instruments, K. 270), G-Minor Quintet, "Masonic Funeral Music," and G-Major Piano Concerto (K. 453, featuring Robert Levin). (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.). . . **note:** *Beginning at 7:30, Mr. Levin will* offer a lecture-demonstration, open to ticketholders, on the art of improvising in Mozartian style.

Golub-Kaplan-Carr Trio—Performing works for piano, violin, and cello by Schubert, Dvořák,


LASSALE
THE ART OF
SEIKO

Abraham & Straus
NEW YORK & NEW JERSEY

Bergstrom
MINNEAPOLIS

It's About Time
ATLANTA

Available at select locations

MUSIC–Cont'd

and Bruce Adolphe. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 6 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Violinist Joseph Swensen, violist Roberto Diaz, pianist Garrick Ohlsson, and narrator Toby Appel join members of the society for Mozart's D-Major String Quintet, Schoenberg's "Ode to Napoleon," and Brahms's C-Minor Piano Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 6 at 8 and Dec. 8 at 5.)

Paula Robison and Friends—The flutist performs an unaccompanied Fantasia by Telemann and, with an assisting ensemble, music by Bach: his "Musical Offering" and Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto (the latter featuring violinist Benjamin Hudson and harpsichordist Kenneth Cooper, in addition to Ms. Robison). (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83nd St. 570-3949. Dec. 7 at 7.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—David Shifrin and the Cassatt String Quartet perform Weber's Quintet in B-Flat, Op. 34; baritone Richard Lalli and pianist Joan Panetti perform lieder by Loewe; Ronald Roseman and Ms. Panetti play Schumann's "Three Romances for Oboe and Piano," Op. 94; violinist Syoko Aki, hornist James Ross, and pianist Sara Laimon perform a trio by Ligeti; and Mr. Shifrin, cellist Mark Evans, and pianist Elizabeth Sawyer Parisot present Beethoven's Trio in B-Flat, Op. 11. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Beethoven's music for cello and piano spans most of his career, from an early pair of sonatas (Op. 5), through the middle-period A-Major Sonata (Op. 69), to two late sonatas (Op. 102)—with three sets of variations (on themes by Handel and by Mozart) falling at intervals along the way. The cellist and the pianist perform all of these pieces in a two-part marathon concert separated by a break for dinner. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 8 at 3 and 7:30, with a single ticket providing entry to both halves of the concert.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Presenting Baroque solo and chamber music by J. S. Bach, J. C. Bach, Telemann, Vivaldi, Couperin, and Jean-Marie Leclair. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. Dec. 8 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ensemble Instrumental d'Avignon—The sextet, with harpist Fabrice Pierre, performs chamber music by Debussy, Honegger, Roussel, and others. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 8 at 3.)

Omni Ensemble—The flute-cello-and-piano trio presents French solo and chamber music (by Debussy, Ravel, Poulenc, and Louise Farrenc), as well as the première of "Dolce Far Niente," a work with an ever-so-tempting title, by Eric Klein. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 8 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

David Korevaar—The pianist performs Brahms' Klavierstücke (Op. 76) and his three late sets of piano works: the Fantasien (Op. 116) and Klavierstücke (Op. 118 and Op. 119). (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performing orchestral music by Bach, but on a chamber scale, with mostly one player per part: his Suite No. 2 (featuring flutist Elizabeth Mann), D-Major Harpsichord Concerto (featuring Robert Wolinsky), Cantata No. 51 ("Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen," featuring soprano Lisa Saffer and trumpeter Chris Gekker), and Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto (in which Mr. Wolinsky and Ms. Mann are joined by violinist Eriko Sato). (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Rhonda Rider and Lois Shapiro—The cellist and the pianist perform works by Webern, Carter, Donald Martino, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Presenting Mozart's C-Major String Quintet, his Clarinet Quintet, and two of his Flute Quartets. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 10-11 at 8.)

Manuel Barrueco—The classical guitarist's Spanish program includes his own transcription of Isaac Albéniz's "Suite española." (Uris Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. Dec. 11 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Richard Tauber Centennial Celebration—Many vocal connoisseurs agree that few singers have rivalled tenor Richard Tauber as an interpreter of Viennese opera, operetta, and song—or, thanks to his top hat and monocle, as an emblem of elegant prewar Austria. Thirty musicians (plus an orchestra, conducted by Victor Symonette) gather to pay tribute in the centennial year of his birth, among them singers Licia Albanese, Sári Bárábas, Nedda Casei, Vinson Cole, Barbara Conrad, Franco Corelli, Helga Dernesch, Justino Díaz, Marta Eggerth, Nicolai Gedda, Jerry Hadley, Jerome Hines, Judy Kaye, James King, Sándor Kónya, Alfredo Kraus, Anthony Laciura, Evelyn Laye, Robert Merrill, Jarmila Novotna, Roger Roloff, and Gabriella Tucci. Marcel Prawy, a longtime fixture around the Vienna State Opera, will serve as master of ceremonies for an afternoon that promises a good deal of reminiscence, some nostalgic music-making, and—we predict with utmost assurance—a rendition of "Wien, Wien, nur du allein" that members of the audience are likely to find themselves humming as they walk out onto 57th Street and go their separate ways. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 11 at 8.)

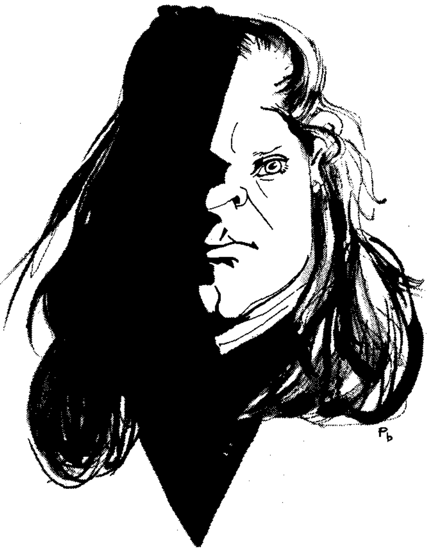
JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Ozzy Osbourne—Totally hilarious. Now forty-three, the musician has built up an enormous amount of good will since his pill-popping, alcoholic Devil days with Black Sabbath. Over the last decade, his popularity has never seriously waned, and his albums are still consistent best-sellers. The drugs and alcohol are things of the past, according to the mascara-eyed high priest of metal, but there is no "a little older, a little wiser" business spilling over into his music. At this show, his birthday concert, there will be plenty of candles onstage, but the Bat Man will remain true to his roots—catatonic tempos, heavy guitar riffs, and a grumbling fascination with mystical men and wild, wild women. Some things never change—and never should. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Andy Williams—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 4 at 8.

Bobby Previte & Empty Suits/The Lounge Lizards—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 6 at 8.

Art Farmer Quartet—Miller Theatre, Columbia Univeristy, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 6 at 8.



Ozzy Osbourne

Rush—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 6-7 at 8.

"Heavenly Jazz"—Presenting Dave McKenna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 8 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Stiller & Meara—In a benefit performance. With Nancy LaMott and Helen Baldassare. (Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St. Dec. 8 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 620-7310.)

Guns N' Roses—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 9-10 and Dec. 13 at 8.

Roulette—Dec. 6: Fast Forward and Takehisa Kosugi. . . . ¶ Dec. 7: Jim Staley, Elliott Sharp, and James Lo. . . . ¶ Dec. 8: Lyndsey Horner. (228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Concerts at 9.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Philadelphia Eagles, Dec. 8 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the United States Olympic team, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, Dec. 8. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Dec. 10. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Calgary Flames, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Dec. 7. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, Dec. 11 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 3 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Dec. 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, Dec. 10 at 8. (The Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers and the Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Dec. 3-7 at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"The Star of Christmas"—A planetarium show that attempts to re-create the skies on the night that the three wise men travelled to the manger in Bethlehem. For information about times and tickets, call the Hayden Planetarium at 769-5920.

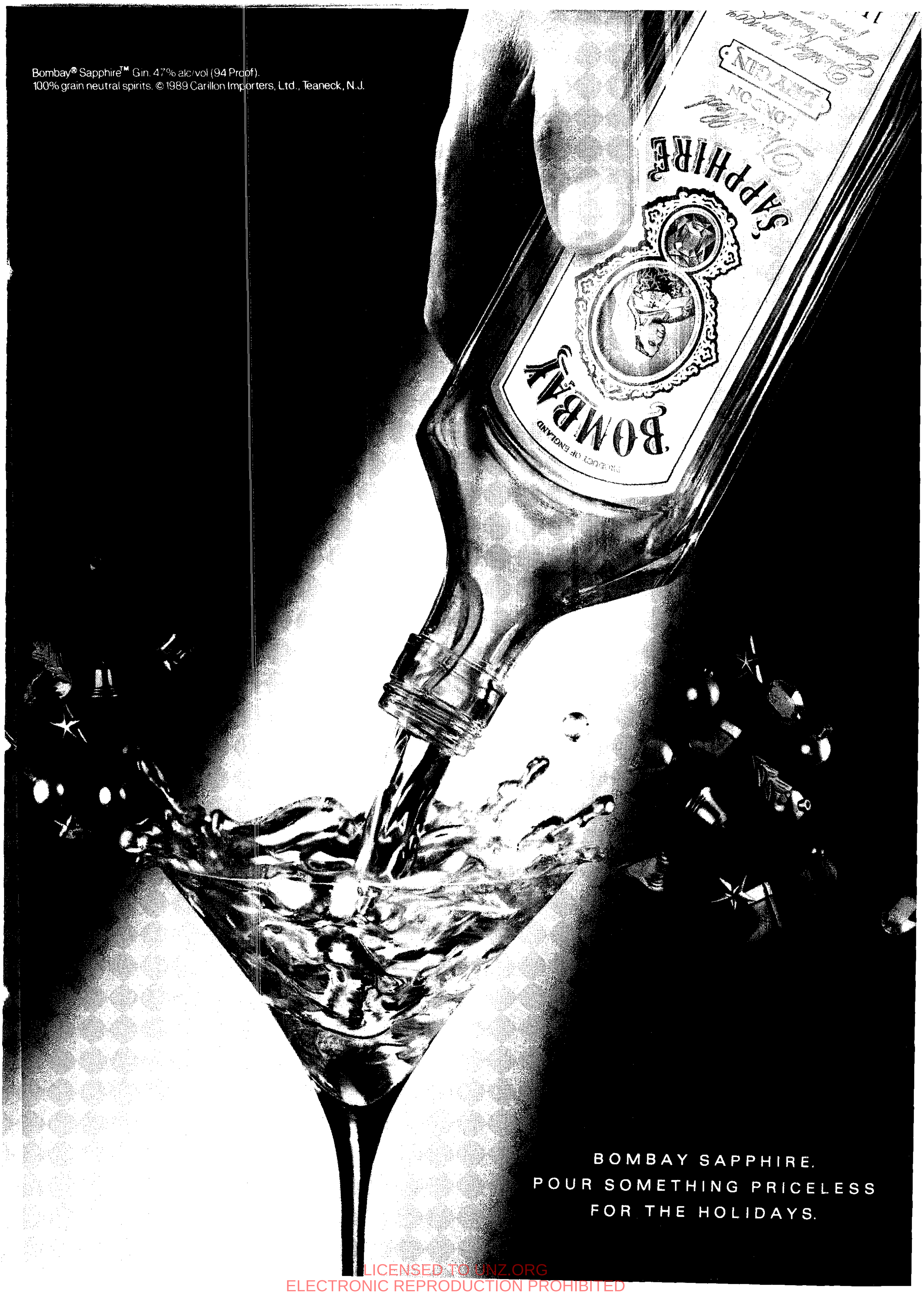
Poinsettias—Fourteen varieties—including a yellow-and-pink bract, called the Marble, and a pink-and-red bract, called Jingle Bells—will be on display at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza), starting Dec. 7. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.

Readings—Dec. 4 at 7:30: Czeslaw Milosz reads, in English, from his own poetry. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130.). . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: John Updike reads from his own works. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 875-4124.). . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and 8: Readings, in French, from the works of the nineteenth-century writer Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, by members of Théâtre de la Cabriole. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100.). . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: Joseph Heller, Samuel Hynes, Mary Lee Settle, Louis Simpson, and William Styron read from their war stories, on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: Roscoe Lee Brown, Linda Hunt, Anne Meara, Jerry Stiller, and Christopher Reeve read from the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Gertrude Stein, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Willa Cather, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.). . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8:30: Ryszard Kapuscinski and Peter Schneider read from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

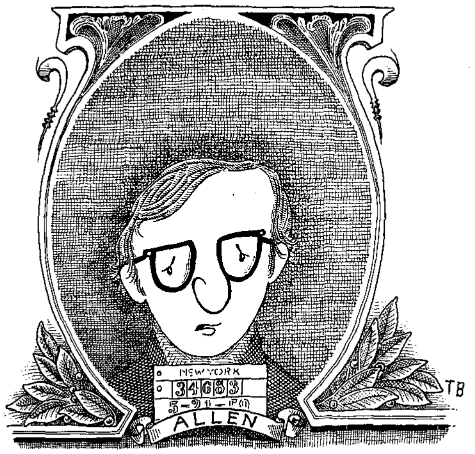
Talks—Dec. 4 at 8: Roger Tory Peterson talks about bird-watching. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. 769-5606.). . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: Haruki Murakami talks with Jay McInerney about Japan. (The Players, 16 Gramercy Park S. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 7: Sandy Skoglund talks about photography. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. No tickets necessary.)

Memoranda—The tree in Rockefeller Center will be lighted starting Dec. 3 at 5:55. . . . ¶ Hanukkah continues through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Wendy's annual Christmastime antiques show will be at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St.: Dec. 6 from 4 to 9; Dec. 7 from noon to 9; and Dec. 8 from noon to 6. . . . ¶ The Small Press Book Fair, which features papermaking and binding demonstrations, will be held at the General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St., Dec. 7 from 10 to 6, and Dec. 8 from 10 to 4. . . . ¶ Native American crafts will be for sale at the American Indian Community House gallery, 708 Broadway, at 4th St., Dec. 5-23. For information about gallery hours, call 598-0100.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof).
100% grain neutral spirits. © 1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.


BOMBAY SAPPHIRE.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



At Theatre 80 St. Marks,
Woody Allen in
"Take the Money and Run"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: "Prospero's Books" (directed by Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German), with Alfred Edel and Shelly Kastner.
Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 5: "Exposure" (Walter Salles), with Amanda Pays, Peter Coyote, and Tcheky Karyo. From Dec. 6: "Convicts" (Peter Masterson), with Robert Duvall, Lukas Haas, and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 6: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Children of Paradise" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan. From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
Theatre 3: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 5: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 5: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery. From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 7: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.

Cinema 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 5: (Separate admissions) "The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe" (John Bailey), with Lily Tomlin; and "The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian). From Dec. 6: "Young Soul Rebels" (Isaac Julien), with Valentine Nonyela and Mo Sesay.
Theatre 4: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 32.

Theatre 5: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "My Girl." From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 5: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Commitments" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cape Fear" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Silence of the Lambs" (Jonathan Demme), with Jodie Foster, Anthony Hopkins, Scott Glenn, Ted Levine, and Anthony Heald.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 5: "The Addams Family" (†). From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
(Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (†); and (evenings only) "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Exposure" (Walter Salles), with Amanda Pays, Peter Coyote, and Tcheky Karyo. From Dec. 6: "December" (Gabe Torres).
Theatre 2: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Dec. 5: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
From Dec. 6: "Let Him Have It" (Peter Medak), with Tom Courtenay, Eileen Atkins, Clare Holman, Chris Eccleston, and Paul Reynolds.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Cape Fear" (†). From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Billy Bathgate" (†). From Dec. 4: "Kafka" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons, Theresa Russell, Joel Grey, Alec Guinness, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Ian Holm, and Jeroen Krabbé.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 3: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves. From Dec. 4: "Billy Bathgate" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "My Girl."
Theatre 3: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan.
Theatre 4: "For the Boys."
Theatre 5: "My Girl."
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 5: Theatre closed. From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (†); and (evenings only) "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Black Robe" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 2: "Little Man Tate" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French), with Nicole Garcia, Marianne Basler, and Roüan.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Other People's Money" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Loews Orphem VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "My Girl." From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 3: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (†); and (evenings only) "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 5: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Addams Family" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).

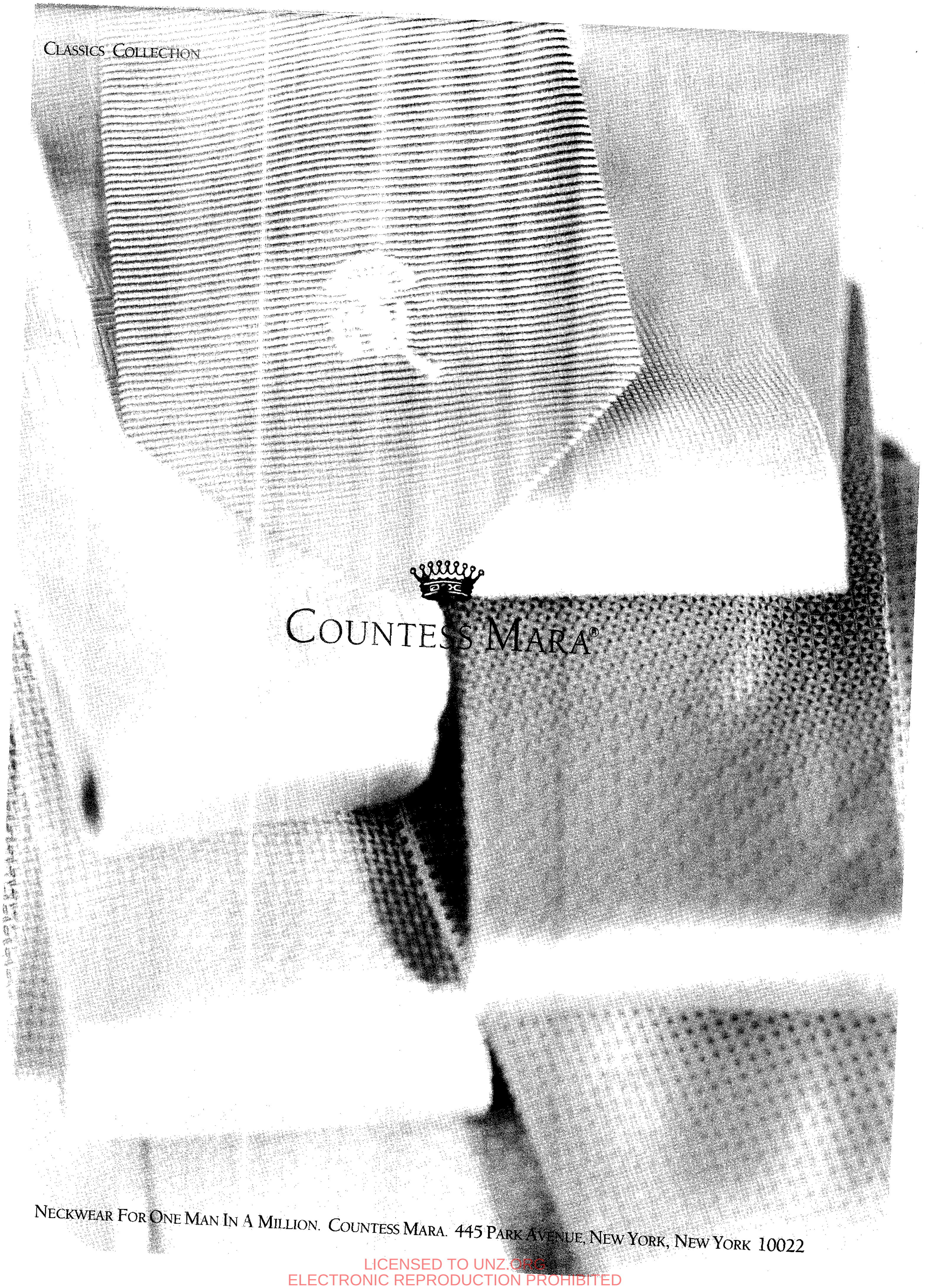
WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Uncle Moses" (1932, directed by Sidney Goldin and Aubrey Scotto; in Yiddish), with Maurice Schwartz. From Dec. 4: "Pin" (1988, Sandor Stern), with David Hewlett, Cyndy Preston, and Terry O'Quinn.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.


Classics Collection
Countess Mara®
Neckwear For One Man In A Million. Countess Mara. 445 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 2: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).

Theatre 3: "City of Hope" (†).

Theatre 4: "Paris Is Burning" (Jennie Livingston), a documentary.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 4: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 5: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 6: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Theatre 7: "Other People's Money" (†).

Theatre 8: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan.

Theatre 9: "Cape Fear" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Strictly Business" (†).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (†); and (evenings only) "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Theatre 3: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 4: "The Commitments" (†).

Theatre 5: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Theatre 6: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, James Caan, George Segal, Patrick O'Neal, and Christopher Rydell.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).

Theatre 2: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

(Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (†); and (evenings only) "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "City of Hope" (†).

Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowsk, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (496-7070)

"At the Max" (Julien Temple), a concert film of the Rolling Stones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Cape Fear" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Billy Bathgate" (†). From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "The Addams Family" (†). From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Addams Family" (†).

Theatre 5: "Little Man Tate" (†).

Theatre 6: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).

Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Theatre 2: "Strictly Business" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "House Party 2" (directed by Doug McHenry and George Jackson), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow. From Dec. 11: "Hook" (Steven Spielberg), with Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 5: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, and Emma Thompson.

Theatre 6: "Strictly Business" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 5: "Billy Bathgate" (†). From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 5: "The Silence of the Lambs" (Jonathan Demme), with Jodie Foster, Anthony Hopkins, Scott Glenn, Ted Levine, and Anthony Heald. From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country."

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 5: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery. From Dec. 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Addams Family" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

REVIVAL HOUSES

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through Dec. 3: "The Looney Tunes Hall of Fame."

Dec. 4-5: "The Seventh Seal" (1956, directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Dec. 6-7: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†); and "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 8-9: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 10: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960, Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, Birgitta Valberg, and Birgitta Pettersson.

From Dec. 11: "Autumn Sonata" (†); and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through Dec. 3: "Herdsmen of the Sun" (1988, Werner Herzog) and "Tong Tana: A Journey to the Heart of Borneo" (1990, Jan Roed, Fredrik von Krusenstjern, Bjorn Cederberg, and Kristian Petri), both documentaries.

Dec. 4-5: "Mala Noche" (1986, Gus Van Sant); and "A Man Like Eva" (1983, Radu Gabrea).

Dec. 6-8: "Fox and His Friends" (1976, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Fassbinder; and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972, Fassbinder; in German).

Dec. 9-10: "Tabu" (1931, F. W. Murnau; silent); and "Chang" (†).

From Dec. 11: "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Most Beautiful" (1944, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Yolo Yaguchi.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 2: "La Rupture" (1970, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; and "Ophélia" (1962, Chabrol; in French), with André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel.

Dec. 3: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962, Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "Brian's Song" (1970, Buzz Kulik), with Billy Dee Williams and James Caan.

Dec. 4: "Tight Little Island" ("Whisky Galore"; 1949, Alexander Mackendrick), with Basil Radford and Joan Greenwood; and "Passport to Pimlico" (1949, Henry Cornelius), with Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford.

Dec. 5: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Dalio.

Dec. 6-7: "The Trial" (1962, Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

Dec. 8: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Bananas" (1971, Allen), with Allen.

Dec. 9: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†); and "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 10: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (†).

Dec. 11: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Dec. 2 at 2:30: "The Jester" (1937, directed by Joseph Green and Jan Nowina-Przbylski; a Polish film, in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3 and Dec. 3 at 3 and 6: Two programs of films and videos about AIDS. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Cantor's Son" (1937, Sidney M. Goldin and Ilya Motyleff; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Children Must Laugh" (1935, Alexander Ford; a Polish film, in English and Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6 and Dec. 5 at 2:30: "I Have Sinned" (1939, Aleksander Marten; a Polish film, in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3 and 6: "Lodz Ghetto" (1989, Alan Adelson and Kathryn Taverna), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6 and Dec. 7 at 2: "The Jewish King Lear" (1935, Harry Thomashefsky; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30 and Dec. 8 at 5: "Jolly Paupers" (1937, Leon Feannot and Zygmund Turkow; a Polish film, in Yidddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 3 and Dec. 7 at 5: "A Star Athlete" (1937, Hiroshi Shimizu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "The Vow" (1938, Henryk Szaro and Zygmund Turkow; a Polish film, in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Children of the Beehive" (1948, Shimizu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30 and Dec. 8 at 5: "Children in the Wind" (1937, Shimizu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5 and Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Mirele Efros" (1939, Joseph Berne; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "The Light Ahead" (1939, Edgar G. Ulmer; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6:30: "Leaving the Harbor" (1990, Walter Ungerer). Mr. Ungerer will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: "I Want to Be a Mother" (1937, George Roland; in Yiddish), with Leo Fuchs.

Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 9 at 2 and 9 and Dec. 10 at 4:15: "On the Town" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 4:15 and Dec. 10 at 6:30: "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Paley; in French). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6:30 and Dec. 10 at 2: "The Station" (1990, Sergio Rubini; in Italian), with Margherita Buy, Rubini, and Ennio Fantastichini. Mr. Rubini will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 9 and Dec. 11 at 4:15: "On Tour" (1990, Gabriele Salvatores; in Ital-

Put the best seat in the house in your garage.

The Buick Park Avenue Ultra.

This is what you get when you tell your interior designers to spare no expense.

You get 6-way power front seats that place you instantly at ease. An optional memory feature even recalls your favorite seating position at the push of a button.

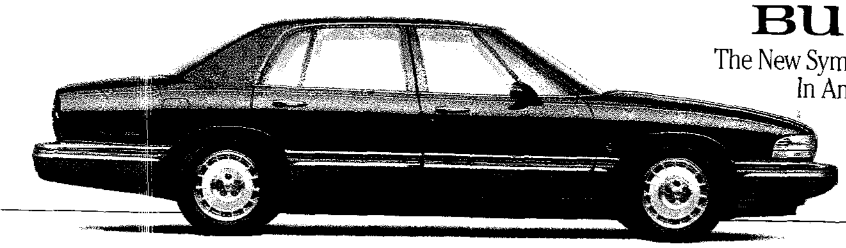
You get deeply cushioned rear seats, designed for maximum relaxation. Rear-seat passengers even have their own lighted vanity mirrors.

And of course, the Ultra's seating areas are covered with soft, supple leather.

So if you're looking to redecorate, we suggest you start by putting a 1992 Park Avenue Ultra in your garage.

BUICK®

The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



GM® Buckle up, America!
©1991 GM Corp.
All rights reserved.

Park Avenue is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

ian). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "Yellow Earth" (1985, Chan Kaige; a Chinese film). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: "The Footman" (1991, Daniele Luchetti; in Italian), with Nanni Moretti. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8:45: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945, Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Dec. 11 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Daddy Nostalgia" (1990, Bertrand Tavernier; in French and English), with Dirk Bogarde, Jane Birkin, Odette Laure, and Emmanuelle Bataille.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Dec. 3 at noon: "The Inspector General" (1949, Henry Koster), with Danny Kaye, Walter Slezak, and Barbara Bates. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: "Show Boat" (1936, James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Helen Morgan, Paul Robeson, Charles Winninger, and Hattie McDaniel.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Dec. 7 at 2: "Don't Look Back" (1967, D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary about Bob Dylan. Mr. Pennebaker will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5: "Monterey Pop" (1968, Pennebaker), with Janis Joplin, the Who, and others. Mr. Pennebaker will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "Gimme Shelter" (1970, David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), with the Rolling Stones. Albert Maysles will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 4: "What's Happening" (1964, David and Albert Maysles), with the Beatles. Albert Maysles will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964, Richard Lester), with the Beatles.

92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. (996-1100)—Dec. 5 at 7:45: "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (1984, in Spanish), with Carmen Maura. The director, Pedro Almodóvar, will be present.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Dec. 2 at 6:30: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook; and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles), with Van Peebles. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6:30: "Dolemite" (1974, D'Urville Martin) and "Dolemite II" (1975, Cliff Roquemore), both with Rudy Ray Moore.

Goethe House, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (439-8700)—Dec. 5 at 7: "Pandora's Box" (1928, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, Francis Lederer, and Alice Roberts.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Dec. 4 at 8 and 10, Dec. 5-6 at 8, Dec. 7 at 8 and 10, and Dec. 8 and 11 at 9: "Cage/Cunningham" (1991, Elliot Caplan). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 10: "Like in Dreams" (1957, Carl Gyllenberg; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Dec. 6-7 at 6 and Dec. 8 and 11 at 7: "Strand: Under the Dark Cloth" (1990, John Walker). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 10: "Flesh Angels" (1990, Bruce Elder). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 10:30: "Provocation" (1972, Oyvind Fahlstrom; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Newton and Me" (1991, Bruce Elder).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The Addams Family—Misguided graveyard slapstick. One of the most pungent things about Charles Addams' cartoons is the upfront matter-of-factness of their macabre incongruities. The "everyday" contexts (kids playing, carollers carolling) and the devilish twists (a doll set on a guillotine, a cauldron aimed at the carollers) come at the reader all at once. Drawing on the mid-sixties ABC TV show, which first named the characters who inhabit Addams' stately mansion, the director, Barry Sonnenfeld, and the screenwriters, Caroline Thompson, Larry Wilson, and the uncredited Paul Rudnick, re-create Addams' famous drolleries. But they never find their own equivalent to his suave, sneaky-gleeful subversiveness. Even lying flat on the page, Addams' cartoons have better timing. The moviemakers re-introduce Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Gomez (Raul Julia), and their children, Pugsley (Jimmy Workman) and Wednesday (Christine Ricci), then welcome back Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) in the form of a character who may not be the real ghoul. It's a sitcom plot, catalyzed by routine types: Gomez's shyster lawyer (Dan Hedaya) and the lawyer's loan shark (Elizabeth Wilson). A couple of actors rise above the script. Ricci is uproarious as Wednesday. She has a supernal stillness, and everything she does is skewed; she gets her effects from some other world. Huston pulls off an ultra-refined yet lowdown delivery. Too bad her dialogue is so predictably mordant; by the end, the reverse clichés turn back into clichés. Co-starring the hand of Christopher Hart as Thing.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheus VII, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

All I Want for Christmas—A pair of incisors wouldn't hurt. This attempt at feel-good Yuletide moviemaking doesn't even have baby teeth. The plot and tone are numbing. The thirteen-year-old hero (Ethan Randall) and his kid sister (Thora Birch) conspire to reunite their divorced parents (Harley Jane Kozak and Jamey Sheridan) on Christmas Eve. Since this is one retro little Christmas movie, Kozak and Sheridan are a dream couple (why did they ever break up?), while Kozak's cold new flame, played by Kevin Nealon, is Wall Street scum. The joke is on the filmmakers: the disarmingly smarmy Nealon gets the most laughs, possibly because his droll depiction of simmering boredom reflects the feelings of the audience. Despite a rushed application of big-studio gloss, the whole movie has the ambience of a TV special, from the soap-opera settings in a cushy, lily-white Manhattan to the grande-dame guest star (Lauren Bacall) and a sprinkling of comics (Andrea Martin, Renée Taylor, Leslie Nielsen) who have next to nothing to do. Robert Lieberman directed; the script is by Thom Eberhardt and Richard Kramer.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount. Matinées only.)

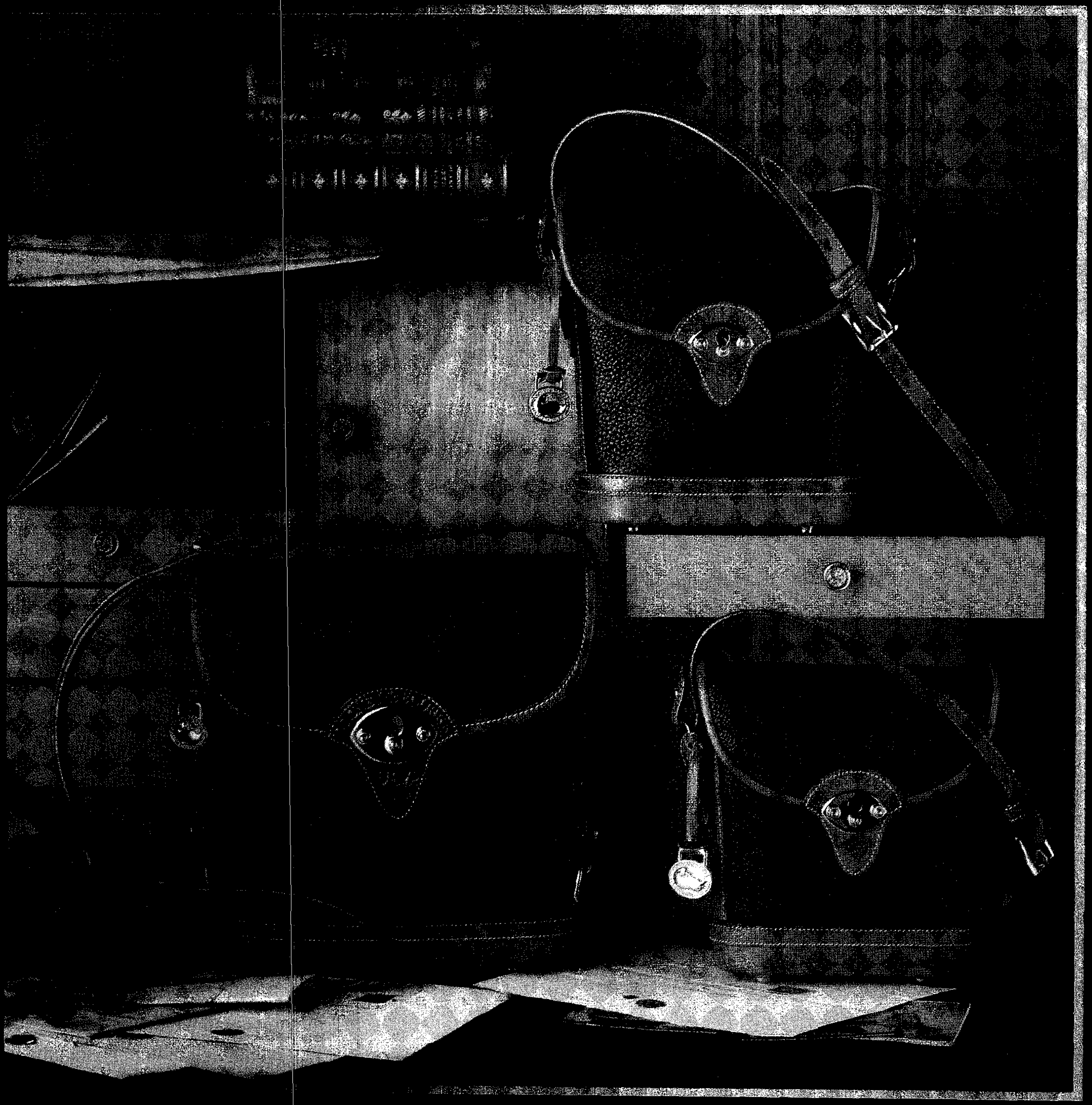
Autumn Sonata (1978)—Just when Americans seemed to be getting over the fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we got it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then Eva goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires: neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 11.)

At Village East Cinemas, Valentine Nonyela and Mo Sesay in "Young Soul Rebels"

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—Pathos poured on by the bucketful. This picture has a moral—Be kind. The baseball-player hero (blue-eyed Michael Moriarty, in the role Paul Newman played on TV in 1956) behaves like a saint to his doltish buddy (Robert De Niro), who is dying of Hodgkin's disease, and then is made to suffer remorse anyway. It seems he had neglected to send the buddy the scorecard of his last game on earth. And the ball team who had done their slobby best to behave like comrades to the dying man fail, unaccountably, to send a delegation to the funeral. This baseball weeper was very clumsily directed by John Hancock; everything stops dead for the dialogue scenes. De Niro gives what may be his only bad screen performance; he overworks the tobacco chewing and the idiotic smile. With Vincent Gardenia, Phil Foster, Ann Wedgeworth, Heather MacRae, Tom Ligon, Selma Diamond, Patrick McVey, and Marshall Efron. Adapted by Mark Harris, from his own novel.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

Barton Fink—The Coen brothers' macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It's an empty tour de force, and what's dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaninglessness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can't get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who's pitiful from the outset; there's not much fun in that. And there's no fun at all in Turturro's hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called "The Nutty Pinko." The Coens' interests are purely academic, and their prankish formalism becomes very irritating in the course of the picture. Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/9/91.) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas)

Beauty and the Beast—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever

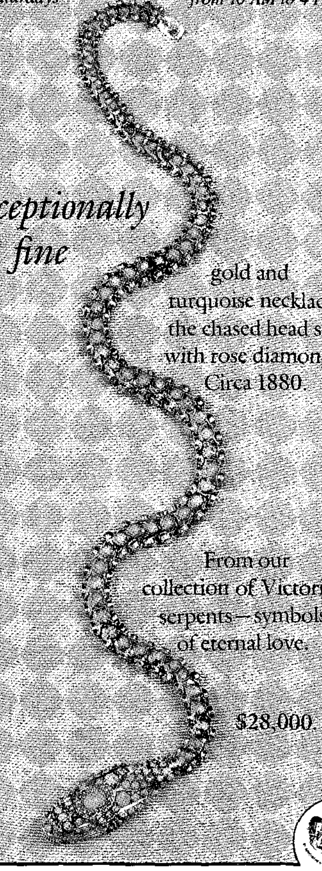


Y & BOURKE

LEATHER® COLLECTION,
9 Madison Avenue, New York, New
and 66th Streets) (212) 439-1657

Norwalk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598

A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE
781 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10022 (212) 752-1727
Open Saturdays *from 10 AM to 4 PM*

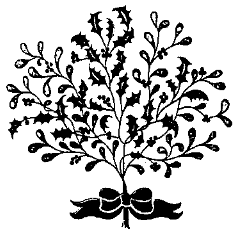


Exceptionally fine gold and turquoise necklace, the chased head set with rose diamonds. Circa 1880.

From our collection of Victorian serpents—symbols of eternal love.

$28,000

Engraved Christmas Cards



EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FROM DEMPSEY & CARROLL. AVAILABLE IN BOXED SETS OR WITH YOUR ENGRAVED NAME AND GREETING.

DEMPSEY & INC. CARROLL
Since 1878

110 East 57th St., NY (212) 486-7510
Washington, DC (202) 965-3830

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantle clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Billy Bathgate—A refined, stately gangster movie, based on E. L. Doctorow's refined, stately novel about the decline and fall of Dutch Schultz. The director, Robert Benton, and the screenwriter, Tom Stoppard, are scrupulously faithful to the book. Their studied, reverential approach has a perverse kind of appropriateness: it reflects all too accurately the novel's high-art air of importance. (Doctorow's literary exquisiteness had already drained the vulgar energy from the material.) Actually, the movie is marginally livelier than the novel, but this sort of story is much more familiar to moviegoers than to readers of prestigious fiction: the filmmakers' evocation of violent crime in Prohibition-era New York can only be seen in the context of the rich gangster-movie tradition, and this picture simply doesn't have the raw vitality and the headlong drive that the classics of the genre—from the original "Scarface" to "Once Upon a Time in America"—have led us to expect. The movie sustains our interest mostly by virtue of two remarkable performances. Steven Hill plays Schultz's middle-aged business manager, Otto Berman, and his acting is miraculously nuanced and complex: we feel as if we can read the whole history of the gang's triumphs and disasters in Berman's cunning, weary eyes. And Hoffman, as Schultz, is terrific. He's very funny and volatile. Playing a mean, stupid man, Hoffman—probably the most intelligent actor of his generation—is terrifyingly precise about the human deficiencies that make a great, legendary crook. Also with Loren Dean (in the title role) and Nicole Kidman.—T.R. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; starting Dec. 4.)

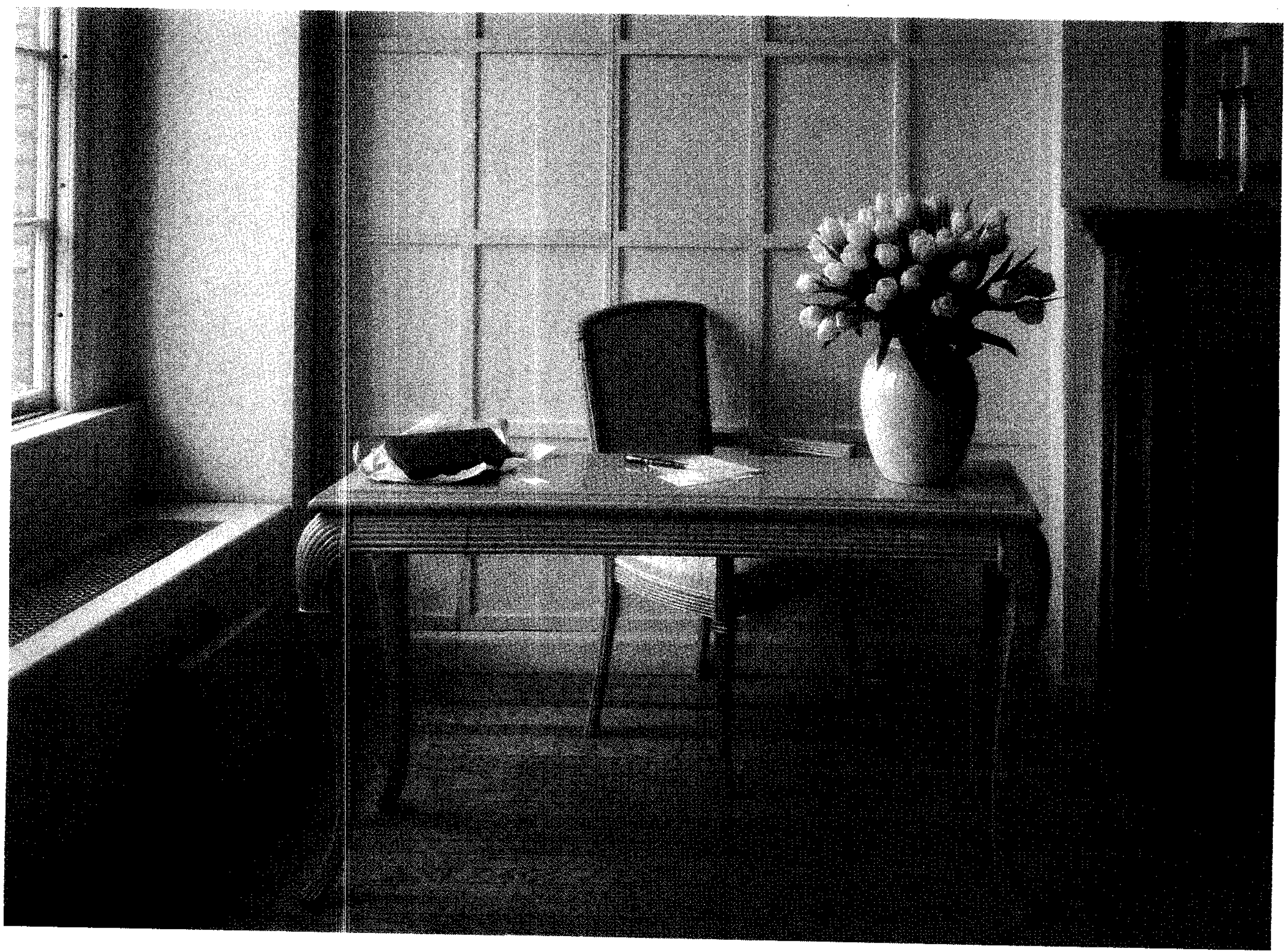
Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. This is a movie we have to feel our way into—tentatively, gradually—and it accumulates tremendous emotional force as it goes along. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Despite the movie's rigor, it never feels austere or academic. The story has plenty of action, in the James Fenimore Cooper manner—ambushes, escapes, tense confrontations. And the late-autumn and winter landscapes in which the action is set are ravishing. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, and Metro Cinema.)

Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original (and it's also, at two hours and eight minutes, a hell of a lot longer). But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of

---

To watch the thrilling Ernest B. Schoedsack–Merian Cooper wilderness adventure "Chang" (playing December 9-10 at Film Forum 2) is to rediscover the pull of the exotic. Schoedsack and Cooper, the explorer-moviemakers who'd already produced and directed the Persian migration epic "Grass," travelled to the Siamese rain forest for this 1927 frontier extravaganza. There they soaked up jungle lore and figured out how to trap wild animals; a couple of their ideas even caught on with the natives. They assembled a man, a woman, two children, and a gibbon ape named Bimbo to play a family trying to withstand tigers and elephants while carving a homestead out of the overgrowth. As in all their films—they're best known for the 1933 "King Kong," whose story was triggered by their silent-movie exploits—Schoedsack and Cooper went for pace, tension, and excitement. They weren't anthropologists or ethnographers. They were honest-to-God moviemakers, and they suffused their work with the tingle of entering an alien environment and maneuvering within it on instinct, hunch, and a smattering of common sense.

"Chang" (the title means "elephant") is filled with frissons that make audiences jump in their seats and other filmmakers wonder, How did they get that shot? There are terrifying scenes of a marauding tiger, a mama elephant rescuing her baby, an elephant stampede, and the rounding up of a mammoth herd into a kraal. Bimbo provides the emotional focus. He's always in the thick of the action: he even tries to bomb the elephants with coconuts. The concepts of taming the wilderness and domesticating jungle beasts are (these days) considered politically incorrect. But they're artistically correct in "Chang." There's a rough-and-ready freedom to the imagery in this jungle melodrama. Schoedsack and Cooper gave themselves, and their audience, a hardy good time.

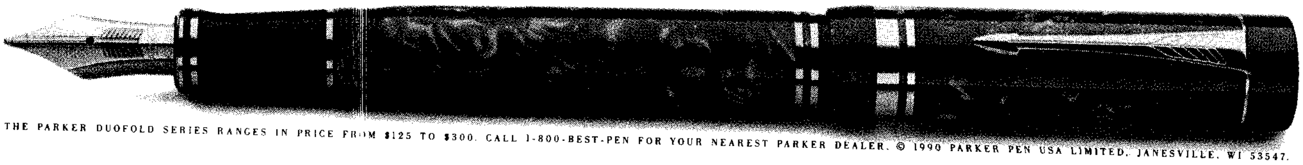


Few gifts inspire as many handwritten thank you letters.

It's difficult, perhaps impossible, to resist putting pen to paper after unwrapping a Parker. It's easy, however, to imagine the writer's pleasure as your gift glides effortlessly across the page. Not merely communicating a message, but expressing the character, style and personality of its new owner.

A Parker will achieve this without leaking, blotting or drying up, due to an ink collector system engineered to 0.75 of one-thousandth of an inch. A nib which is cut and pressed from 18 karat gold. And a ruthenium tip, which is four times harder than steel and ten times smoother. (All told, it still takes four days to make a Parker nib.)

It is said that it is better to give than receive. Give a Parker, and at least you'll have it in writing.



THE PARKER DUOFOLD SERIES RANGES IN PRICE FROM $125 TO $300. CALL 1-800-BEST-PEN FOR YOUR NEAREST PARKER DEALER. © 1990 PARKER PEN USA LIMITED, JANESVILLE, WI 53547.

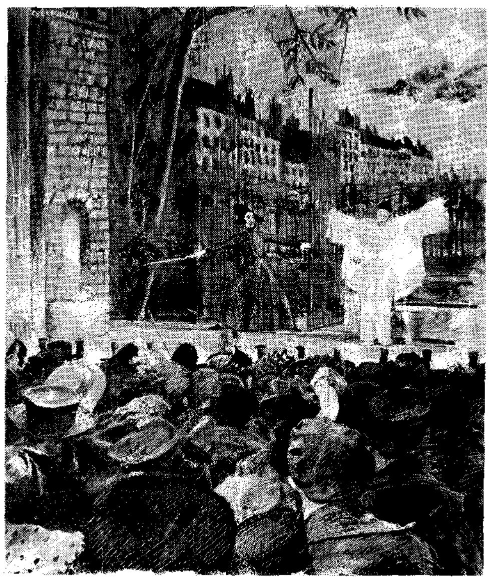
PARKER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF PENS, PENCILS AND INK
PARKER PEN UK LIMITED, NEWHAVEN

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks; the veneer of moral seriousness and psychological complexity that Scorsese brings to the enterprise feels like an attempt to convince himself that he's not doing what he's doing. The movie keeps insisting that the gruelling experience it's putting us through is really meant to edify us; it drags us into the mud and then tells us that we haven't got dirty. This is Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance; he's so good that you wish he were playing De Niro's role. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)



"Children of Paradise"

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot—Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich); the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, who has the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre.)

City of Hope—This panorama of Northeastern urban life is filled with intrigue and conflict. Yet it plays as if it were still on the drawing board. The writer, director, and editor, John Sayles, lays out the action so that every class and ethnic group participate in the corruption and the possible redemption of fictional Hudson City, New Jersey. In the major plot developments, a white professor is accused of having sexually approached one of two black kids who mugged him, and an urban-renewal project leads to arson and death. Sayles sketches the racial and economic agitations that leave the city in a state of tense inertia. The naturalistic design doesn't allow the three dozen characters to spring to unruly, independent life. Nick (Vincent Spano), the morally drifting son of the city's major contractor, is a poor choice for a unifying hero. He's unspecific and archetypal—an overgrown mixed-up kid. In keeping with today's delayed maturity cycle, he's twenty-eight, not eighteen. The enormous cast includes Joe Morton, Tony LoBianco, Barbara Williams, and Josh Mostel.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

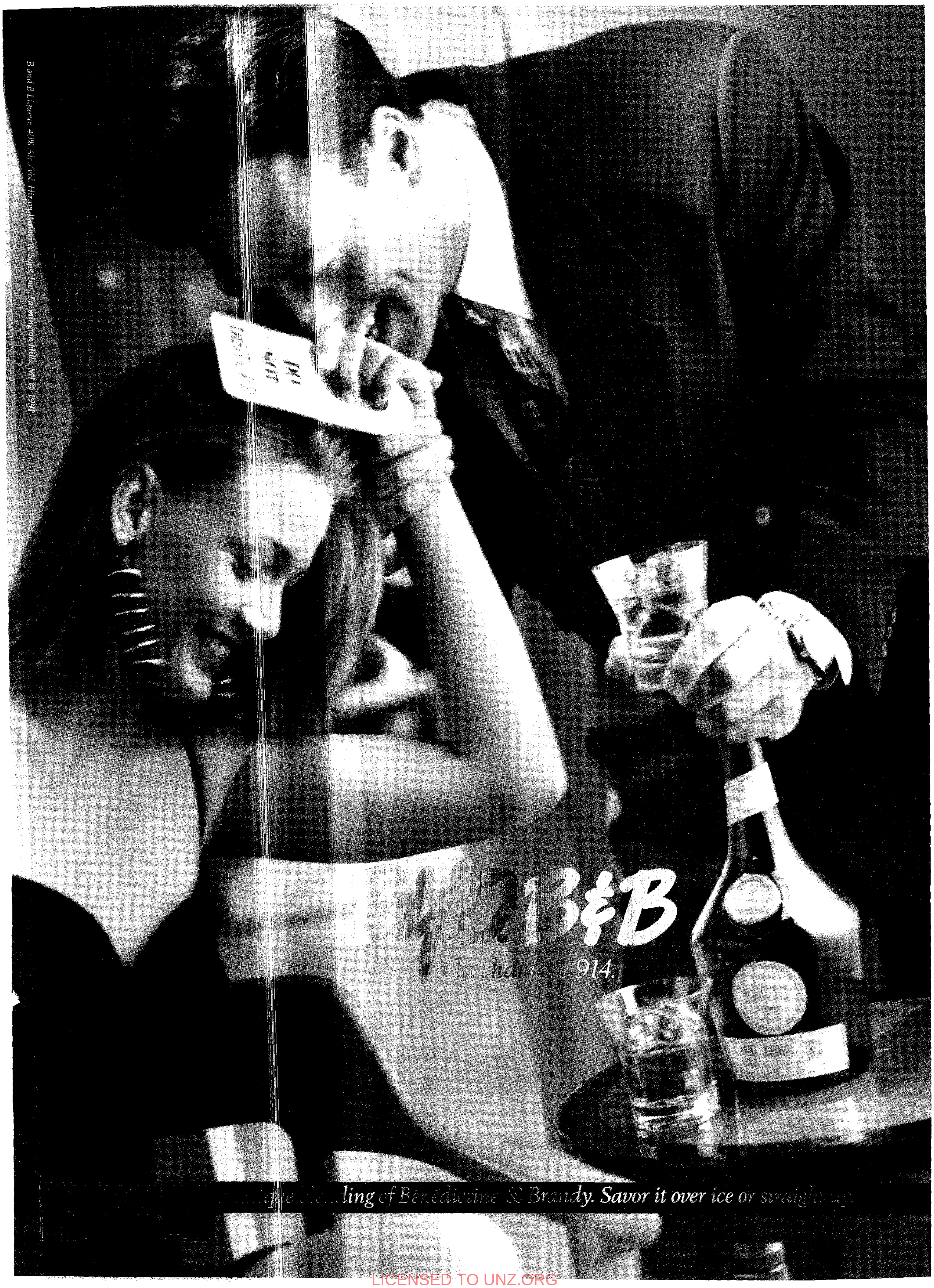
The Commitments—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining: the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of the Commitments are played by young Dublin musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants.—T.R. (8/26/91) (Gramercy, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Frankie & Johnny—The movie version of Terrence McNally's 1987 play "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune" is a sweet-tempered romantic comedy whose main characters are a New York coffee-shop waitress, Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer), and a short-order cook, Johnny (Al Pacino). McNally, adapting his two-character play for the screen, has expanded and drastically rearranged his original story. He and the director, Garry Marshall, have attempted to place Frankie and Johnny in a variety of settings, to stretch the narrative out over a longer period, to surround the lovers with lots of other people—and to incorporate all this extra material without dissipating the emotional tensions of the main characters' relationship. Although the new characters and settings sometimes give the movie the feel of a sitcom, the filmmakers keep the basic principles of romantic comedy in view, and the stars' performances elevate the material. Pacino brings out the comedy and the ambiguity of a middle-aged man's sense of emotional rebirth: he's exuberant, touching, and a little scary. And Pfeiffer is extraordinary; her Frankie is a superbly detailed rendering of a woman with a fanatically conservative heart. The strength of the play was its simplicity and its directness; the movie preserves those qualities by telling the story in the ordinary, straightforward Hollywood manner. This is a vehicle for Pacino and Pfeiffer, and they're more glamorous than the characters they're playing, but, in a weird way, their star power is perfectly appropriate here: it's the meat-and-potatoes stuff of big-budget movie entertainment. Kate Nelligan and Nathan Lane are standouts in a large supporting cast, which also includes Hector Elizondo and Jane Morris.—T.R. (10/21/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount. Evenings only.)

Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse—Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper directed this engulfing, brilliantly crafted documentary about the disaster-strewn production of Francis Ford Coppola's "Apocalypse Now." But much of the credit should go to Eleanor Coppola, Francis's wife, who shot sixty hours of behind-the-scenes footage on location in the Philippines, caught her husband's haywire visionary mood swings on audiotape, and, in addition to joining the ranks of the interviewees, reads portions of her journal, "Notes." Her camerawork and prose have an unadorned limpidity. They provide refreshing counterpoint to the grandiose rhetoric of her husband's attempt to relocate Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" in a Vietnam War adventure story. Bahr and Hickenlooper present the extraordinary spectacle of a filmmaker at the peak of his clout, banking everything on his ability to pull inspiration out of the fire, and getting scorched. While enduring the dismissal of one lead actor, the heart attack of his replacement, a ruinous typhoon, and a constant struggle with the script, Coppola keeps insisting that his experiences will enrich his movie. Bahr and Hickenlooper support Coppola's point of view. Their film is less important for its conclusions (they seem to feel that Coppola achieved artistic success) than for its depiction of the delusionary power of filmmaking. This movie, not "Apocalypse Now," is about what happened to Coppola in the jungle, and here he becomes a spellbinding tragic hero.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversa-


DO
NOT
DISTURB
B&B
914.
The unique blending of Bénédictine & Brandy. Savor it over ice or straight up.

B and B Liqueur. 40% Alc./Vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1991

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service—BUY, SELL or TRADE.

If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing…now you can recoup its hidden value!
Call **(212) 758-6234** *for free appraisal information.*

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE

SHOGUN
Shogun for men and women.
Stainless steel and 18K gold.
Water-resistant to 99 feet.
Swiss quartz accuracy to within seconds a year.
His, $1,890. Hers, $1,850.

Watch enlarged to show detail

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK • BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
THE COREVIC COLLECTION AT TOURNEAU.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332

tion. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. The movie even throws in some extended slapstick sequences featuring an oddball family friend played by Timothy Spall: we're never able to settle into a single mood. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Angelika Film Center.)

Little Man Tate—Fred Tate (Adam Hann-Byrd) is a seven-year-old intellectual prodigy who lives with his single, working-class mother, Dede (Jodie Foster). The screenplay, by Scott Frank, presents the young hero as one unhappy whiz kid: Fred's public-school education doesn't challenge him, and his classmates treat him like a freak. Nobody comes to his birthday party. The picture (which was directed by Foster) is frustrating, because it seems reluctant to explore with any rigor the special problems that a boy like Fred might have. The filmmakers keep falling back on pathos and on the easy irony that the main character is, despite his extraordinary gifts, an ordinary boy with the normal emotional needs of any seven-year-old. By the end of the movie, his precocious intelligence has lost its distinctive qualities, and he's no more than an exotic variant of a standard type: the lonely, misunderstood kid who yearns for love and acceptance. Our interest in Fred actually diminishes in the course of the picture; Frank and Foster introduce a unique hero and then spend two hours stripping him of his individuality. Also with Dianne Wiest, David Pierce, P. J. Ochlan, and Harry Connick, Jr.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

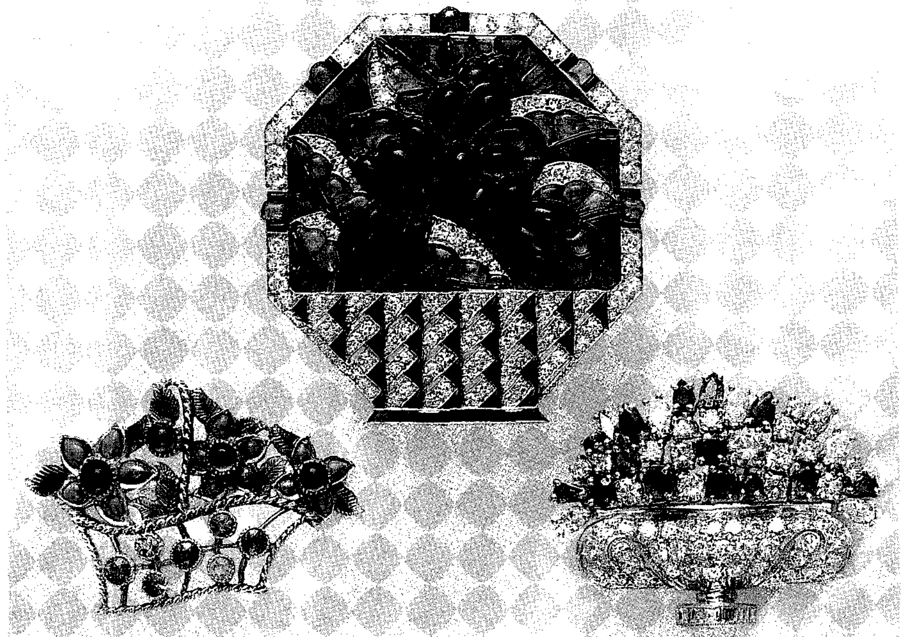
My Own Private Idaho—This new feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant is like an exploded version of his previous films "Mala Noche" and "Drugstore Cowboy," and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a superbly intelligent and intuitive performance. The original screenplay is by Van Sant. Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Dec. 5.)

On the Town (1949)—This musical about three sailors with twenty-four hours' leave in New York has an undeserved high reputation. Yes, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen (as Miss Subways), Florence Bates, Tom Dugan, and Alice Pearce are all in it, and it's the Comden and Green musical with the remnants of the Bernstein score. But its exuberant love of New York seems forced, and most of the numbers are hearty and uninspired. Kelly and Stanley Donen choreographed and directed.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Dec. 9-10.)

Other People's Money—The film version of Jerry Sterner's 1989 play is an attempt to turn the corporate-takeover frenzy of the Reagan era into the material of farce. The main character is a greedy, unscrupulous Wall Street wizard known as Larry the Liquidator (Danny De Vito), who's trying to buy—and close down—a small, stable, profitable New England wire-and-cable company. This family business is run by a benign patriarch (Gregory Peck), who is meant to embody the old-fashioned values of American free enterprise: he hates debt, cares about his workers, and wears cardigan sweaters around the office. Shuttling between the opposing camps is Kate Sullivan (Penelope Ann Miller), a young lawyer with a devious mind and good legs: she represents the wire-and-cable company, but she and Larry are manipulative soul mates, and in the course of negotiations their enthusiastic gamesmanship evolves into a weird kind of courtship. The director, Norman Jewison, and the screenwriter Alvin Sargent, are old pros, and they set up the movie's intricate plot with admirable clarity. But they're conscientious to a fault. They lay out the moves and countermoves of the takeover battle so deliberately that even the Great Communicator himself might be able to follow the story. The movie feels like two hours of exposition; when it's over, we're still waiting for the fun to start. And the attempt to merge De Vito's trademark comic-vulgarian persona and the attributes of a romantic leading man doesn't come off at all. De Vito's performance is a Schwarzenegger-like exercise in image adjustment: it's not acting, it's spin control. Also with Piper Laurie and Dean Jones.—T.R. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle house-party setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful and epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck. (In one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens.") Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent, love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. With Åke Fridell as the groom, and, in a bit part, Bibi Andersson. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 6-7. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

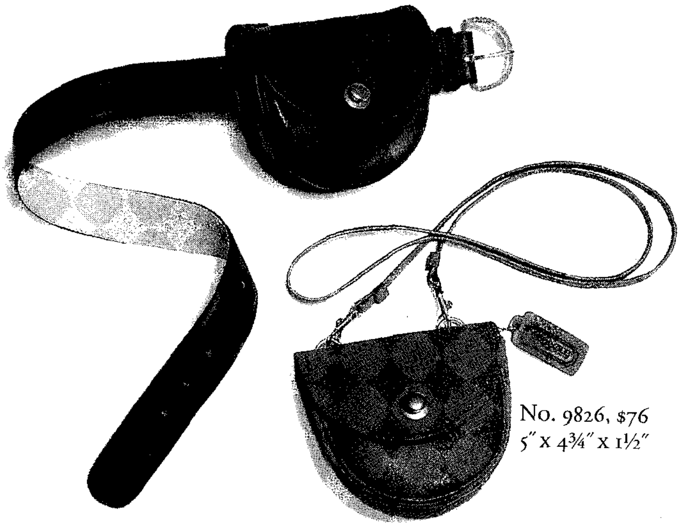
Strictly Business—This "secret of my success" story attempts to win the Congeniality Award in the young-black-filmmakers competition. It fails, because of the sour stereotypes in Pam Gibson and Nelson George's script and the bop-on-the-noggin direction by Kevin Hooks. The story is a simple matter of tit for tat: buppie Joseph C. Phillips helps street-hip Tommy Davidson rise out of the mailroom at a high-stakes real-estate firm; in return, Davidson teaches Phillips how to dress for sexual success with voluptuous bohemian Halle Berry, who'd otherwise be too "fly" for the slick executive. At the start, Phillips, the upwardly mobile black, is portrayed as an imitation-white zombie; Davidson, the homeboy, as a naïve slacker; and Berry, an aspiring night-club manager, as a piece of meat ("That ham is cooked, glazed, and ready to be sliced"). They're supposed to come together and fuse, but the result is more of a monster mash.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)



Asprey

725 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 Tel. 212.688.1811 Fax: 212.826.3746

Created especially for women on the move. 800 262-2411 ext. 21



No. 9826, $76
5" x 4¾" x 1½"

Made of natural full-grained leather, the Coach Mini Belt Bag is as easy to carry as it is on the eye. It features two loops for belts up to 1½" wide. And a leather strap so you can wear it as a purse. Colors: Black, Bone, British Tan, Forest Green, Navy, Red. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask about our rush delivery and gift wrapping.

COACH
BY PHONE

Getting to gate 87 in

Anyone who travels on business knows how hard it can be. Which is why we've made getting AT&T so easy. Even at public phones

two minutes isn't always easy.

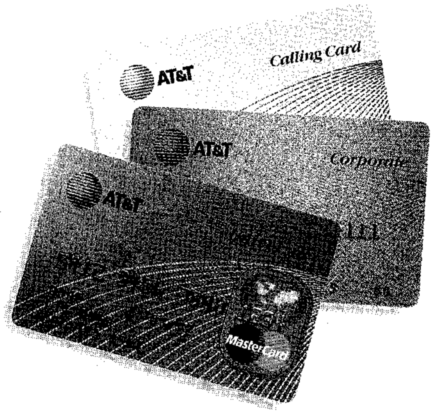
that aren't automatically connected to AT&T. If you're calling long distance and you don't hear "AT&T" after the bong, simply hang up.

Getting AT&T is.

Dial 10+ATT+0 (it's right on the back of your AT&T Card). You'll be assured of the service you depend on, at the prices you expect.

Dial 10+ATT+0

plus the area code and number.



©1991 AT&T

AT&T

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of our reporters writes:

I was in Dili, East Timor, on the morning of November 12th, when a large crowd of East Timorese gathered in a parish church. They were there to attend a memorial Mass for Sebastião Gomes, a young man who had died just outside the church two weeks before. His blood was still caked on the low stone steps at one side of the building, and mourners occasionally knelt and touched it and then crossed themselves. Sebastião had been shot when Indonesian soldiers stormed the church, where he had sought refuge after hiding from the authorities for several months. Like many East Timorese, he was fearful of reprisal for speaking out against the government.

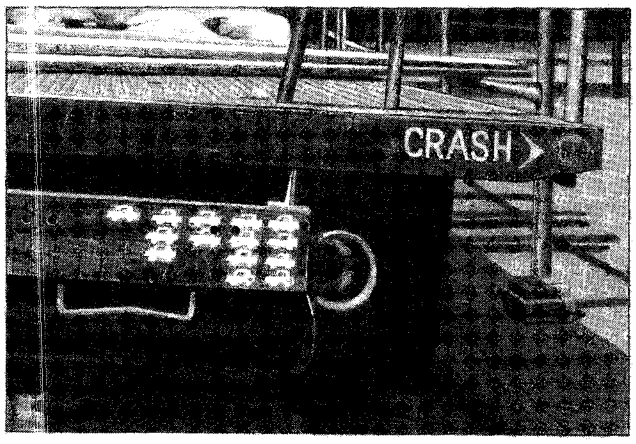
East Timor, the part of the island of Timor long colonized by Portugal, was invaded by Indonesia in 1975, after Portugal withdrew from the country, and it has been occupied ever since by ABRI, the Indonesian Army. During that time, some two hundred thousand people—a third of the population—have been killed by the troops or have succumbed to an Army policy of forced starvation. Dili, the capital, is dotted with detention houses, where Intel, the Army's secret police, tortures people suspected of opposing Indonesian rule. The East Timorese, from rural farmers to senior clerics and civil servants, often begin conversations with a warning to speak softly, because the Army is watching and "Intel is everywhere."

On the morning of the twelfth, as the Mass concluded and the worshippers filed out onto the street, the Intel commander, Colonel Gatot Purwanto, drove by the church in an Army jeep. Soldiers and police officers under his command were standing along the route from the church to Sebastião's grave, in the Santa Cruz cemetery, about a mile away. They were holding long, polished wooden sticks, and they eyed the passing East Timorese carefully.

Outside the church, a procession formed behind the Gomes family, who were carrying flowers in straw baskets draped with woollen shawls. Some people unfurled banners urging support for the Catholic Church and the cause of East Timorese independence. As the procession got under way, first young men and then women and older men began making V signs at the soldiers they passed. They shouted "*Viva Timor Leste!*" At times, the younger boys broke into an exuberant jog, and older youths reined them in, shouting "*Disciplina!*" Some of the marchers were weeping, but more and more of them were smiling and glancing around in astonishment. Others joined the procession, from huts and from offices, and by the time it reached the cemetery it had grown to several thousand. Even when there was no chanting, and no banners nearby, the marchers were talking—audibly—to the soldiers and among themselves. East Timor and its occupiers surely hadn't witnessed such a bold public display in years.

When the procession got to the cemetery, no soldiers were in sight. Many people followed the family in, and the rest stood outside the cemetery walls, chatting excitedly. All at once, somebody, looking up, noticed that one end of the street had been closed off by an Army truck full of troops. People began to point, and then one man, looking back in the other direction, said "The Gestapo!" Coming down the route the marchers had taken ten minutes earlier was a column of soldiers, in dark-brown uniforms and carrying M-16s. The troops moved in formation, walking slowly. There was a small collective gasp, and some of the crowd began to shuffle back.

Another American reporter and I had a camera and a tape recorder out and were standing in the middle of the street, between the troops and the East Timorese. We watched in disbelief as the soldiers turned in to the cemetery, raised their rifles, and took aim. Then, acting in unison, they opened fire on the East Timorese. Men and women fell, shivering, in the street, rolling from the impact of the bullets. Some were backpedalling, and tripping, their hands held up. Others simply tried to turn and run. The soldiers jumped over fallen bodies and fired at the people still upright. They chased down young boys and girls



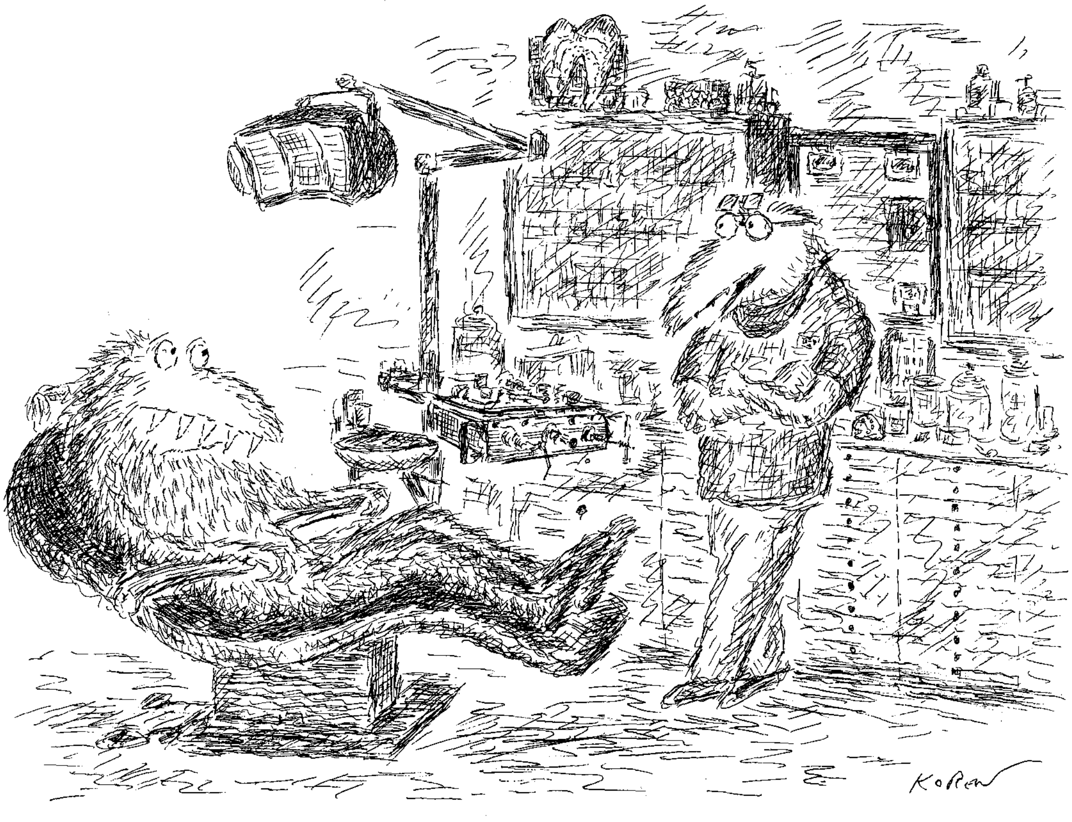
and shot them in the back. Meanwhile, some of the soldiers had begun beating my colleague and me. They took her tape recorder and my camera, and pounded the back of my skull with rifle butts. Then they forced us to sit down on the pavement and trained their M-16s at us, shouting "*Politik! Politik!*"

We shouted back that we were Americans, and maybe that's what saved our lives. All around, other soldiers were executing Timorese. Right in front of us, they were kicking an old man in the face and slamming him into a concrete sewer. Apparently because we were from the United States, however—a country that provided Indonesia with fifty million dollars in outright aid this year, and sells it most of its weapons, including M-16s—the soldiers decided not to shoot us. We escaped by hopping a passing truck.

What we had witnessed was nothing less than an act of deliberate mass murder. There was no provocation: no stones were thrown, and the crowd was standing still. The soldiers issued no warning; there was no confrontation, no hothead who got out of hand. The soldiers simply shot several hundred unarmed men, women, and children. Out of a crowd of three thousand, some hundred were killed and two hundred were wounded.

In its first acknowledgment that people had been killed, the Indonesian Army said on the day of the massacre, "There has been unrest in Dili by people who had been incited and influenced by remnants of the Gang of Security Disrupters [but] the situation is now under control." Later that day, it said, "Security officers tried to disperse [the crowd] in persuasive ways, but they put up resistance and attacked the officers," and soon it expanded its story, saying that some hundred-odd Timorese were carrying guns, and that among the crowd was Xanana Gusmão, the leader of the East Timorese nationalist movement known as Falintil. Though no foreign governments tried to maintain that those statements approached a true account of what had happened, several of them were conspicuously restrained in their reaction to the slaughter. In Washington, Canberra, Tokyo, and elsewhere, Indonesian Ambassadors were told that the respective foreign ministers were upset about the events in East Timor, and Indonesia was asked to explain its actions. Our State Department advocated "a prompt and complete investigation" by Jakarta, to be "followed by an appropriate disciplining of those determined to have used excessive force," but it rejected any reduction in military training and arms sales, explaining that United States military aid actually helped "expose" Indonesians to "democratic ideas and humanitarian standards." Senator Claiborne Pell, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, introduced a resolution censuring Indonesia and urging self-determination for the people of East Timor, but suggesting only a partial reduction in United States aid; it did not address, for example, the sale of arms like the M-16. Proponents of the measure said that it was the strongest action that could be hoped for, and, indeed, even this non-binding resolution met quick opposition from both Senator Robert Dole and Representative Stephen Solarz, the chairman of the Asian and Pacific Affairs subcommittee. One Solarz aide said that if Indonesia staged *another* massacre (as unconfirmed reports were suggesting that it already had) a cutoff might be considered.

As I left Dili, the Army was marching through the streets, storming into houses and detaining people. I later learned that hundreds of East Timorese had been arrested and tortured—and many killed—in an effort to control the massacre's aftermath.



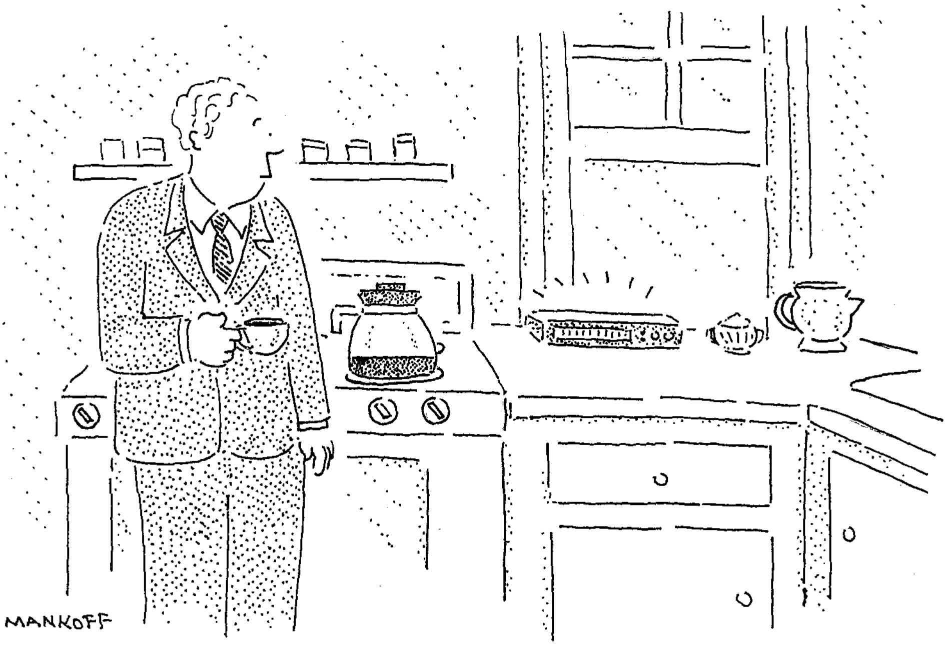
"I detect a little laxity in your flossing."

Indonesia's position was stated by General Try Sutrisno, the armed forces Chief of Staff. Of "disrupters" like the mourners in Dili he said, "They are people who must be crushed. . . . Come what may, let no one think they can ignore ABRI. In the end, they will have to be shot down."

• •

Jaded

WHEN we went to see Michael Geary recently, we drove west to the end



"Please stand by for a series of tones. The first indicates the official end of the recession, the second indicates prosperity, and the third the return of the recession."

• •

of Twenty-third Street, turned left into a parking lot, and asked a guard for directions. He pointed to a big door in the enormous building behind him, on Pier 62. We drove through the door. On our left we saw several rows of dark limousines and two men dressed like chefs, and on our right we saw some empty parking spaces with "Highlander" stencilled on the wall above them. The dark limousines and the men dressed like chefs were connected with the television show "Law and Order," which was being taped nearby. The parking spaces were connected with the late Malcolm Forbes's yacht, Highlander, which was moored outside. We were interested to see these things, because we are interested in the rich fabric of life, but they had nothing to do with Michael Geary, so we kept driving.

The next part of the building was pretty dark, and what little we could see didn't make an impression on us. Finally, we came to an elevator. We drove inside, being careful to avoid the operator. On the second floor, we drove through a narrow doorway, and down a long hall. We drove past a parked Ford Taurus station wagon. We drove past an open doorway, inside which a middle-aged man in a dirty white lab coat was sitting in a swivel chair smoking a cigarette and smiling at us. That was Michael Geary. On the wall beside his door was a sign that said "New York Special Effects." We parked in front of a large institutional-type rest room and walked back to say hello.

If you are a student of frankfurter-based advertising, you may already be somewhat familiar with Geary. In a commercial for Nathan's hot dogs which is currently being shown in New York, the Manhattan skyline rising behind the gigantic-looking hot dog is a model that his company built. (The hot dog is a hot dog.) The commercial's producers felt that the real Manhattan skyline contained too many boring buildings, so Geary and four helpers spent six weeks creating a wood-and-Plexiglas New York in which the Chrysler Building, the Empire State Building, the World Trade Center, and the Brooklyn Bridge are close together.

"I'm jaded," Geary said after finding a swivel chair for us. "Commercials to me are just commercials. I mean, you might as well stick up a flash card that says 'Buy This Soap.' But I've earned a good living at it for a long time now, so I can't really complain. I just see it as a crass way to do business. All that money—fifty thousand dollars—to build a model, and for what? A piece of sausage. Forgive me for saying it, but that's the way I feel about it."

Geary was born in England fifty years ago. He looks like an inventor, an absent-minded professor, or a character in a Monty Python sketch. He has straight brown hair, which he doesn't seem to comb. When he smiles, hundreds of tiny lines radiate from his eyes, which are blue. In the pocket of his lab coat is a pair of tortoiseshell bifocals. His studio looks like a filling-station garage. There are greasy windows, a rumbling compressor, drills, clamps, big pots of glue, welding equipment, pneumatic tools, an automatic coffeemaker teetering on a pile of junk, and a can of heavy-duty engine degreaser. Also a model helicopter that was used in a movie whose name Geary can't remember, a flying saucer that was used in a commercial for an antacid whose name he can't remember, and a mechanical reptilian tail that was used to do something unspeakable to a young woman (actually, a life cast of her body) in the film "Jacob's Ladder."

We asked Geary how he had got started in his business, and he said, "My father was a theatre electrician, a master electrician, who worked on movies. I was a budding rock-and-roll drummer. I wasn't any good, but I played for a living, and I brought up two kids on it for fifteen years. We played at English air bases and American air bases in Germany—that sort of thing. In the music business, you don't work every day, so whenever I was off I worked for my dad." One project they worked on together was the movie "Goldfinger." When it came time to film the famous scene in which Goldfinger puts James Bond on a metal slab and tries to slice him in half with a laser, the elder Geary told the director, "My boy knows how to do that." Michael, who was in his early twenties and had been fooling around with lasers for some time, was hired to create the effect. "The laser beam you see in the movie is real," he told us. "But it was shot separately and stripped in afterward on the negative. The actual cutting of the metal was done from underneath, by a welder with an acetylene torch."

During the next couple of decades, Geary did the following: made records for Woolworth's in which his band imitated hit songs by other people; led an eighteen-piece orchestra; got a job creating special effects for the BBC; was arrested for bouncing a laser beam off the reflector of an unmanned lightship anchored off the coast of England; was arrested for bouncing a laser beam off the face of Big Ben; invented a scanning device that made it possible to write words, draw designs, and create religious symbols in the sky with a laser; shot a laser beam through the Arc de Triomphe; created laser shows for Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, and other rock bands; sold laser equipment to American discothèques; settled in New York with his wife and two daughters; founded New York Special Effects; and rented space on Pier 62, which he was attracted to in part because he could park both his car and his boat inside the building.

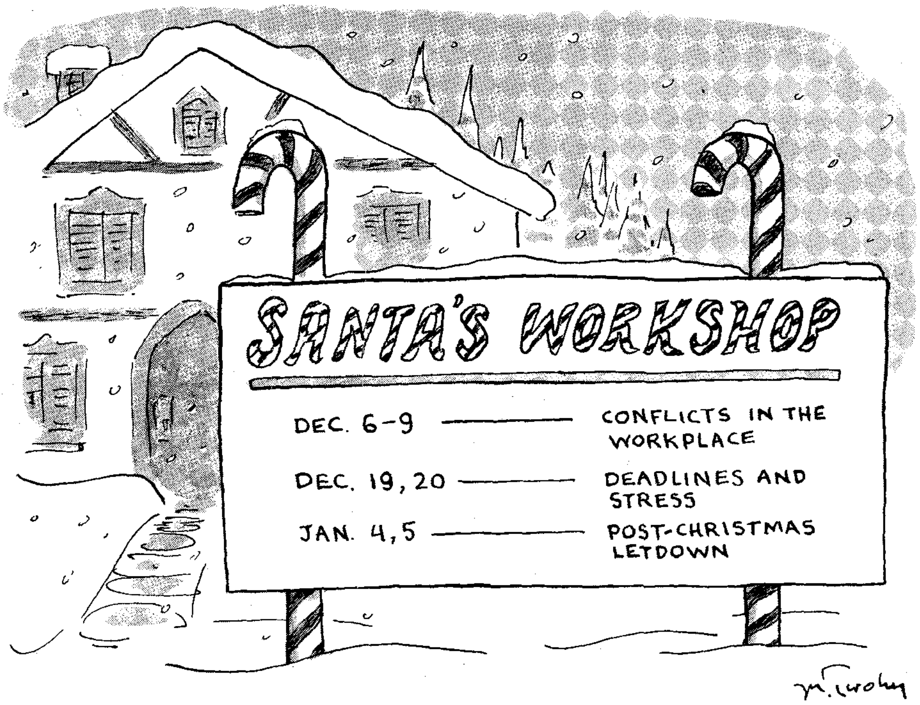
At the time of our visit, Geary was getting ready to move to Florida. He told us that he was a little tired of doing special effects and wanted to spend more time pursuing his newest interest, which is building miniature steam engines. He showed us one that he was working on. The boiler was made from a piece of copper tubing about four inches in diameter. "This is what I was doing when you came in," he said, and he picked up a tiny whistle that he had tooled from some pieces of brass. Then he took us into his office, which is separated from his studio by a glass door, and showed us two more steam engines. "I have no training in this," he said. "I just read, read, read, read, read, and follow plans. For me, this is orgasmic. I really get off on this. I *thoroughly* enjoy it. For me, this is wonder time."

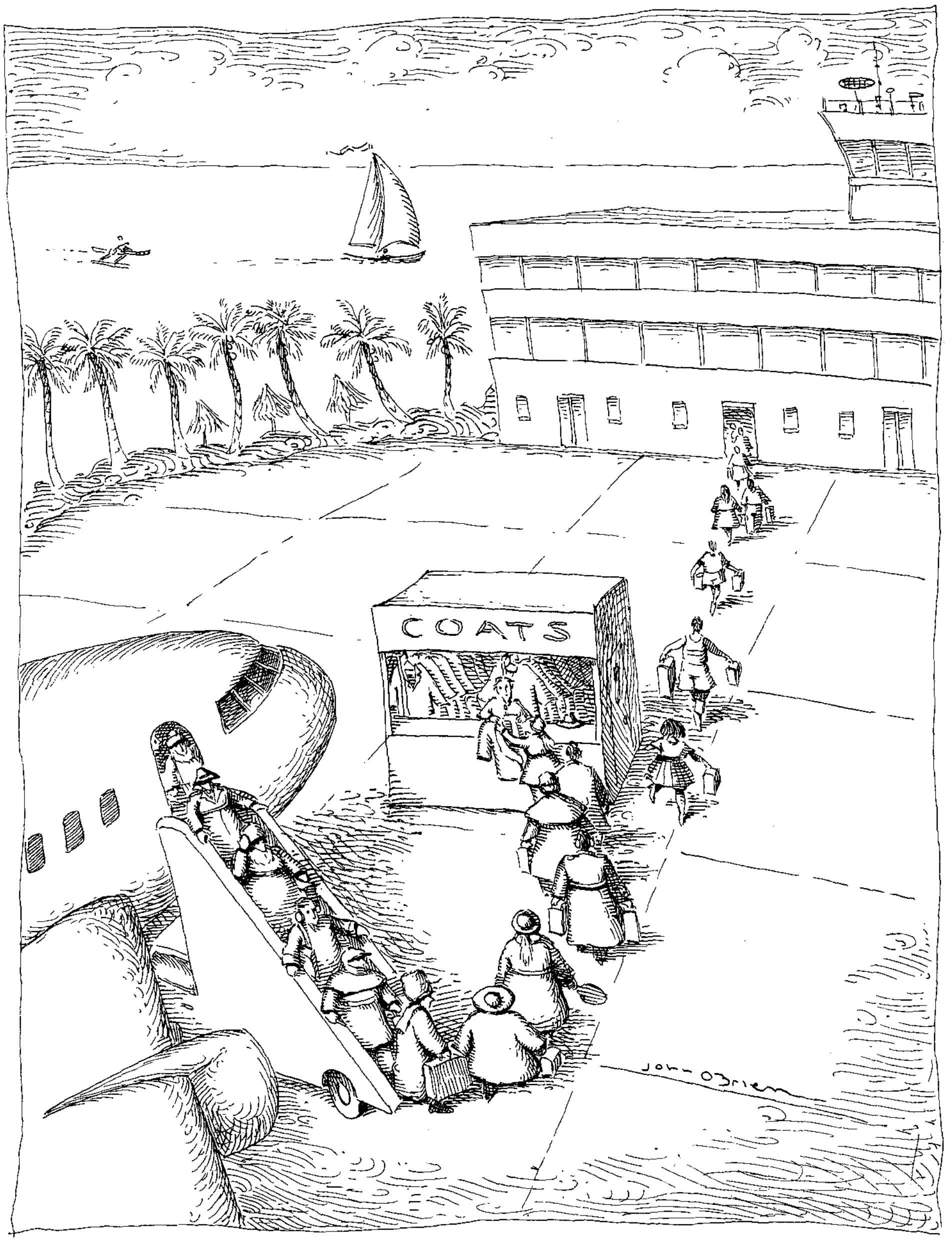
Geary then showed us an earlier project, an exact replica of a turn-of-the-century American carrousel. It took him three years to build and now sits in an especially cluttered corner of his office. The carrousel is slightly less than two feet in diameter. It contains two thousand tiny electric lights and a steam-powered calliope, which really works. "It's absolutely perfect," he said, "and I made every single damned part." Photographs of the carrousel appeared both on the cover and as the centerfold of the Fall, 1989, issue of *Miniatures Showcase*. Geary built it for his own amusement, but at one time he considered selling it to Malcolm Forbes, who, shortly before he died, had offered him seventy thousand dollars for it. We asked Geary how Forbes had found out about the carrousel. He said, "He used to ride up here on a BMW motorbike, just wandering around. He was a nice old guy. It was never more than just 'What're you doing? How're you doing? Hello.' He'd come in and maybe sit for a while. He asked me if I could fix something on his boat for him, and I did. He was a nice man. I liked him. I never thought about it. It's like 'Malcolm Forbes? So what? I'm Michael Geary.' "

Surrogate

THE way it happened was that Frank Sinatra, who has spent the last year going around the world on his Diamond Jubilee tour, sponsored by Chivas Regal, decided soon after he started out that he wasn't going to talk to the press, because he never talks to the press. When the people from Chivas, who not only were sponsoring the tour but had set up an Official Chivas Regal Frank Sinatra Fans' Tribute Hotline, got the news, they put their heads together and decided that they had better find another celebrity, who could travel around and greet the press and talk about the Hotline and be available for interviews, answering the kinds of questions that Frank might have answered if Frank had been willing to answer questions. They considered what one of them has described as "a long list of major, major celebrities" to play the role of surrogate Frank Sinatra, and then settled, in a flash of instant agreement, on Angie Dickinson. Someone had the inspired idea of dubbing Angie the Chairman of the Board's Chairman of the Board, and they sent her out with that title. Angie wasn't actually on the tour—only Frank and Steve and Eydie were—but she was *close* to the tour. So a couple of Fridays ago, on the afternoon before Sinatra was to sing at Madison Square Garden, we met with Angie Dickinson and a couple of amiable P.R. people in a suite at the St. Moritz, to put to Angie some of the questions we'd always been meaning to put to Frank.

Angie is, as everybody knows, a warm and terrific-looking blonde, and she was handling her improbable assignment with aplomb. She explained that she had first met Frank back in the mid-fifties, on the "Colgate Comedy Hour," when she was "nothing but a pair of legs." "It was after the 'Colgate


SANTA'S WORKSHOP
DEC. 6-9 — CONFLICTS IN THE WORKPLACE
DEC. 19, 20 — DEADLINES AND STRESS
JAN. 4, 5 — POST-CHRISTMAS LETDOWN



Comedy Hour’ beauty contest,” she told us. “I’d been a little puzzled when I won, because I thought you would get to go on the show, or something, but you didn’t. You were just a winner. I was working as a secretary in an office.” Finally, though, after months had gone by, somebody at the “Colgate Comedy Hour” discovered that one of the Colgate beauty-contest winners really had star quality, and Angie was invited to appear on the show. “Frank was on the show that week,” she said. “He had just made ‘From Here to Eternity,’ and his career was on the upswing again. He was starting to feel good about himself after all those years of hardship. I mean, can you imagine what that felt like, being Frank Sinatra and having your record contract cancelled? I mean, to have somebody like Mitch Miller tell you that you were through?” Angie’s eyes shone with surrogate pain.

We asked Angie what she thought Frank was feeling when they met on the “Colgate Comedy Hour.”

Angie pondered the question and then said, “At that moment, I think, he was on a high.” After that, Angie went on to tell us, she and Frank became close friends. “Watching him fired me with the desire not just to be another pair of legs onstage but to be in show business,” she said. “Ever since then, I’ve been his biggest fan.”

We asked Angie why she thought Frank was still out touring after all these years.

“I think he just loves to sing,” she said. “To entertain. He’s devoted to his family, of course, but he loves his songs. And there are younger generations who have never heard Frank Sinatra, and this is their chance.”

We asked Angie what she thought Frank thought of the tell-all celebrity bios of him that had been written, and she said, “Not much.”

Then we asked Angie what her least favorite Sinatra recordings were, and she gave us a look, but said after a minute that well, frankly, she’d never liked “Summer Me, Winter Me,” or whatever that one was called, but Frank went on singing it anyway. We asked why she thought Frank went on singing a song that Angie Dickinson had never liked, and she said he would probably say that it was a good dramatic vehicle. Then, getting the hang of it, we asked what she thought she would say if Frank said that he went on singing a song that Angie Dickinson had never liked because he thought it was a good dramatic vehicle, and she said, “I would say, ‘Hey, Frank knows more than I do.’ ”

We asked Angie a bunch more questions (we found out, among other things, that some of the proceeds of the Hotline are going to Variety Clubs International, a charity for needy children which was founded by people in the entertainment industry, and that Angie puts on a telethon for the Variety Club in St. Louis each year), and then, for no particular reason, we asked her what she liked to do best when she was in New York on her own. She lit up, and said that what she really liked to do was go to museums. She said she had been to the Fauve-landscape show at the Met several times earlier this year, and that it had stuck with her—the freedom of the coloring, the boldness of it, how they just painted any way they wanted. Then, remembering what we were all there for, Angie added that Frank loves painting, and that she knew he would have liked the Fauve-landscape show a lot, too, if only he’d had the time to see it.

ATTRACTION

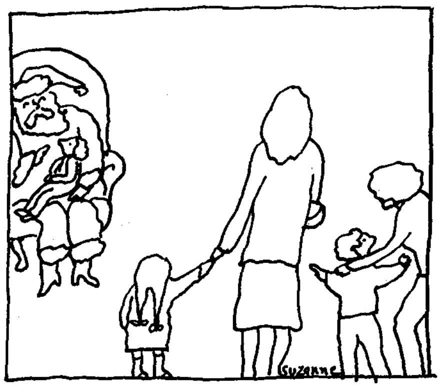
SHE was fifteen that summer of 1963, living with her mother in a rented house by a stretch of dead water called McCafferty's Slough. It was only a short walk through a stand of aspen to the back door of the skating rink, a huge, watery-green Quonset. She lugged her own roller skates, in a blue tin case with her name, "Marly Wilcox," stencilled on it in nail polish. In love with nothing else just then, she loved the sensations of skating, the swift cuts, the sweat like a cool metal comb delving into her hair. She didn't paw stupidly at the air, didn't grab her arms behind her back like a showoff—they pumped at her sides, thin, efficient, her fingertips tucked together like rosettes. The music crackled from tiny loudspeakers, out-of-date show tunes and slurpy waltzes, the occasional 45 by Duane Eddy or Chubby Checker or Little Eva. None of the boys pulled at her clothes or whipped her into the rails. She gave off a signal, an aura: Hands off, you'll get no satisfaction from me. More likely, they just weren't interested.

Charlie Bitterman was there. Willowy, pale-skinned, with his gauzy shirts, his flop of sandy hair. His eyes were the color of cinnamon toast, his smile abrupt, astonished, maybe a little toothy. It was the summer he was going by "Chas." He'd graduated from high school in Sperry that June, and was going out East to study engineering. He was the son of Ike Bitterman, the architect. The Bittermans had sent an older boy to West Point, a daughter to veterinary school in California, and now this last one to Rensselaer. Afterward, he would come and join Ike's firm—the way Jamie Shirtliff and Evan St. Clair had come home and breezed into their fathers' law practices. "It's the pattern," Marly's mother, Jeanette, said. "Time-honored. Old as the world." Marly had been watching him, keeping tabs. He was the most interesting thing going, she'd decided. And she wasn't the only one. She'd caught Mlle. Picard, her French teacher, languidly staring after Charles one winter afternoon—a flush rose to Mlle. Picard's temples, but she had shrugged, smiled, shamelessly dragged Marly into the moment with her, so that it was Marly who turned away, embarrassed, found out.

All that year, until spring, Charles had gone out with Cynthia Lumquist. They'd made a famous couple, no question about it. Cynthia was a loopy, smart-alecky girl, flagrantly blond, with a tantalizing gap between her front teeth. It was a romance oblivious of social standing. Cynthia had no parents, as far as anyone knew—she floated, skirted catastrophe, lived with an aunt or an older sister, emerged at school from an amazing array of vehicles. Her hair was platinum, silver-white like a movie star's.

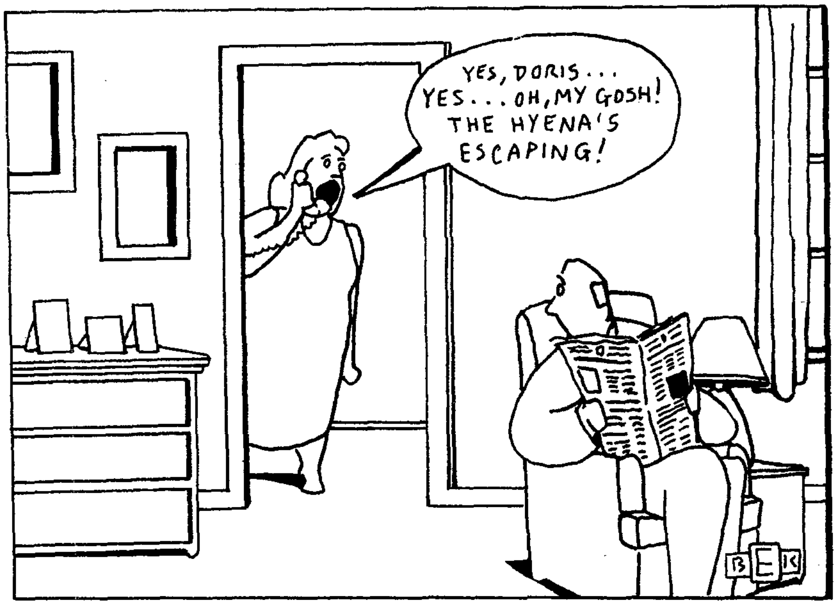
Invisible amid the horseplay, the clattering trays, Marly had watched the two of them dance to the record-player in the cafeteria. Charles danced like no local boy. No flailing, no sappy grin. He kept his eyes shut, his moves cool and minimal. Cynthia stuck her arms straight out over his shoulders, let her fingers dangle (*languorously*, Marly thought, like wind chimes in a sultry movie), while Charles aimed a stream of incantation into her ear. They might have been dancing on the deck of a ship, they might have been the last two people on earth. Eventually, the vice-principal would come and bust up this display—Cynthia would bristle, ready for battle, but Charles always steered her away, unfazed. He might show up in the library later with one of Cynthia's crimson kisses enamelled to his forehead.

He had plenty of friends, Marly had observed, but no best friend, and didn't travel in any pack. It was as if he'd siphoned people out of different cliques, one by one. He was smart in an amused, leapfrogging way. Marly had had one class with him—civics (Charles had gotten mono as a sophomore, and was still picking off requirements in his last semester). He couldn't have cared less about politics (he obviously read only what he wanted to read), but every few days Marly would watch fat, tonsured Mr. Nardi cave in to boredom and address Charles with something like "Mr. Bitterman, how'd you like to give us the succession to the Presidency?" Charles always looked genuinely happy to have been called on. No, he didn't know about that, but what did Mr. Nardi think about "Silent Spring," and what about this news report he'd seen that the world's population would hit nine billion by the year 2025? He consulted some ink marks on the back of his hand. Roughly five hundred and sixty-two million tons of human being, he said.



Cynthia had broken up with him, finally. After Charles, she had an affair with an older man, Casper Gault, who ran the news agency. The news agency, up on First near the Opera House, was one of Marly's haunts—she drank sludgy chocolate Cokes, killed late-afternoon hours flipping through paperbacks on the swivel stands. Gault had once played ball for Montana State; he was beefy, with a prickly, brick-red face. Marly always pictured him down on one knee, snipping the wire that bound the newspapers and magazines—it made an indecent thump as it released. The thought of lying spread-eagled under Gault, that heaving weight on her—it was appalling, engrossing. Above the news agency was a string of cheap rooms where a couple of the waitresses lived. People claimed that the man who'd had the building before Gault had run girls out of those rooms. That's how it was said, "running girls."

Gault had a daughter in Marly's class, but Marly had never paid her much attention. A pallid, homely girl in wrinkled corduroy jumpers: Ruth Ann Gault. But one night, that night at the rink, Marly noticed her trudging across the dusty hardwood in her oxford shoes, a strange, earthbound creature among the streaking shapes. Marly ducked into the girls' locker room. Cynthia Lumquist sat worming her feet into her skates, laughing about something. She'd just taken a drag on her Winston and parked it on the edge of the bench, where it began to sear the varnish. She wore a blue leotard and hair ribbons and a batch of loud bracelets. As Marly watched, Ruth Ann rounded the doorway, came silently at Cynthia with a locker key in her fist, and put Cynthia's eye out.



SOMETIMES A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET OFF THE TELEPHONE IS HARD TO FIND.

• •

It happened in an instant, a tiny glint. Cynthia toppled over backward, and Marly, without a thought, threw her arms out and caught her. Someone shrieked. The owner of the rink and his son and some other men shoved their way in through the commotion. Cynthia was peeled out of Marly's arms and carried off, her face in wet paper towels. Ruth Ann was wrestled into custody. Songs kept scratching through the loudspeakers, but the skaters were all packed against the railings. Even the light seemed wrong—thin and gold. Marly scanned the place for Charles, couldn't locate him. (She'd seen him earlier, watched him taking in Cynthia's arrival, tracking her through the crowd, his face expressionless for once.) Now she went out the front door, still in her skates, and crunched into the edge of the parking lot. It was a breathless night—a fog of clay dust eddied in the air, blurring the tail-lights, leaving a film on everything. She looked for his car, his father's pale-gold Mustang, but it wasn't there. In a few minutes, they closed the rink. The floodlights were doused, the last knots of people dissolved.

This was the year of the tent worms. They fell from the aspens as Marly made her way home that night, splattering down like the first heavy drops of a storm. She smelled them—awful things, vile, hormonal. She found a few still plastered to her scarf when she peeled it off under the vestibule light at home. Gagging, she ran to the bathroom and flushed the scarf away—it clogged the line and had to be retrieved the next day with a metal snake.

Cynthia's eyes had been honey-colored, but the glass eye was a jazzy emerald. Who could deny her? "Now what are *you* staring at?" she'd say to men, flicking at her bangs. It was as if she'd caught them gawking at her chest. They did that, too. She was shorter and rounder than Marly; she had a good figure, a dreamy, slangy way of rolling her shoulders. She wore puffy angora tops and stretch pants and cowboy boots, or red laceless sneakers. Like her mother, Jeanette, Marly was all torso—Slats, she'd been called in junior high (mercifully, no one remembered).

Charges were filed against Ruth Ann—Marly had to go down to the courthouse and give her deposition—but somehow there was no trial. Casper Gault put the news agency up for sale, and the family left Sperry for good. Charlie Bitterman was gone, too. Every morning, downshifting raucously, threatening not to make the hill, Marly's school bus cornered by the Bittermans' house. It occupied a spit of ground above the park, a faint salmon color, all flat roofs and eccentric jutting angles, with a few dwarf trees deposited around the lawn. At Christmas, it would float in a bath of blue floodlights. Marly squashed her books against her chest and burrowed down in the seat.

Her own house was an embarrassment: squat and shingled, peeling turquoise, with a glaring tin roof. One winter, an accumulation of cottonwood leaves and fallen-in chimney bricks plugged the heater vent, so that Marly and Jeanette both got dangerous, woozy headaches from the fumes. The landlord was ancient—he appeared every August in the fair parade, a spindly old farmer piloting a goat cart. Jeanette couldn't stand the sight of him. "We're absolutely not spending another month in this hellhole," she told Marly periodically. Yet they never moved.

Out the back door was McCafferty's Slough, one of the countless oxbows the river had cut, then abandoned. It gave off clouds of mosquitoes in the spring; it smelled of cattails and rotting bark. Later in the summer, algae clumped in the shallows like green tapioca. When the cottonwoods shed, the air was blinding—the screens clogged, great berms of cotton collected in the weeds. But there were turtles in the slough, too, and once in a while a pileated woodpecker. And no traffic, and no yapping dogs, and no neighbors—she and Jeanette could do as they wished down there and never feel spied on.

Jeanette had managed to hold on to some of her father's furniture. There was a heavy sideboard, a gumwood mirror (it hung at the eye level of an ordinary person—Jeanette bent and aimed a wincing pout into it every time she left the house). The headboard of Marly's bed went clear to the ceiling, scrolled black walnut, with a frieze of dusty cherub faces. Marly's grandfather had been a doctor in Sperry—saw to diphtheria patients, drilled out horrible infected mastoids, amputated fingers. "This wasn't like now," Jeanette told Marly. "They'd sometimes pay in potatoes or cordwood, or send him these pathetic notes." He was a charmer in a black fedora, and the source of all their lanky height. He was also a drunk, Jeanette said, and not averse to injecting himself with morphine. He'd died at fifty-one, his finances in a shambles. She talked openly about all this. "Why be full of secrets?" she said. Jeanette could be like that, blithe, modern. "You don't know how it used to be, Marly. People suffocated. They couldn't be their true selves."

Still, Jeanette's true self had its own shadowy spots. The subject of Marly's father, for one. He was an indiscretion, that's all she'd say. Poor judgment on her part.

"Yes, but what did—"

"You can save your wind, honey," Jeanette said, fending her off. "It's unfair, I know it is, but I'm not parading that around again. It's just a fact you're going to have to live with."

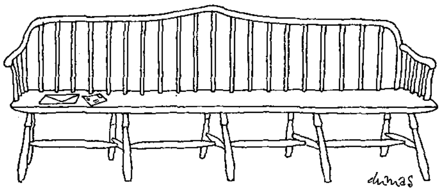
Well, she'll slip up sometime, Marly thought. Not as to his name and whereabouts, maybe, but how it was, before he got to be a mistake. Something regarding the nature of the attraction. But no, she didn't.

MARLY had grown up believing there was a cache of money tucked away for her college. When the time finally came, Jeanette admitted it had dwindled. It had been invested rashly, nibbled at. "Try not to hate me," she said. Jeanette could be that way, too. A vein of melodrama could surface; her voice would turn lavish and sentimental.

"Oh, I'm *sure*," Marly said. She and Jeanette might rub each other wrong for days, but their quarrelling had no depth. They were companionable, mainly. And, anyway, this news didn't crush her—somehow she'd suspected it. It had more to do with Jeanette not being ready to give her up. Nor did it cancel her vision of herself as one of the ones, like Charles, who wasn't trapped, who had a rightful life to go to. She could wait awhile, it wouldn't kill her.

The September after her graduation, Marly started work at a supper club called Daugherty's. It was out on the highway, the place people went for prime rib or Sunday brunch, a maze of dark, muffled rooms. It was at Daugherty's she ran into Cynthia again. Marly waited tables, Cynthia worked the bar and card room. She'd gotten married, had a ring to flash, but she was the same: flirty and wisecracking, hard to pin down. The winter was long and heavy; on weekends, Daugherty's was crazy with skiers, the lot overflowing with tour buses. Cynthia acted as if she and Marly were fast friends from another life. They went on break together, laughed and complained, drank champagne Cynthia lifted from the banquet rooms. Many nights, Marly stayed late and gave Cynthia a ride home.

The husband's name was Rory Blanchard. He was older by a little, twenty-seven or so, wiry, pale as coconut milk. He'd been in and out of the military. "What's he do?" Marly asked. Cynthia made one of her faces. Apparently, Rory bought and sold for somebody—vanloads of this and that. Sometimes deals went wrong and he was required to repossess things. He was often gone. He could be funny in a rough way, and when he was like that—easy with his money, eyes flashing—Marly caught a glimpse of what Cynthia had seen in him. But he could be sullen for no obvious reason; mean. He was always teasing them, plying Cynthia and Marly with jokes. Often



THE FEELINGS

When the interne listened to the stopped heart
I stared at him, as if he or I
were wild, were from some other world, I had
lost the language of gestures, I could not
know what it meant for a stranger to push
the gown up along the body of my father.
My face was wet, my father's face
was faintly moist with the sweat of his life,
the last moments of hard work.
I was leaning against the wall, in the corner,
and he lay on the bed, we were both doing something,
and everyone else in the room believed in the Christian God,
they called my father *the shell on the bed*, I was the
only one there who knew
he was entirely gone, the only one
there to say goodbye to his body
that was all he was, I held hard
to his foot, I thought of the Eskimo elder
holding the stern of the death canoe, I
let him out slowly into the physical world.
I felt the dryness of his lips under
my lips, I felt how even my light
kiss moved his head on the pillow
the way things move as if on their own in shallow water,
I felt his hair rush through my fingers
like a wolf's, the walls shifted, the floor, the
ceiling wheeled as if I was not
walking out of the room but the room was
backing away around me. I would have
liked to stay beside him, ride by his
shoulder while they drove him to the place where they
    would burn him,
see him safely into the fire,
touch his ashes in their warmth, and bring my
finger to my tongue. The next morning,
I felt my husband's body on me
crushing me sweetly like a weight laid heavy on some
soft thing, some fruit, holding me
hard to this world. Yes the tears came
out like juice and sugar from the fruit—
the skin thins and breaks and rips, there are
laws on this earth and we live by them.

—SHARON OLDS

• •

"The Number Three isn't usually quite this civilized."

as not they blipped right past Marly—there'd be some nasty angle that escaped her at first. Such as the night he said, "You hear them North Dakotans figured out a new use for sheep?"

"What's that?" Cynthia asked.

"Wool," Rory said. He had that grin. His teeth were as big and white as Chiclets.

One evening, the Bittermans stomped into Daugherty's from the cold, and sat in Marly's section. Mr. Bitterman had an imposing head—square, heavy browed, his hair slicked back in silver furrows as if engraved. Mrs. Bitterman was in fawn-colored suède. She had an airbrushed quality, a touch of a smile, as if she'd spent her life looking out through a train window.

Marly brought their dinners, loitered within earshot, heard nothing exceptional. "And how's that son of yours doing?" she finally got up the nerve to ask, pouring coffee. "Chas? Charlie?"

Mr. Bitterman blinked and glanced up over his half-lenses. Did he know this waitress? His wife tapped her lips with her napkin, looked away. "He's doing fine work," Mr. Bitterman said. "Couldn't be better."

Marly flushed. "Really, well—that's great," she said, ducking, backing from the table. How easily she could be lied to.

SOMETIME that winter, Cynthia got pregnant. Marly couldn't believe she'd been so careless. No, she could, she could see it perfectly. Why not? Cynthia worked a few more months, then got herself fired. Now it was summer, and Cynthia was enormous. She and Rory lived in an apartment over a three-car garage up on Ash. It had two miserly dormers, an accumulation of spindly furnishings, a miniature stove and refrigerator. The bathroom was an afterthought, a tiny, oblong plywood partition sticking out into the room. Rory hated the place—he vowed to move them onto "his land." It consisted of a one-acre lot out in the west valley, which he'd taken in trade for a Volkswagen bus. Flat, exposed, with nothing growing on it but knapweed and clumps of Russian thistle. He'd talked his cousin into digging the cellar hole and setting the forms for the concrete, but Cynthia had a vision of them living down there indefinitely. "In the crypt," she called it. Tarpaper roof, splintery planks laid across the mud, the electrical service on a little pole. No way.

The apartment had a sweet, cloistered feel in the mornings, but after lunch it got sticky hot. Marly made a point of never coming by when Rory was likely to be home. She didn't even like to imagine Rory being alone there with Cynthia, slouching at the dinette, recounting some pointless transaction. But this particular afternoon Cynthia had called her, begged her to come over. Marly found her on the edge of the bed with her feet splayed. She was staring. "This has gotten too weird," she said finally.

"Don't you have a fan?"

"Just blows it around," Cynthia said.

She lay back on her elbows and stuck her belly out. "Well, I et the watermelon this time," she said.

"You did," Marly said.

"Swallowed the big fruit."

She hoisted herself and made a stab at clearing the mess from the table. "Rory thinks I'm kind of disgusting." She stuck her tongue out. "Hey, how'd you like to get me out of here?"

"Don't they want you to just kind of take it easy?"

"Oh, *pul-ease*," Cynthia said.

Marly owned a little black Ford Falcon. She got Cynthia down the stairs and loaded into it.

"Any place in particular?"

"Just go fast," Cynthia said.

So Marly got them two cans of pop and took the back roads into the lower valley. There hadn't been a storm or any semblance of clouds for twenty straight days. The first cut of hay had been made, and the wheat was starting to lean over and show the tracks of the wind. Cynthia rode with her eyes closed.

"Any better?" Marly asked.

Cynthia rolled her head back and tried to shake some air down into her scalp.

They swung onto Dutchman's Grade, and Cynthia looked up. "What's that smell?"

"Mint," Marly said. "That's all mint out there, that dark green?"

"How do you know stuff like that?"

"I just do. Anyway, can't you smell it?"

Cynthia laughed. "Stinks," she said. "Smells worse than Rory."

"You're terrible," Marly said.

Cynthia flipped a cigarette from her

little plaid case and strained forward to poke in the lighter.

"You want to go back yet?"

"Oh, Jesus, no," Cynthia said. Then, in a minute, she said she wanted to be driven up by the new part of the golf course.

Why not? Marly thought.

A contractor had bought the clover field alongside the new golf holes, and a string of houses was going up. This was the back way to Stillwater. Paper birches had stood in this field, Marly remembered, huge, shivering clumps of them. Up by the road, there'd been stacks of bee boxes, almost too white to look at on a sunny day.

"Slow down!" Cynthia shouted. "Here, turn."

Marly bumped onto the dirt. The gumbo had hardened into deep ruts, the width of truck axles. She tried to balance on top of the ridges, but slid off. Both their heads banged up against the roof.

"Jesus, watch it," Cynthia said. She pointed, told Marly to pull up behind a mound of topsoil, within view of the last house. It was two stories, bare plywood with staging and planks skirting the upstairs.

Cynthia scooched down in her seat.

"What are we looking at?" Marly said.

"Just hold on."

Marly wiped her eyes. In a moment, she saw Charlie Bitterman creep out onto the staging, wearing a nail pouch and no shirt. It was the strangest place to see him. His upper body had gotten some color—a washboard of glistening muscle.

"How'd you know?" Marly said.

"Spies. Now go get him to come over here, will you?"

"I can't do that," Marly said.

Cynthia squeezed her arm, almost roughly.

Marly got out and did it—bounced up the gangplank into the half-built house and brought him down off the scaffolding. "Somebody wants to see you," she said. "Over in that car."

He squinted past her. His face was leaner, his teeth shone. He tapped her shoulder in thanks, studied her a second. "Marly Wilcox," he said.

Marly hugged her elbows. "Go *on*," she said.

She watched him make his way toward Cynthia, his gait long and springy, the hammer banging against his leg. The sky was white. A few bees plied the air around her.

IT amazed Marly, thinking of it later, that Cynthia would want to be seen looking like that: sweaty, her hair snarled by the wind, her lap full of that bulky weight. But no, Cynthia always knew her powers. It was a picture Marly couldn't shake. Charles had leaned against the car roof and looked in at Cynthia and let himself be asked question after question in that voice of hers while she sat rubbing her belly with both hands, the shirt pulled way up.

The baby came two weeks early. Rory was out of state. Marly had expected to be called on to drive Cynthia to the hospital when the time came, but she learned the news from Jeanette, who was rattling the newspaper under her nose. "Isn't this that friend of yours?"

Marly stared: "Discharged, Mrs. R. Blanchard and baby girl."

Cynthia met her on the landing, in a baggy gown. She looked awful, Marly thought—shocking, as if her face had deflated.

"How come you didn't tell me?" Marly said. "Who'd you get to drive?"

"Don't start in on me, all right?" Cynthia said in the apartment. The baby was sleeping heavily in a bassinet. Her eyelashes were long and fine, as transparent as fishing line. Cynthia had named her Cher. "And don't tell me it's a dumb name, O.K.?"

"I wouldn't," Marly said. "It's beautiful. And she's beautiful."

Cynthia shook her head tiredly. Then, in one rough motion, she slipped the gown off her shoulders and turned to face Marly. "You believe this?" she said.

Her breasts stuck straight out, hard as marble, crosshatched with bright-blue veins. The nipples were almost maroon, raw and distressed, leaking milk.

Marly was speechless.

Flowers drooped in the center of the dinette, baby roses in a spray of greens.

"So what's Rory think about all this?" Marly asked. "He must be pretty excited?"

Cynthia looked up from the bassinet. "Who knows?" she said. "He's stranded down in Sheridan."

God, Marly thought. Charles.

JEANETTE worked in the Clerk and Recorder's office. She demanded peace and quiet when she got home—her eyes hurt, she was sick of pacifying people, didn't want a lot of chitchat. That was fine by Marly. But, as evenings wore on, the peace and quiet seemed to eat at Jeanette. Everything got louder—the TV blared, the blower in the furnace wheezed on and off. Jeanette sat on the love seat with a goblet of red wine and flung her voice back over her shoulder. "What's that?" Marly was always having to say from the tiny kitchen.

One such night in early fall, the phone rang, and it was Charles.

"Who's that bothering you so late?" Jeanette yelled.

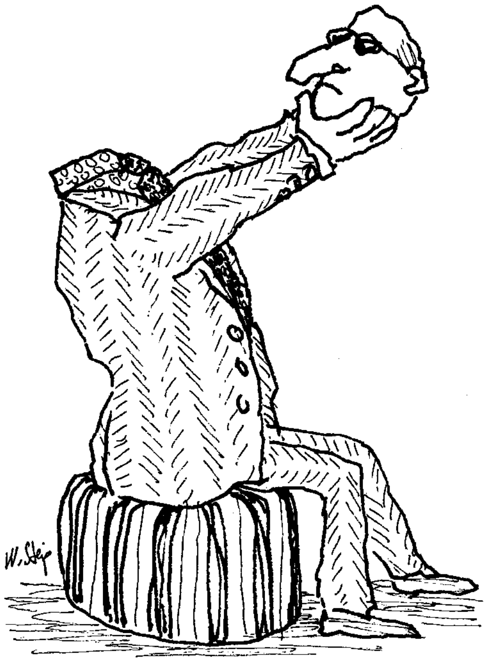
"It's not *late*," Marly hissed at her. She dragged the cord down into the bathroom and shut the door.

"God, I'm at loose ends," he started in. No "How are you?" Nothing.

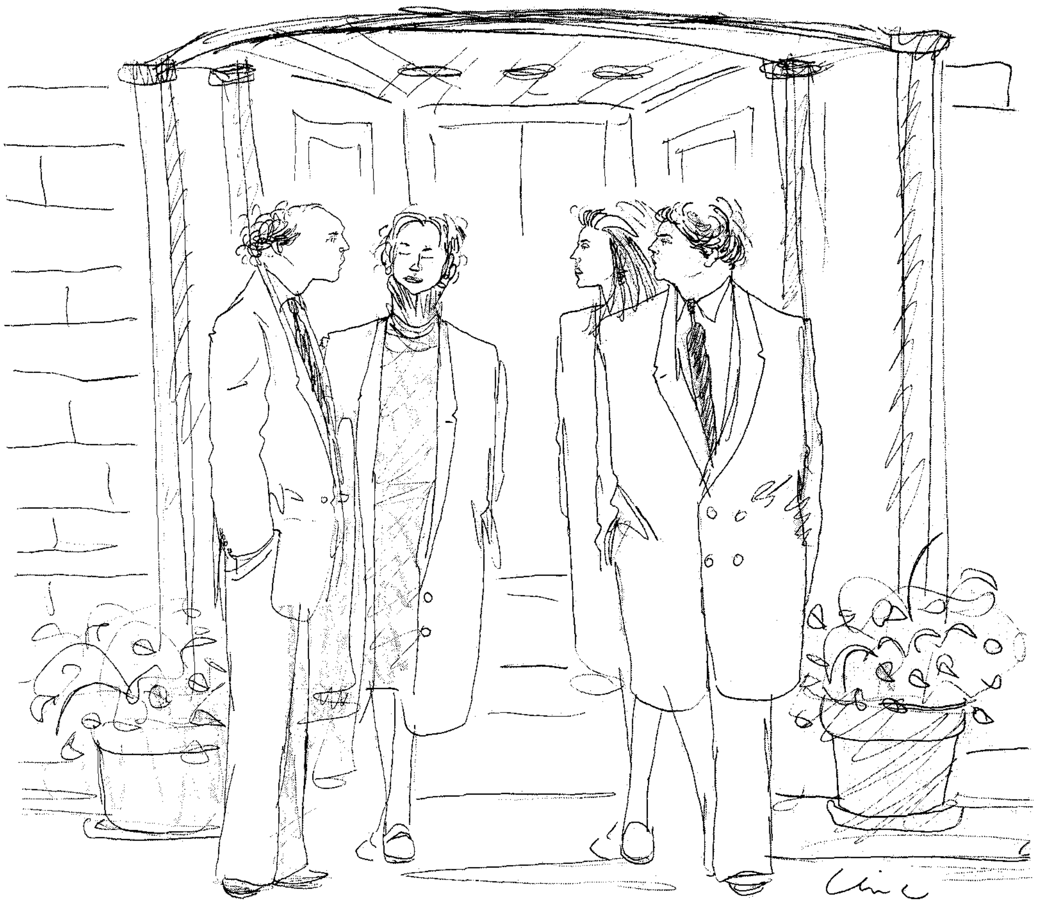
She pictured him the way he'd been, shirt off, toughened up. Now he sounded winded, his voice choppy, whiny.

"I think about going back to that school and my heart freezes. I'm not cut out for this."

Why spill this to *her*? What had become of all his tony friends? She listened, stunned, watching a lady-



Know Thyself



"What was that party against?"

• •

bug traverse the window sash.

"None of this was my idea," he said. "I'd rather just stay and work."

"You can't do that," Marly said.

"The point is, why can't I? What exactly would be the trouble with that?"

"I don't know," Marly said. "It's not you."

There was a stubborn silence on his end. "I tried getting hold of Cynthia," he said finally. "But he answered. The husband. I tried three times."

"Well, he lives there," Marly said. "What do you want with her, anyway?" She wished he'd just say it out loud.

"Marly, listen, you suppose you could get out?" he asked her.

"What, me?" Marly said. "I don't think so. It's awful late, and anyway—"

But of course she did meet him. Once the news agency had closed, at ten, the only thing open besides the bars was the Park Inn, a bright, square box up on Montana. Charles was waiting in the window, cupping his face against the glass. He wore a snap-studded workshirt and had a blue bandanna tied across his forehead.

Trying to blend in, Marly thought—he never would. She came straight to him but saw at once that it was the wrong place for this talk. The booths were right on top of each other, the lights merciless.

They ended up riding in his car, splitting cans of malt liquor. It had a dark taste Marly liked, and she drank most of it, her back against her door, while she watched him battle himself.

"You know, if I stayed here he'd make sure I got laid off," he said. "He'd engineer it. He'd twist arms."

"Who? Your father?"

"Is that too paranoid?"

"I think if you got the chance you should get out of here," she said. "It's a gift."

"No, it's not," he said. "It's a debt. It's a big, convoluted initiation rite. It's ordained. It's . . ."

He barely looked at her as he drove. They crossed back and forth over the same streets—now it *was* late. Marly cranked her window down, letting the wind hit her face, and felt the faint buoyancy of the alcohol. He'd worked himself into an impasse, pushed himself right up against it. But he still hadn't gotten at what it really was, what he was afraid of. Was it competing? she wondered. Being found, of all things, ordinary?

She turned back to him. "You can't moon around," she heard herself say, full of spiky energy. It was all she could do not to add, "I expected a lot more from you."

WHATEVER she said that night, it worked: Charles disappeared back to school. She got a postcard from him, two old-time, pasty-white boxers facing off in the Federal Street Gym in Albany. "Knuckling down," it said.

The hunter's moon came and went. It snowed on Halloween, there was a week of slop and gray, then a blast of pure arctic air. Sometimes, on her nights off, Marly babysat for Rory and Cynthia. She brought Cher a mobile of stuffed animals made of calico, and also a couple of crocheted comforters Jeanette had been saving. Cold leaked into the apartment as badly as heat did in the summer. Two space heaters ran constantly. The lights dimmed and flickered, fuses blew. Cynthia never had anything more to read than *TV Guide*, so Marly brought a bag of plastic-covered library books. She pulled a chair beside the crib, laid a hand on the railing, and read "East of Eden" or "Exodus" as the baby slept. "Up to the 'E's, huh?" Jeanette had teased her.

One night, Cynthia and Rory didn't get home—it was one o'clock, then two. Marly heated a bottle and fed Cher and laid her back to sleep. Finally, she went to the window and saw Rory's truck in the driveway. Snow lay on the hood and windshield, as if the truck had been parked for some time. Marly ran down and found Cynthia passed out on the seat, with one arm snaked around the shift knob. She was wearing an unlined windbreaker. "Hey, you've got to *wake up*," Marly said. Cynthia was dopey. She sent her hand up into Marly's face; her nails hooked Marly's little neck chain and snapped it off. Now Marly could see that Cynthia's face was cut—her hair was actually sticky with blood.

Rory had hit something with the truck, Cynthia said. Something concrete, some kind of a post.

And where was he now? She had no idea.

"You've got to come upstairs," Marly said. "I can't carry you, you've got to get up." Eventually, Cynthia roused herself. Marly steered her to the bed, covered her. She didn't dare leave. She slept sitting up on the couch, under a heap of blankets. Near dawn, she heard Cynthia throwing up on the other side of the plywood wall.

In the morning, she got Cynthia some aspirin, and made her bouillon, which she wouldn't drink. Marly bundled the baby and took her out. The day was pearly, with a fine snow sifting down. They walked uptown, under the awnings, and Marly wished she'd run into someone she knew, so she could peel back the flap of blanket and show off the sleeping face. On the way back home, she stopped to have a look at Rory's truck. It hardly seemed dented at all, she thought.

"I don't see you anymore," Jeanette said. Marly got ready to whip back some smart answer. But it was true. "Sorry," she offered, but let it go at that. She started typing a letter to Charles, read over the half-dozen pathetic sentences. She'd stooped to complaining about the gloomy skies. "It's like living under a trailer," she'd written, which wasn't even original—it was an old line of Jeanette's. Nothing about Cynthia or Rory or the baby. She crumpled the paper, feeling stunted, boxed in. She sensed Jeanette studying her, on the verge of further assessment.

Then one night, mid-March, Charles called.

"Where are you?" she said. "Still in school, aren't you?"

"Still here," he said. "Out in the greater world."

"Glad to hear it," Marly said. It had to be after midnight where he was.

"Tell me how Cynthia is."

"Exactly the same."

"What's she think about us—her and me, I mean. She tell you anything?"

No, she wasn't going to get into that with him. "You any happier?" she said. "You don't sound like it. You sound like you're going to fly apart."

"Me? No, I'm fine," he said. "Getting it all straightened out."

Somehow she didn't tell Cynthia about the call.

A few weeks later, she went to Cynthia's and found her wearing huge mirrored sunglasses. She had tripped going down the stairs, she said. There were tricky shadows, and, after all, her depth perception was weird.

"What if you'd been carrying the baby?" Marly said. "You've got to watch yourself."

Cynthia floated her that wicked, pitying smile. "Oh, I'll be sure to do that," she said. "I'll be sure to watch where I'm going."

EASTER came at last, but spring was still sluggish. The cold was gone, but nothing took its place: no color, no hard dry ground. Jeanette had talked

---

COVENTRY

Even if not sent there, some would go
just to visit a byword for banishment, or
nod and smile at Tudor cottages
verifying their age among highways
athrottle with the local Jaguar—
nine centuries ago the route of (do
they know for certain?) Godiva's midday ride
through narrow, cobbled streets. Still there, and nude,
a statue on a civic pedestal,
she serves as patron for the recent mall.

St. Michael's ruin has no plans to recover
from the blitzkrieg fires of 1940,
visibly content with its roof of sky,
a brownstone sheepfold with fence of ogives,
tracery drained of blood-red or river-
blue glass. A few steps north, in autumn sun,
the adjunct modernist cathedral proves
by inscription that Britten's sharp baton
rode lightly above the War Requiem
as, borrowing the tenor of Peter Pears,

Wilfred Owen back from the fields of France
grafted his words onto the older hymn
under the eyes of a merciful giant.
The clash of arms turned music of the spheres
to counteract a deadly expedient
how many thousands now cannot denounce.
Black swallows rise and circle as bells chime
the congregants inside at Evensong,
as if war had been a rough-hewn cornerstone
in the edifice of Common Market peace.

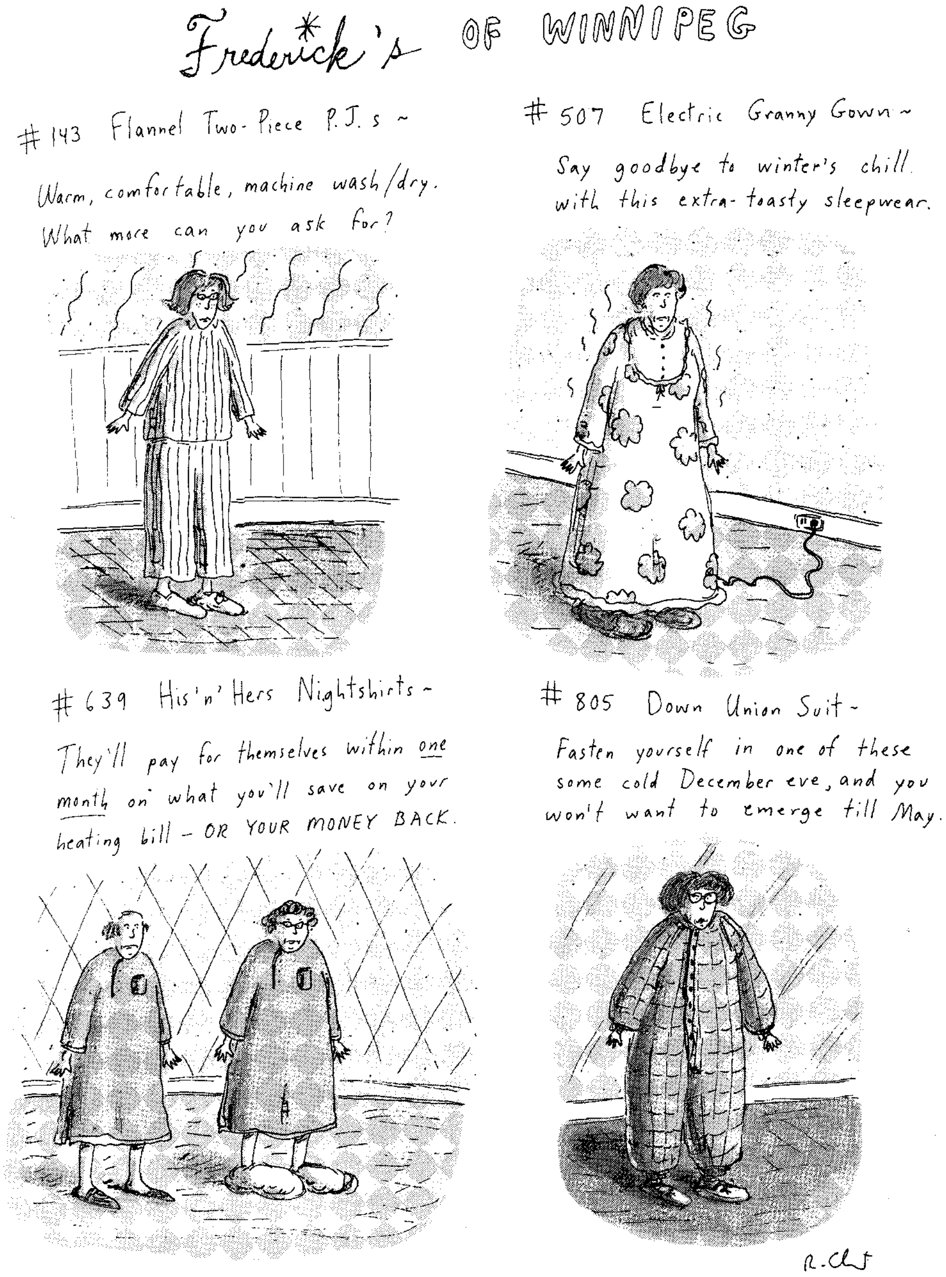
Et lux perpetua luceat eis:
Owen, Britten, Pears, all three moved out
of earshot to that other Coventry,
attendants of the blessed lady, prompted
perhaps by music's blinding insights. Is it
because an icon forfeits all privacy
that every bystander at last is tempted,
eye at keyhole or shutter? This means you,
Peeping Tom, and I, and you, oh,
on fire to see the last thing we will ever see.

—ALFRED CORN

• •

Marly into going to church with her, the sunrise service. It was held every year—despite damp, or ponderous banks of clouds—at a farm belonging to one of the members, up on a knoll. There was a card table with doughnuts and cider, paper napkins anchored with a rock. A friend of Jeanette's came and squeezed her and dabbed a kiss on her cheek. "Aren't we honored," the woman said.

Marly made no effort to smile. She stood hugging her arms—why hadn't she worn more clothes? An edgy, unmoored feeling had been creeping over her for days. In the center of this gathering a pump organ rested, not quite levelly, on an old rug; a girl in a pink dress and bulky overcoat operated it. There were maybe twenty other people, holding mimeographed sheets of lyrics for the two songs. Not hymns, exactly. One was "Working at the Real Work." More of a folk song, Marly thought—it was that kind of church. No one sang very loud. How could you with the mountains leaning over you? After that, people began to speak up, thoughts on spring, on feeling hopeful—even Jeanette offered a few words. Oh, God, Marly thought, don't make me have to do this. Jeanette's hand slid down and felt for hers, and, as it turned out, she was not required to say anything after all.


Frederick's OF WINNIPEG
#143 Flannel Two-Piece P.J.s ~
Warm, comfortable, machine wash/dry. What more can you ask for?
#507 Electric Granny Gown ~
Say goodbye to winter's chill with this extra-toasty sleepwear.
#639 His'n' Hers Nightshirts ~
They'll pay for themselves within one month on what you'll save on your heating bill – OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
#805 Down Union Suit ~
Fasten yourself in one of these some cold December eve, and you won't want to emerge till May.
R. Chast

But the feeling hung on, the sense of being called on. That night, as if in answer, she saw Charles. He was alone, wearing an old flapping trenchcoat, striding under the elms on Jackson Street. A block from Cynthia and Rory's. There was still red in the sky, a fading band showing between the houses.

"What are you *doing*?" she said out the car window as she stopped. "Don't tell me. I know what you're doing."

"It's not what you think," he said.

But it was. It was exactly that—actually, it was worse. He'd left school without telling a soul. He was living in an old panel truck, which he'd taken to parking in a shallow gravel pit down by the river.

In the weeks following, Marly fell into a new routine—not babysitting for Rory and Cynthia on her free evenings but taking the baby out in the afternoon, so that Charles could go upstairs and be with Cynthia. Why did she do such a thing? "Can't you at least go somewhere?" she wanted to say, but she kept her mouth shut. Cynthia had a way of forcing you to look into her glass eye when she didn't want to be challenged—it was mesmerizing, disorienting. Marly took the baby and rushed outside, lightheaded, in a daze; she refused to be there when Charles arrived. She didn't want to see that flushed, ready-to-burst look on him. But how could they count on where Rory was going to be at any particular hour? Couldn't he just materialize in the doorway, lugging home some grievance? It was stupid, dangerous. Next time, she thought, she'd flat refuse.

But she didn't. She climbed back up to the landing, carrying Cher, whispering into her ear, "Sweet girl, sweet girl." She waited in the hot shade listening for that shrieky, gulping laughter of Cynthia's, praying they wouldn't still be going at it. If she was lucky, when she nudged open the door again Charles might be sitting on the kitchen table in just his cut-off jeans, with his bony knees pointing out. Sometimes Cynthia's legs would still be twisted in the bedsheets, her breasts flopped out on display.

"You're an angel," Cynthia would say to Marly distantly.

Marly sometimes changed Cher and put her down and left without making eye contact with either of them. She dug at herself later: What do I *want* with these people—who are they to me? But other times it was all friendly and conspiratorial. One afternoon, Charles even looped his sweaty, satisfied arm around Marly's neck, and she let herself fall into his hug and relax there while Cynthia rattled around in the bathroom, ran the water, and threw on clothes, as if this were all a reasonable way to live.

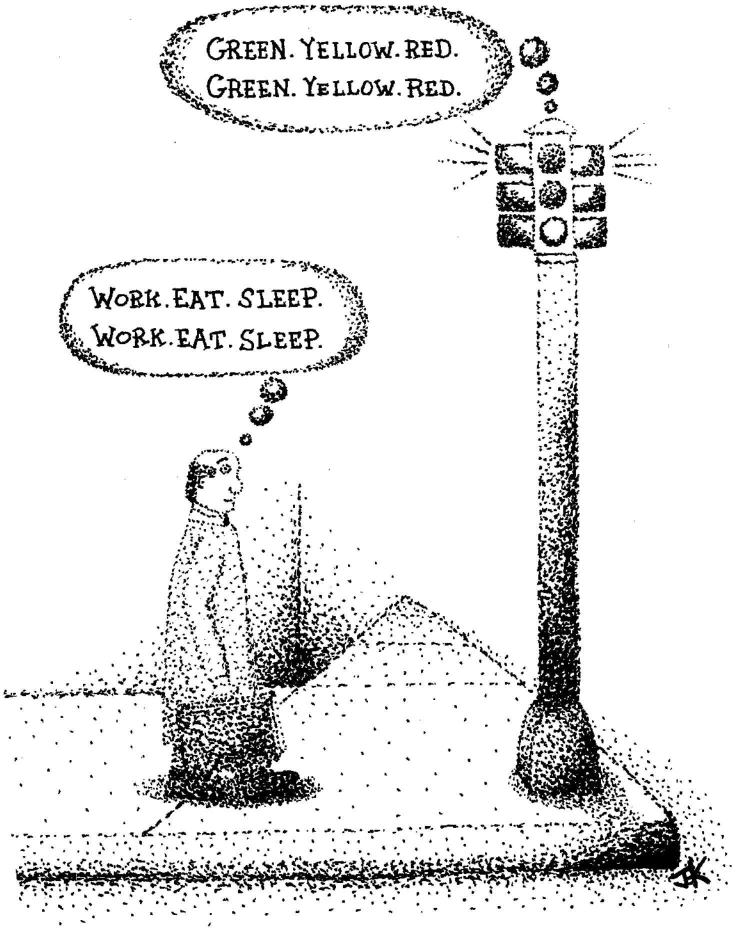
"I'm starving," Charles said. "Cynthia doesn't believe in food. Her icebox is a wasteland." He rubbed his bare stomach and stretched, looking about—where had his shirt gotten to? His other sneaker?

Cynthia came out flat-footed, yawning. "You two better beat it," she said. She looked bored to death with both of them.

On his way out, Charles detoured over by the crib and gave Cher's foot a soft tug. He bounded down the stairs, waiting by the flimsy door at the bottom so he and Marly could step out together. She walked up the alley with him to where he'd left the van, under a tumble of lilacs.

"Excuse the debris," he said, leaning in, clearing the seat of paperbacks, stacking them up his arm. "The Phenomenon of Man," a couple of books by Buckminster Fuller, a thick, comically austere-looking batch of mimeographing called "Means of Adhesion."

"This stuff looks deadly," Marly said, wedging herself in. There was another sprawl on the floor—catalogues, floppy pamphlets, a bunch of steno pads rubber-banded together.


GREEN. YELLOW. RED.
GREEN. YELLOW. RED.
WORK. EAT. SLEEP.
WORK. EAT. SLEEP.

"Absolutely," Charles said. "Mind-numbing." She caught a whiff of Cynthia as he threw his arm over the seat and backed around.

Days like this—not true summer yet, a break before the June rains—the valley floated in a polleny haze. The sun bore down on her bare, freckled legs. Charles drove them to a diner called Stell's, out beyond the viaduct. The way he looked, she could never imagine him *eating*. But he ate and ate—hot sandwiches and fries, another order of fries, lemon pie, and cup after cup of coffee. Away from Cynthia, the rest of him surfaced again, shook off the drowsiness.

"O.K., so what's a yurt? What's so great about domes?" she teased him, steering him into what he knew. It wasn't so hard.

"Got a pen?" he said. She had a blue felt-tip in her shirt pocket. He filled a pile of napkins with his sketches. Marly sat across from him with her iced tea, paying attention more or less, eerily happy. His father hadn't read him so wrong, she realized.

She interrupted him finally, touching his wrist. "You know you could sleep with me," she said.

Charles laughed, his long fingers spread across his lips. Not a cruel laugh—as if the idea were absurd, beyond imagining. No, he had thought about it; he already knew. He looked away, out into the shadow of the awning, with the laugh settling into a soft, distracted smile.

DID she love him, was that possible?

Now she was provoked, propelled into thinking. She kicked herself—her idea of the future had been unforgivably lazy, worse even than his. She'd thought only as far as Rory catching them in bed. Being caught, and then what? Some shocking scene out of a movie? Rory had been hitting Cynthia from the beginning, why hadn't that been obvious before? The truck, the tumble on the stairs. Cynthia had a dinged-up quality—always sore, scuffed, dotted with bruises. She'd just lacquered over it, worked it into her act. And she'd lied to Marly anytime she felt like it—that was clear, too. What talk did they ever have that amounted to anything? Wasn't it all just mocking or bitching or Cynthia wanting favors done?

Marly never came straight home from work anymore. She changed out of her skirt and drove, aimlessly, playing the radio; the local station was dismal, but in the late twilight you could pull in CFUN from Vancouver, or WLS in Chicago. Album cuts came in, one after another, inspiring her to an alert, restless mood. She drove, thumping on the wheel, managing to forget Cynthia for minutes on end.

One evening, she crossed the Old Steel Bridge and bumped off the crumbling blacktop onto a sandy lane that wound through the scrub trees. This is stupid, she thought. I won't find him, and, anyway, what if I do? But right away she spotted the truck. There was a wet, smoky fire going beside it. The double doors in the back had been flung open and Charles was sitting inside, with his legs out on the ground. She walked up close enough to touch him. He didn't look surprised to see her in the slightest. "You smell good," he said.

But how could she—fried meat, ammonia rags? "Tell me what you do out here," she said. "No, don't." She slipped onto his lap and kissed him. She hated her lips. They were chapped and thin as a pencil line, she thought. They would never have the deep, fleshy feel of Cynthia's. She tried, instead, to make them busy.

Charles put his hands on her back, under her shirt. "You sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"Shut up," Marly said. She pushed him down on his back and wrapped her legs around one of his. He made the long muscle in his thigh hard, so she could press against it. The backs of his fingers roamed up and down her cheek, gently, or patiently—or was he only bored?

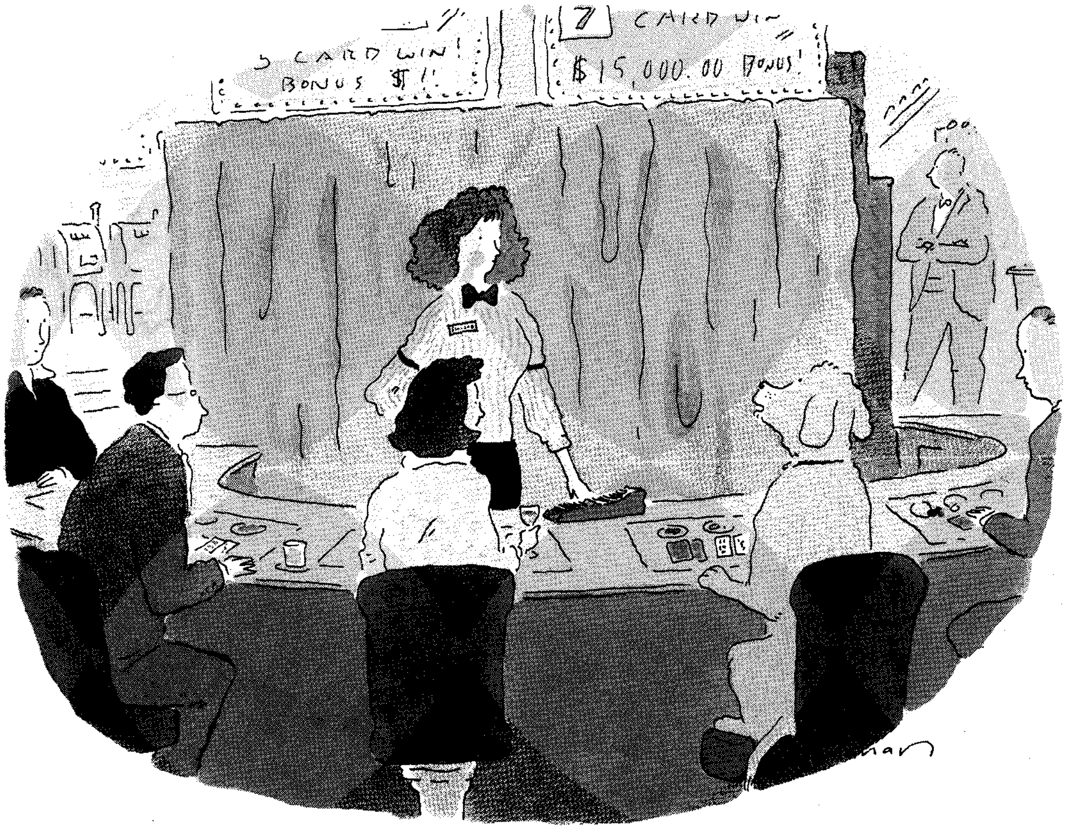
"Get my clothes off," she said. "*Hurry.*"

He had a limp air mattress in there, and a couple of backpacks and a mishmash of picky wool blankets and sleeping bags with exposed zippers—and probably, if she could see, dirty shirts and underwear and food wrappers.

But then they were naked, more or less. Marly scrambled on top. From up there, she could see out through the windshield—a smudge of light still showed at the mouth of the valley. Across the river, the birches glowed and shook. Beneath her, Charles was doing his part, trying to act interested.

"I'm too stringy, aren't I?" Marly said.

"No, no," Charles said. "You're—"


5 CARD WIN!
BONUS $1!
7 CARD WIN
$15,000.00 BONUS!

"I'll stay."

• •

It wasn't the same for him, she knew that—she had none of Cynthia's slummy danger. But so be it. "Are you having any fun?" she said. "Tell me."

He gave a pleasant sound. It might have been *uh-huh.*

"*I* am," Marly said. She was. It wasn't sublime, nothing like that. It didn't make her crazy and greedy. Even so, it was sweet. Sweet work. She wanted to do it forever. She felt like laughing, and then went ahead and let the laugh come out.

Charles raised his hips suddenly, one huge poke, and Marly's head cracked on the dome light—they could both hear it splinter in the dark.

"Oh, Jesus," Charles said. "Jesus, I'm sorry."

He rolled her over. She felt his fingers gingerly inspecting her scalp, felt them slide on blood.

"*Wait,*" he said. He rummaged under the front seat, located a flashlight, and smacked it until it gave a coppery light. He shot it first at the ceiling—a jagged, diamond-shaped piece of plastic dangled from the fixture. He made Marly sit up, facing away from him.

There was a surprising amount of blood, it turned out. He dug a bandanna from his pack, folded it, and pressed it down on the cut.

"God, you must be freezing," he said in a minute. He tried to maneuver one of the loose sleeping bags around her without taking his fingers from her head.

He kept her that way a while longer. "I don't know," he said finally. "Doesn't seem like it wants to stop. You know, your head's all full of little capillaries."

Marly's chest was goose-bumped, her limbs tingling, numb-feeling.

"You're going to have to get this stitched up," Charles said.

God, just imagine, Marly thought.

Charles switched around to where he could see her. "We can think up some story," he said, perfectly calm. He took her hand and guided her fingertips onto the cloth pad, then wriggled into his pants.

"You didn't even—" she said.

"What?"

"You know."

Charles slid out the back. "Keep the pressure on that," he said. "O.K.?"

Then she was under the excruciating glare of the examining room, her arm stuck with a tetanus shot, a patch of hair shaved, and eight stitches laced into her scalp. The doctor was short and gruff, and unimpressed with the fumbling lie she'd offered. Charles waited in the hallway, in a turquoise chair. His head was resting on his fists—she stole looks at him through the open door of the examining room. She tried to say something, but the doctor shushed her. "Don't get this wet," he said. "And no bending over. Bend with the knees." He demonstrated, had difficulty hauling himself up, and seemed to blame Marly.

She looked for Charles again. His chair was empty.

Released, she hurried out under the canopy. The three red lights of the radio tower blinked in the distance. There was the momentary, sickening smell of the hospital incinerator. Charles slid up behind her in the shadows. "I couldn't stand it, watching you in there," he said.

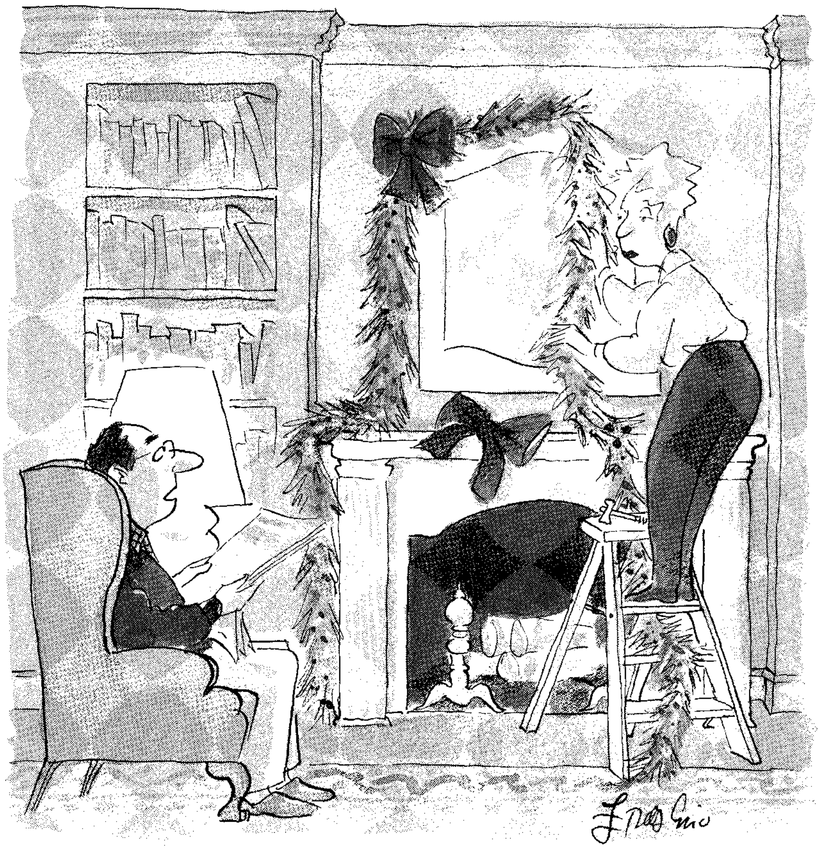
"I have to get my car," Marly said, but the thought of that almost brought her to tears, all that extra horsing around.

"You shouldn't drive," he said.

"I'm *O.K.*"

"Then I'll follow you."

He was quiet all the way back to the



"Let's not send each other cards this year."

river. She kept to her side of the seat, her hands flat on the vinyl. She was full of apology—what for, though? The sky was clear and starry, but a wind had kicked up. Thistles were knocking about in a borrow pit; streamers of torn plastic whipped from the wire fences.

Jeanette called out when Marly let herself in at last, but her voice was startled and sleepy.

"It's only me," Marly said, and went into the bathroom. She shook out a handful of Anacin, tucked all but three back. She sat on the edge of the tub and swallowed them down. There was a little blood on her arm, already flaky, where Charles had held her. She went to her bedroom, let the shirt fall to the floor. She was positive that the moment she lay down her exhaustion would disappear and leave her prickling with thoughts.

She woke later, still in her camisole and jeans. Her heart was hammering. It wasn't yet morning, but the sky was a faint charcoal. The wind was louder, thrashing the trees, sending branches scraping down the tin roof. A loose wire slapped against the clapboards. The house strained and rattled, let in air.

She had to go talk to him again. Too much was floating, undeclared.

She got up and listened outside Jeanette's room, certain that the wind had disturbed her, too. She edged the door open. Jeanette was curled in a sliver of the king-size bed, wound up in the covers, with the rest of the bed a chaos of books and papers. The curtains swayed and jiggled out away from the sash, but Jeanette didn't budge. Her breathing came in deep, abrupt sighs. After a moment, Marly backed out.

A truck from the Electric Co-op was the only thing on the road. Its yellow light beat in her mirror, receding finally. She swerved down onto the dirt, banged up to the opening of the gravel pit, and flipped off her lights before they showed. The van was there, parked in a puddle of leaves. The fire was out—doused, kicked apart. She stepped past it and walked straight to the back doors and yanked them open. It took her a second, speaking sharply into the dim interior and then feeling about with her hand, to realize nobody was there.

He was down at the edge of the water, his legs over the embankment. The river poured by, churned up with runoff. He'd wrapped himself in a flannel shirt and canvas jacket. Been up all night, she guessed. He had a huddled look—cold, not elegant for a change, in no way enigmatic. She wanted to run and squeeze herself against his back. At the same time, she felt an extraordinary patience—it flooded into her limbs, giving them a graceful and weighted feeling. Hours before, hurrying out of the truck—exhausted, mortified—she'd been hit by the absurd intuition that all their lives depended on her now, even Cher's. By daylight, the momentousness of the night before had washed off, the nervous glitter. It was just true, as Jeanette would say—a fact she'd have to live with.

She held her hair down against the wind and walked ahead, calling out. She had to get right up next to him before his head shot around.

She started to bend over, caught herself, and then squatted as the doctor had instructed. "This is *one* ridiculous life," she said.

She rubbed her hand on his pants leg and waited until he was looking straight at her.

"Don't go up there anymore," she said finally.

He wouldn't want to talk about this, she knew. He'd prefer to stare at the edge of the sky where a rosy light was appearing.

"Look, I mean it. Don't go up there. That's over. Promise me."

"I can't promise you."

"No, but you *can*," she said.

She let that sink in, as she sat back, warming her fingers under her arms. Out on the river, a boat swept out of the shadow of the cutbank—a lacquered canvas hull with two figures, one at the motor, the other up front keeping the prow down. A red setter stood between them, barking noiselessly at the current. Marly watched until they could no longer be seen. On the far shore, the aspens bent and tossed. Even in this first light, the new leaves had that shocking, liquid green. Like parrot feathers, Marly thought. She gave his hand a quick kiss. In a moment, it would occur to him what she was asking. They were joined, they were allies—it was awkward to have to say it like that, she had to admit, but in this she wasn't wrong.

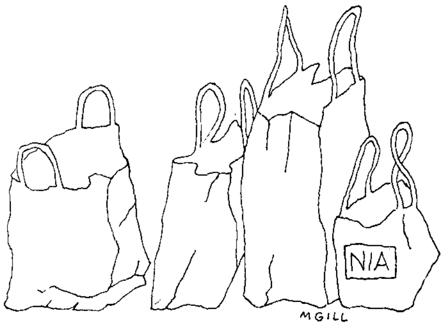
—DAVID LONG

REPORT FROM MADRID

Madrid in 1991 displayed very little of the dazzle that made Vienna in 1815 and Versailles in 1919 major landmarks of diplomatic history, but in the annals of peace conferences it will exercise claims of its own. Vienna and Versailles were the postludes of great wars whose outcomes had been determined—the Napoleonic Wars in the first instance, the First World War in the second. The principals who gathered at them were all victors, who in due course fell to quarrelling over division of the spoils, but who nonetheless shared the camaraderie of their triumphant alliances. Vienna and Versailles were celebrations, as much as they were occasions to shape a world order. The Madrid peace conference, without banquets or balls, interrupted a war that is very much in progress. Analysts may dispute whether the war began late in the last century, when the Zionists encountered the Arabs while building their first settlements in Ottoman Palestine, or in 1948, when Israel outmatched these Arabs to snatch its independence from the debris of Britain's Middle East empire. In this war, fought in the desert and in the sunless alleys of ancient cities, Israel has won most of the battles, but its enemies remain undefeated. That the combatants showed up at all is the Madrid conference's chief claim on history. Their presence emitted a surprising signal that they may at last have had enough.

The Madrid conference was, however, Clausewitz turned upside down—a carrying out of war by other means. Both sides agreed to attend not because of any change of heart but because of major strategic shifts in the Middle East. The *intifada*, the revolutionary struggle waged with slingshots and stones by the Palestinians in the occupied territories since 1987, had exacted a toll from the Israelis—psychologically, if not militarily. Iraq's defeat in the Gulf War had cost Israel's enemies a vital strategic reserve, whatever stand the various Arab governments took on Saddam Hussein's seizure of Kuwait. Israelis and Arabs both recognized that the end of the Cold War had left the United States the only force that mattered in the Middle East. For Israel, Washington's longtime client, no less than for those Arabs who were once dependencies of Moscow, the change meant that America's preferences could no longer be ignored, and in organizing the peace conference Secretary of State James Baker, without ever abandoning his tact, left no doubt that the United States would use its power to enforce those preferences.

The strategic changes insured that the combatants would come to the meeting, but would come reluctantly, sullenly, suspiciously. Such an attitude virtually guaranteed that the Arab-Israeli war would continue at Madrid in the form of bickering, denunciation, posturing, and maneuvering. For some time, Baker had been urging both sides to undertake confidence-building measures, in the hope of getting the conference off to a good start. For the Israelis, the most important of these would have been to halt the construction of settlements in the occupied territories; for the Palestinians, it would have been to call an end to the *intifada*. Neither side had the necessary good will—or political flexibility—to make such a unilateral move, however, and all efforts to reach a mutually advantageous deal failed. Instead, in the week before the conference the Palestinian leadership called for stepping up the *intifada*, in order to keep pressure on the Israelis, and the Israelis fired a shot across Syria's bow by announcing plans for four new settlements on the Golan Heights. Without serious weapons of his own, Farouk al-Sharaa, Syria's hard-line Foreign Minister, replied with a symbolic blow, avowing that he would refuse to shake the hand of any Israeli until there was withdrawal from all occupied territories. In a gesture of Arab solidarity, the Jordanians declared that they would not shake hands with the Israelis, either; fortunately, no one believed that the conference was likely to succeed or fail over handshakes. What seemed much more consequential was that the strategic changes in the region had laid the groundwork for genuine bargaining. How this bargaining developed would provide the drama of the conference, and an outcome that was by no means foreordained.



It was foggy in Madrid when my plane landed on the morning of Tuesday, October 29th, the day before the conference was to start. On arriving at a fairground near the center of the city, where press facilities had been set up, I was issued my credentials—a plastic ID card with my name, publication, and passport number on it. I had expected a document equal to the ceremoniousness of the event, but it was disappointingly plain. Later, I was told that the Spanish had produced an ID marked "International Peace Conference," only to have it rejected by the Israelis, who insisted that they had contracted to attend a meeting for talks with their Arab neighbors and not an "international conference." Like most others, the Spanish failed to grasp the distinction, much less its significance, but they took scissors and snipped off the offending line, leaving "PRENSA" as the sole designation.

Having attached the card to my jacket lapel, I proceeded to a compound enclosed by a heavy wire fence. At the gate, a security man in the black uniform and beret of the Guardia Civil, and with an automatic weapon slung over his shoulder, checked the data on the card against the information in my passport. Inside the gate, I joined a queue of journalists waiting to enter the press center, a three-story warehouselike building with glass-panelled walls, glamourously named the Crystal Pavilion. It took me half an hour to reach the door, where more security men, with unusual care, X-rayed my briefcase and frisked me with a metal detector. One of the reasons that Spain had been chosen for the peace conference was that it was considered better at security than most of its European neighbors, having had plenty of practice with its own Basque terrorists. Even before the conference opened, an Iranian cleric had called for mass assassinations, and the Palestinian

SOMETIMES YOU EAT THE BEAR, ELLEN. SOMETIMES THE BEAR EATS YOU.
Leo Cullum

delegation had been threatened by hard-line groups within the Palestinian movement. Security in Madrid, which was already tight, was tightened—especially around the Victoria Hotel, where the Palestinians were staying, and the Princesa Husa, which housed the Israeli delegation.

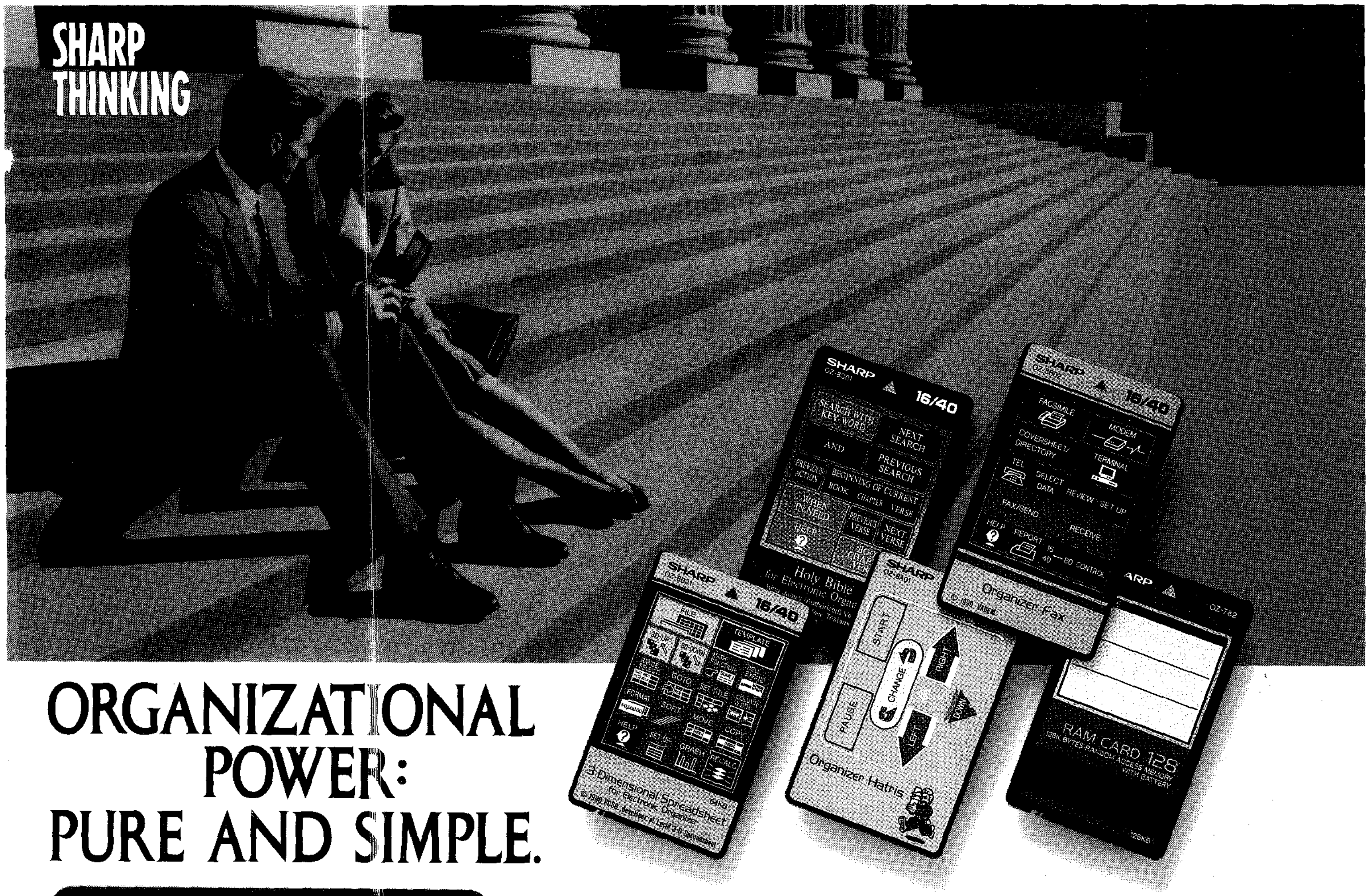
It was in the Crystal Pavilion that I spent most of the next six days. According to the Spanish authorities, five thousand three hundred and forty-two journalists obtained credentials for the conference, and it is possible that every one of them was there when I walked in, but the building was so huge and its facilities were so well organized that it never seemed crowded. American officials told me that Baker was drawn to Spain as the site of the talks by the efficiency with which it had handled a visit he made in 1989. There were also historical reasons for the choice. Arabs and Jews once lived side by side in Spain, and they both consider the era to be something of a Golden Age; in fact, next year the Spanish will commemorate this era, noting the five-hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of both communities. But history alone would not have sufficed in the absence of good organization. The Spanish government had been notified only eleven days earlier of Madrid's selection, and had performed a small miracle, both in putting the press facilities into operation and in mobilizing the city for the influx.

The lower and upper levels of the Crystal Pavilion had been turned into offices for the television networks, radio broadcasters, and major newspapers and news magazines. Also on the upper level was a room the size of a football field, containing rows of tables holding more than a thousand typewriters, in half a dozen different scripts, for the use of journalists without offices. Thirty-five hundred telephone lines had been installed, along with every other modern instrument of communication. On each floor were buffet tables, where amiable waiters in white jackets and bow ties served coffee, pastries, soft drinks, and sandwiches from early in the morning until late at night. The only mistake the authorities made, I thought, was that most of the sandwiches were ham, which seemed inappropriate for a conference seeking to reconcile cultures that ban the consumption of pigs. On the other hand, I noticed few journalists who turned them down.

With the upper and lower levels assigned to offices, the main floor of the press center was the liveliest. In the middle was a lounge area, which was surrounded by television sets, a bank, information booths, a tobacco shop, a tourist agency, a clinic, and a newsstand selling most of the daily papers published in Europe. On one section of the floor, a maze of corridors led to the press-relations offices—all of equal square footage—of the participating delegations: those of the United States, the Soviet Union, the European Community, Israel, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, and a joint delegation of Jordanians and Palestinians. Throughout the working day, journalists swarmed around these offices. The Israeli and the Jordanian-Palestinian press offices were by far the most accommodating, but at one time or another all of them came up with tidbits: a news release, an announcement, an off-the-cuff interview, or one of the rumors that passed, briefly, for fact throughout the week. Another section of the floor was partitioned off as an auditorium, with translation booths, camera platforms, and several hundred folding chairs; from its stage the major players conducted press conferences, which provided much of the hard news that came out of Madrid.

But news does not depend on formal proceedings, and before I ever saw the press center the first clash between Palestinian and Israeli delegates had occurred. On Monday, obviously seeking to disrupt the impending conference, Palestinian terrorists in the West Bank had gunned down two Israeli settlers—a mother of seven and a father of four. Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who led the Israeli team, suggested to reporters on arriving at the Princesa Husa the next day that the Palestinian delegates, in supporting an escalation of the *intifada,* had encouraged the attacks. In Israel, the Minister of Defense was even more explicit in blaming the delegates. Later, Deputy Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli delegation's spokesman, placed responsibility on the Palestine Liberation Organization—a behind-the-scenes presence in Madrid—saying that it "may talk peace on one arm but the other arm continues to perpe-

WIZARD®



ORGANIZATIONAL POWER: PURE AND SIMPLE.

SHARP
WIZARD 64KB

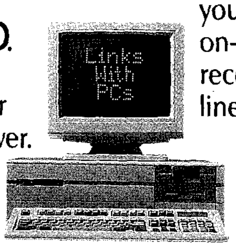
The Wizard® OZ-8000 has all the power you need to stay on time, on track and in control. Eleven built-in functions and a raised typewriter keyboard make it easy to store, retrieve and sort phone numbers, important dates, your schedule, memos and more. You don't need to enter DOS commands. Just touch any function key and the Wizard displays the information you want.

EASY TO EXPAND.

Insert any optional Wizard software card for easy access to more power. The Wizard's patented touch-screen turns each card into a customized keypad. Choose from reference, business, entertainment, telecommunications and memory expansion cards that are as easy to use as the Wizard itself.

EASY TO EXCHANGE DATA.

With the optional Organizer-Link and cable, you can load files from your PC into your Wizard, or download work done on your Wizard to your PC.



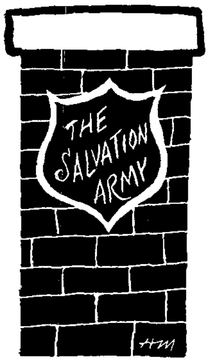
EASY TO COMMUNICATE.

An Organizer Fax/Modem gives you the power to send a fax directly from your Wizard. Or, connect with on-line services to send and receive data over direct phone lines and even from a cellular phone. To learn how easy it is to organize your business and personal life, call 1-800-321-8877. In Canada, call 1-416-890-2100. And ask for the dealer nearest you.

SHARP®
FROM SHARP MINDS
COME SHARP PRODUCTS™

© 1991 Sharp Electronics Corporation.

trate this murder." Replying for the Palestinians, Dr. Hanan Ashrawi charged the Israelis with fostering a climate of insecurity and intimidation, and, though she dissociated the delegation from any violence, her denunciation of the killings was less than wholehearted. The spat seemed an unfavorable portent for any kind of Palestinian-Israeli reconciliation.



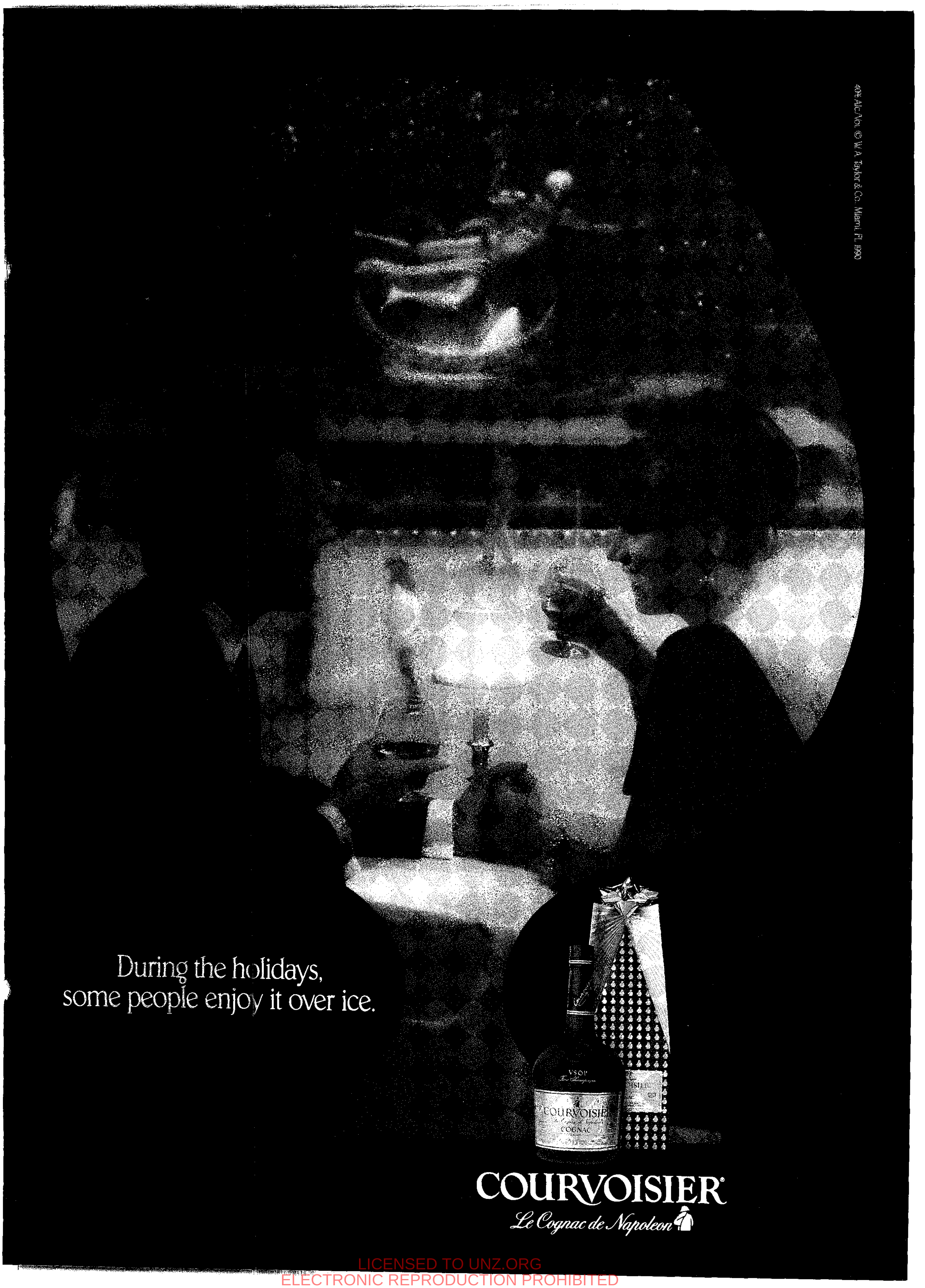
The Palestinians, in fact, though careful to avoid the appearance of bending to the Israelis, were trying to avoid any kind of rupture in the proceedings, aware that they had the most to gain in the peace negotiations. If Israel was paying heavily for the *intifada*, the Palestinians in the occupied territories were paying more. To suppress the uprising, the Israeli Army had made itself a suffocating presence, blanketing daily life with identification checks, searches, night raids, school closings, travel restrictions, arbitrary detentions, and other forms of harassment, to say nothing of beatings, deportations, and the demolition of houses. Palestinians, who saw the spread of Israeli settlements eating up their homeland, were desperate to stop further construction. Both they and the Israelis knew that settlements could not exist without Army protection, and they were willing to do anything to get the Army out of their lives—except, perhaps, give up their aspirations to nationhood. Still, after decades of rejecting anything less than statehood they had come to Madrid resigned to putting off a resolution of this question, in the interests of negotiating some sort of autonomous regime in the occupied territories to replace Army rule. The Americans were siding openly with them on the settlement question, and had assured them that autonomy was attainable.

Shamir, who placed a narrow interpretation on autonomy, was not prepared to endorse any significant shift to Palestinian self-rule, and he was irritated to learn in Madrid that the Palestinians, although members of a joint delegation, were being treated as if they were a delegation of their own. Shamir's government had spent months trying to exercise control over the Palestinian representation at the conference. Through his tenacity, he had won from Baker the concession that the Palestinian negotiating team would contain no members who belonged to the P.L.O. or who carried Jerusalem residence cards or who lived outside the occupied territories. These demands were consistent with Israel's claim that the negotiations would be limited to matters concerning the quality of life in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. His agreement with Baker bound Israel to discuss local autonomy (however it might be defined) without regard to Jerusalem, which Israel claims to have annexed; in excluding delegates from the Palestinian diaspora, it also jibed with Israel's refusal to recognize the Palestinians as a nation.

As their chief negotiator, the Palestinians had designated Dr. Haidar Abdul-Shafi, a seventy-two-year-old Gaza physician. Though he was a founder of the P.L.O. a quarter of a century ago, he had let his membership lapse to conform with Israeli law in the occupied territories, and Shamir did not dispute the appointment. However, Shamir felt that in treating Faisal al-Husseini, a Jerusalemite who has long been regarded as the P.L.O.'s man in the West Bank, as their delegation's effective head the Palestinians were shading the deal he had made with Baker. While Abdul-Shafi was to represent the Palestinians at the formal sessions in Madrid, Husseini was there in the name of the Palestinian people and, presumably, of their "legitimate representative," the P.L.O. Shamir was even more dismayed to learn that Abdul-Shafi would sit at the table with the other delegation chairmen and have the same time allotment for an opening speech—Israel, Syria, Jordan, and Lebanon, as the negotiating parties, had each been given forty-five minutes to state their positions—in which he could tell the Palestinians' story on worldwide television. When Baker refused to overturn the arrangement, maintaining that it was consistent with the pre-conference agreement, the Israelis, having clearly been outmaneuvered, gave brief thought to going home. But on Wednesday morning, when the limousines rolled through the courtyard of the Royal Palace and stopped at the grand entrance, Shamir unhappily got in line with Abdul-Shafi to shake King Juan Carlos's hand.

Like most of the journalists in Madrid, I watched the handshaking on television; it was the same picture that was seen by hundreds of millions in the television audience around the world. Only a handful of passes were available for on-the-spot press coverage not only of the formal sessions in the Royal Palace's Hall of Columns but even of the arrival of the delegates' limousines. Most of us sat in front of television sets in the press center, relying on CNN for details such as the absence of national flags on the delegation cars. (When the Israelis refused to allow the Palestinians to fly their national flag, it was decided to ban all but the flags of the United States and the Soviet Union, the conference's two co-sponsors.) More than a few journalists muttered that they might as well have stayed at home, but listening to the speeches on television was not a real handicap: the story in Madrid was in words, not in actions. The task facing the press was to find out what, within the framework of complex Middle East discourse, the words really meant.

Presidents Bush and Gorbachev had arrived in Madrid a day early for a summit meeting. They were formally listed as co-sponsors and keynote speakers, but it was apparent that the United States was running the show and that the Soviet Union was present at America's sufferance. Bush had come to launch a peace process; Gorbachev's interest was in the summit meeting. The retiring posture adopted in the subsequent days by Soviet Foreign Minister Boris Pankin, Secretary Baker's counterpart, only heightened the embarrassment inherent in the situation. Gorbachev, however, hardly seemed to mind; in his keynote speech on Wednesday morning he spent far more time talking about Soviet problems than about Middle East solutions. Bush was at his best that morning, delivering a strong speech that outlined what he wanted of both Arabs and Israelis. He told the Arabs he expected them to be sensitive to Israel's security needs, and he held the Israelis to the standard of negotiating on the basis of United Nations Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338, which require the exchange of land for peace. He reaffirmed that his objective was


During the holidays,
some people enjoy it over ice.
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
COGNAC
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
40% Alc/Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co. Miami, FL 1990

"You have a right to know—I've been married occasionally."

• •

real peace, based on treaties, and not just nonbelligerency agreements. He also promised that the United States would serve as a "catalyst"—a word that seemed euphemistic in view of the activist (some would say arm-twisting) role played by Secretary Baker in bringing the warring parties to the meeting.

Notwithstanding their general approval of Bush's speech, Arabs and Israelis both complained of omissions, revealing thereby not so much lapses in American policy as their own feelings of insecurity in Madrid. In discussing Resolutions 242 and 338, Bush had somehow failed to use the words "territory for peace," the conventional American formulation of the resolutions' meaning. To some Arabs the omission of this phrase suggested an American switch to the Israeli interpretation, which holds that in ceding the Sinai back to Egypt a decade ago Israel had fulfilled its obligations under the resolutions. The Israelis, for their part, already feeling battered by their defeat over Palestinian representation, were further discomfited by Bush's failure to restate the standard American pledge to guarantee Israel's security. That evening, at an unscheduled news conference at the press center, Baker headed off despair by pronouncing the magic words for both sides and assuring them that the omissions had not been deliberate.

Shortly after noon on Wednesday, I was informed by the American press office that my name had come up for a pass to the proceedings at the Royal Palace. At the rear door of the press center, a bus was already waiting, and about twenty of us climbed aboard. At the palace, we were locked up for an hour behind a door marked "Press Holding Room" before being taken up a back stairway to the Antecámara Gasparini, a gorgeous chamber of marble and mosaic adjoining the Hall of Columns. The hall itself appeared much smaller than it had looked to me on television. The Spanish kings once used it for state banquets, and in the traditional ceremony of Maundy Thursday they washed the feet of the poor there. Busts of Roman emperors lined the walls, and on the ceiling, from which hung eight illuminated chandeliers of cut glass and bronze, was a Renaissance fresco framed by carved cherubs. A T-shaped table, designed by the Americans to avoid a dispute over seating arrangements, with a lectern where the upright of the "T" met the horizontal bar, took up the center of the room. The chairman of each delegation had a seat at the table, and the other members of his delegation sat behind him. When I entered, Amre Moussa, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, was delivering a speech—in English, the lingua franca of the conference. With Baker on his left and Pankin on his right, Moussa half-heartedly flayed the Israelis, saying little of the precedent his own country had set in making Middle East peace at Jerusalem and Camp David. Having waived the opportunity to serve as a bridge between the contending parties, the Egyptians seemed almost irrelevant to the proceedings. So did the Europeans, whose delegation head, Dutch Foreign Minister Hans van den Broek, uttered only pious clichés on the two occasions when he rose to speak. Not even the Lebanese—whose government is dominated by a Syrian army of occupation, and whose delegation appeared to be palpably frightened of Farouk al-Sharaa and his team—seemed to matter much. The key players were clearly the Israelis, who sat on one side of the long segment of the table, and the Syrians, the Palestinians, and, to a lesser degree, the Jordanians, who sat on the other.

The press had been assigned three rows of chairs along one wall, beneath a statue of Justice holding a sword and a scale. From my seat I could see the back of Abdul-Shafi and the face of Prime Minister Shamir, who sat directly across the table from him. Shamir had his head down, as if to avoid looking at any of the Arabs, and I knew from the television broadcasts that the Arab delegates were similarly ignoring him. Shamir appeared heavy-lidded, and a trifle bored (like everyone else) with Moussa's speech. Across the room, in the dignitaries' section, I spied Prince Bandar bin Sultan, who is Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the United States and a nephew of King Fahd. Before I left Washington, a high government official had told me to look for the Prince in Madrid, and said that if he showed up it meant that the Saudi monarchy, with its abundant resources, was putting its shoulder behind the peace negotiations. Was his presence really a favorable omen?

THE actual engagement of forces began on Thursday, the second day of the conference, with Prime Minister Shamir scheduled to make

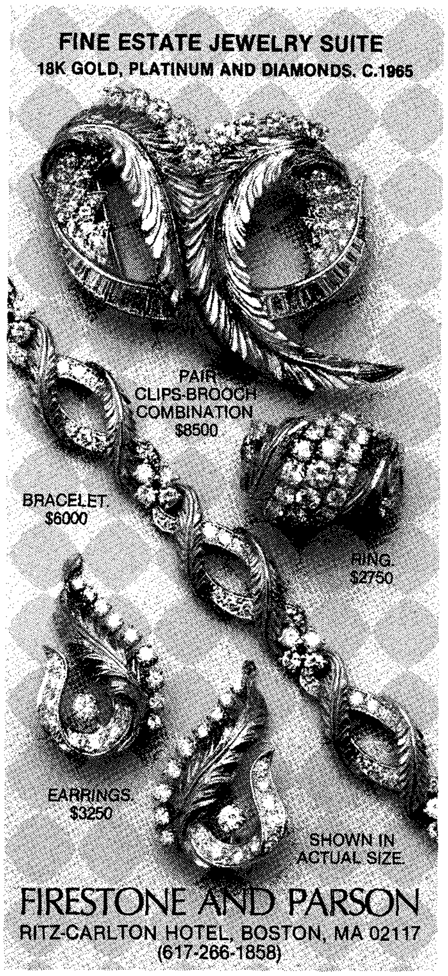
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Buy what you want to buy.
And no bankcard is going to stop you with a limit set long ago.*
You know what you can afford. You just want to be trusted.
You're a responsible person. Most of the time.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

---

*Charges approved based on your ability to pay as demonstrated by past spending and payment patterns and personal resources. © 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

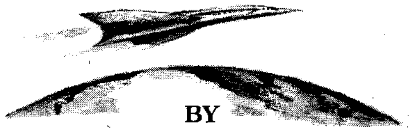


FINE ESTATE JEWELRY SUITE
18K GOLD, PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS. C.1965

PAIR CLIPS-BROOCH COMBINATION $8500
BRACELET $6000
RING $2750
EARRINGS $3250
SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

THE ONLY
AROUND THE WORLD



BY
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE

Oct. 23 to Nov. 13, 1992
$48,800 per person

Designed and operated by
INTRAV®
St. Louis, Missouri 63105-1961
1-800-825-2900

Versailles planter™
This enchanting planter recreates the ornamental keystones of Versailles' windows.
Attractive indoors or out.

12"x 9" Terra cotta in earthen or antique marble finish.
$55 (plus $4.50 shipping). Exclusively from
DAVIS & CO.
P.O. Box 3816, Portland, ME 04104
Or call 800.370 1066, in Maine, 780 1607

the first of the planned forty-five-minute presentations. Baker had predicted that the antagonists were likely to set out maximalist positions, but I thought he might be mistaken. In the days before leaving for Madrid, Shamir had made a series of conciliatory statements on television which were inconsistent with his longstanding opposition to compromise. "We believe and are convinced that it"—the West Bank and the Gaza Strip—"belongs to us," he said. "Maybe the Palestinians believe the same thing. Then let us negotiate how to settle it, how to find a way to avoid war." It was the first time, as far as I know, that he had acknowledged any legitimacy at all to the Palestinians' claim. His words seemed to suggest if not a more placating attitude then at least a revised negotiating style. Naïvely, I thought that these words might be a signal to the other delegations to strike a positive note in Madrid.

What happened instead was not just a maximalist opening speech by Shamir but maximalist opening speeches by all the chairmen of the negotiating delegations. They abused history, abjured self-examination, wallowed in self-pity, preened in righteousness. There is no doubt that the parties to the Middle East conflict, particularly the Israelis and the Palestinians, have more than ample reason to feel victimized, whether by outsiders or by each other, but they had clearly made up their minds to let no one forget their grievances. Every speaker vowed a commitment to fruitful negotiations, but not one suggested letting bygones be bygones—a posture that is probably the sine qua non of a Middle East peace. It was almost as though they had met secretly the night before and agreed to get their feelings of persecution off their chests. In fact, it is a fair surmise that, without getting together at all, each had resolved to bring to the Hall of Columns an outrageous opening bid—a familiar bargaining technique in the souks of the Middle East.

And yet a careful reading of each text revealed—to those who chose to see it—at least a hint of conciliation. Shamir, who over the years had declared routinely that Israel would not give up an inch of territory, said, "It will be regrettable if the talks focus *primarily and exclusively* on territory"—an emphasis that seemed to me to constitute an invitation, particularly to the Syrians, to discuss the return of land within the context of Israel's security concerns. Similarly, Abdul-Shafi, in repeating the Palestinians' insistence on the right of self-determination and the establishment of their own state, said, "We are willing to accept the proposal for a transitional stage"—an offer well within the terms of the Camp David treaty, which Israel says it honors. As for the Jordanians, Foreign Minister Kamel Abu-Jaber, whose speech was bland by the standards of the others, stated that Jordan had no serious dispute of its own with Israel, and that—once the Israelis had resolved their differences with Lebanon, Syria, and the Palestinians—Jordan, the weakest of the Middle East states, would happily live in peace forever.

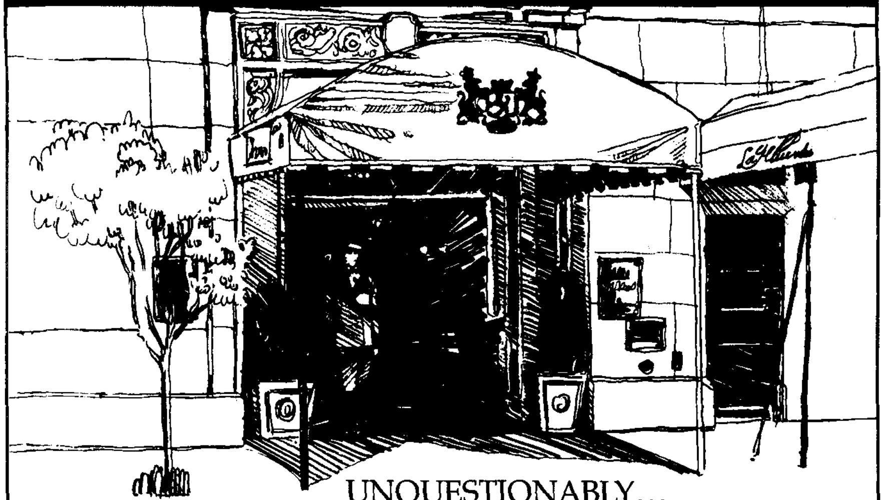
Hands down, the most caustic speech of the day—delivered in Arabic, in defiance of the practice of the conference, and with what seemed like bone-chilling hatred—was that of Sharaa, the Syrian Foreign Minister. "We have never carried the banner of war and destruction," he announced to general incredulity, adding that "our delegation has come carrying inexhaustible reserves of good will"—a statement that his own words belied. His angry slurs regarding not only Israel but American Jews made no converts to Syria's cause and served to underscore the isolation in which its society lives. Yet Sharaa had brought with him a first-class team of technicians, which suggested strongly that he had come to deal, and even he permitted a glimmer of light to show in his speech, declaring that "our agreement to undertake bilateral talks is a clear indication of our serious contribution to building a genuine and comprehensive peace in the region." These words were not far from those of President Bush. In the jargon of Middle East diplomacy, the words "genuine and comprehensive" were presumably a signal of Syria's willingness to sign a treaty that would meet not only Israel's security concerns but also Israel's demands for diplomatic normalization.

In between and after the speeches on Thursday, the briefers for the various delegations took the platform at the press center to offer their interpretations of what they had heard. None of them cited anything positive in the words of their adversaries. In fact, all seemed hardened by the developments of the day, and they proceeded to raise the level of shrillness. Both sides went beyond the opening speeches, to spin exaggerated horror stories about their adversaries which crossed the boundaries of acceptable diplomatic discourse. Kamel Abu-Jaber, the Jordanian, made one of the few honest observations in stating that "this is positioning; we are all positioning ourselves."

What many of us inside the press center tended to forget was the sensitivity of the delegates to the televising of the conference. Except for the Syrians, who blacked out the Israelis, the people of every participating country were getting gavel-to-gavel coverage. In each of these countries were right-wing forces opposed to their government's presence at the peace conference. The speakers all understood that simply by going to Madrid they had gained the allegiance of the pro-peace forces at home; it was the hard-liners whom they had to accommodate. Abu-Jaber was alone in acknowledging the threat to the delegates themselves, from "extremists and rejectionists . . . still lurking in the wings," but in private conversation delegates did not conceal the fact that the speeches delivered that day were designed more to influence politics at home than to narrow the distance between the parties at Madrid. This is not to say that both sides did not experience real disappointment: the Arabs because Shamir at no time mentioned the Security Council resolutions on which the conference was based, much less the principle of "territory for peace"; the Israelis because the Arabs showed no sympathy for their security fears or for their desire to be admitted into the family of Middle Eastern nations. In summing up the approach of the adversaries, Baker said, "We saw posturing, the staking out of some maximalist positions. This is something . . . I thought you should expect. But I also think we saw some of the emotions that are felt keenly by all sides to this conflict."

Hanan Ashrawi conducted all the press conferences for the Palestinians. A handsome, self-assured woman of forty-five, with a ready smile, Ashrawi, who is the holder of an American

MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTELS



UNQUESTIONABLY...
THE SURREY HOTEL
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL 1-800-ME-SUITE, EXT. 186

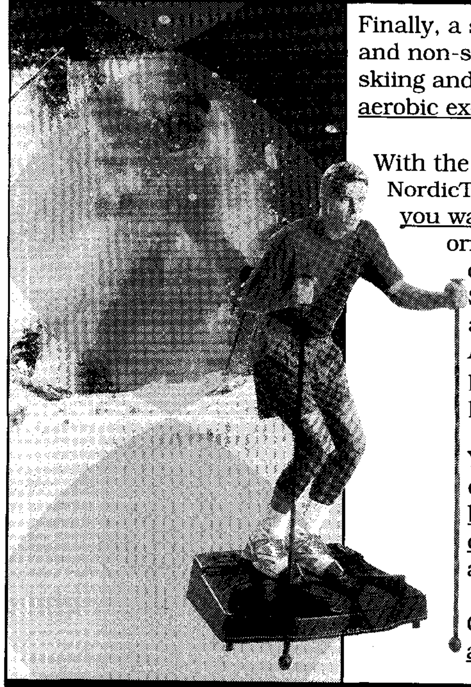
Suites that boast of lavish space, luxurious furnishings, a full kitchen. An uptown address that draws worldly guests of marked assurance. Les Pleiades, where classic French cuisine continually lures the surrounding art world.

Try as we may for an understated image, our unrestrained style always comes through. The only modest feature is our price.

The Surrey Hotel . . . New York's Biggest Secret.

THE SURREY HOTEL, A MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTEL,
20 EAST 76TH ST., NY, NY 10021, (212) 288-3700, TELEX 4976057

Experience the thrill of downhill skiing. Even if you've never skied.



Finally, a ski simulator that brings both skiers and non-skiers alike the thrill of downhill skiing and the benefits of an intensely aerobic exercise.

With the new NordicSport™ Downhill from NordicTrack you select the type of skiing you want. Adjustable bindings, slope orientation and resistance let you choose from moguls to slalom. Special skis let you pivot off your toe and set an edge to carve your turn. And, unique telescoping poles provide the sensation of planting poles in snow.

You'll also get the fitness benefits downhill skiers enjoy, like whole-body exercise, a strengthened cardiovascular system, a toned body, and an increased metabolism.

Call us today for the exhilarating alternative to aerobic exercisers.

Discover nordic sport by NordicTrack

For a free video and brochure, call 1-800-445-2231 ext. 67ML1

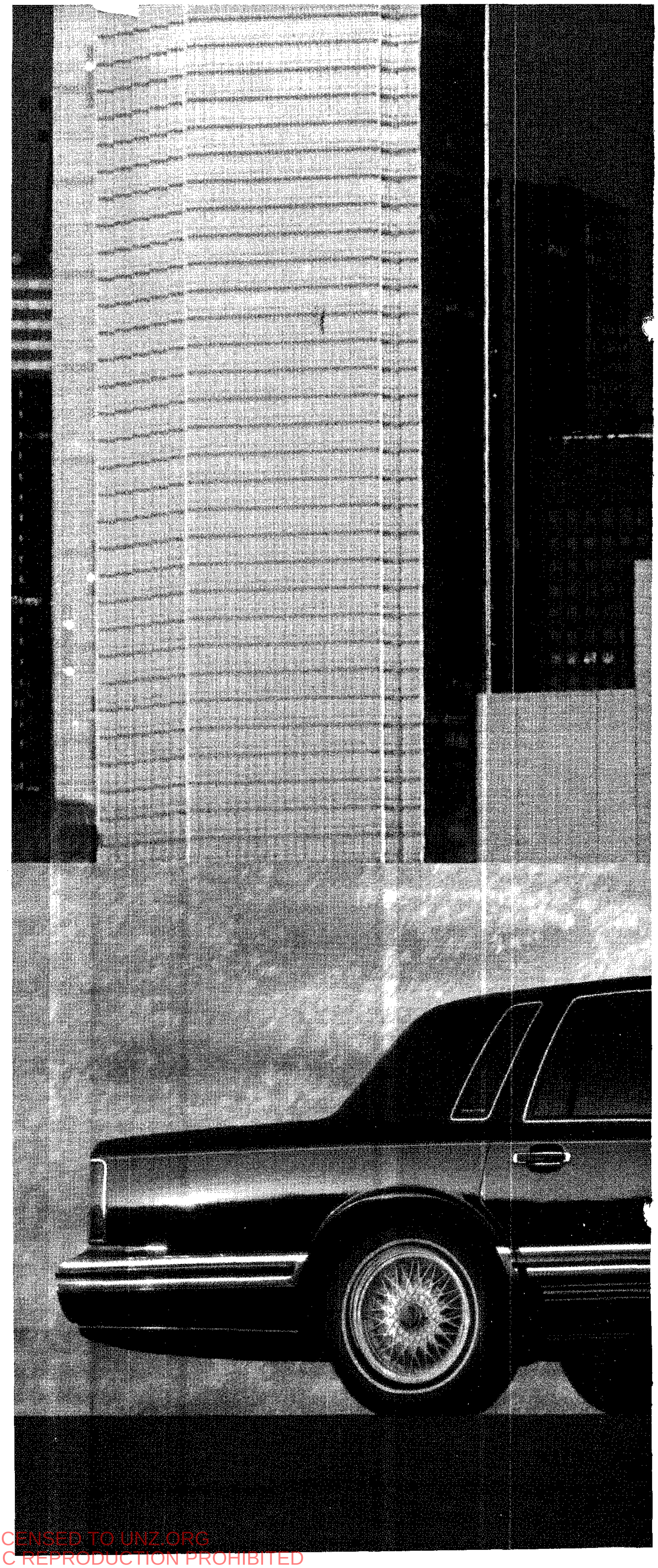
NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Boulevard North, Chaska, MN 55318
© 1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

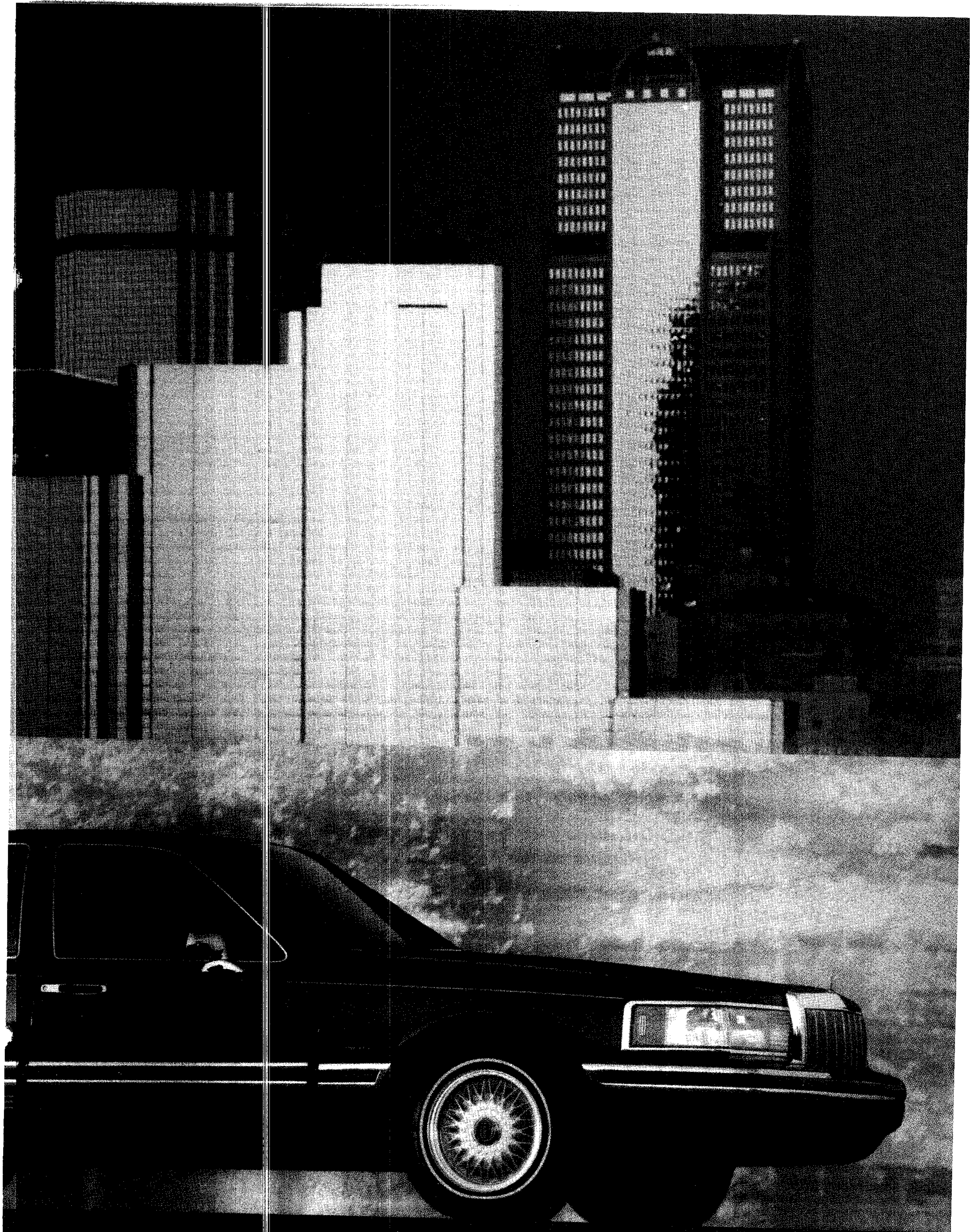
DID AN ACCIDENT OF NATURE MAKE IT THE QUIETEST CAR YOU CAN OWN?

Among the most purely enjoyable of all the comforts Lincoln owners enjoy is the sense of hushed calm that envelopes the passenger cabin of Lincoln Town Car. The quietest automobile you can own. Yet the satisfaction of Town Car occupants may well be exceeded by the satisfaction Lincoln engineers take in having achieved this premier rank. Because it was only through years of painstaking research in body/chassis isolation techniques, noise control, drivetrain design and multiple other technologies that this feat was accomplished. And unlike research in handling and performance, there were few models to follow. Genuine breakthroughs were required. Breakthroughs that include an advanced overhead-cam V-8 engine which operates with uncanny silence and smoothness. And helps place today's Lincoln Town Car among the most fuel efficient ever built.* Yet another Lincoln engineering achievement that was no mere accident of nature.

LINCOLN
WHAT A LUXURY CAR SHOULD BE.

For more information on the 1992 Lincolns, call 1-800-446-8888.





*See your Lincoln-Mercury dealer for 1992 EPA mileage estimates which were not available at press time.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Buckle up—together we can save lives.

Ph.D. and speaks English easily and precisely, appeared to enjoy the give-and-take of press briefings. She is a professor of English literature at Bir Zeit University, in the West Bank, which was closed by the Israelis at the start of the *intifada.* Since then, she has been increasingly involved in Palestinian politics, as a sympathizer with the pro-negotiations, pro-Arafat wing of the P.L.O., and during the organizational phase of the peace conference she was a regular member of the Palestinian team that met with Baker. “We had hoped that Mr. Shamir would come to the conference with a new attitude,” she said, “but his content was hard-line. He brought nothing new. . . . He did not try in any way to recognize the needs of the peace conference.” Shamir’s tone, she said, “reflected exactly what was happening in the occupied territories: domination, racism, and a patronizing attitude. He did not make a single conciliatory gesture to the Palestinians. On the contrary, he came out and told us what we had to do, in the same way as he came out and told the Arabs what they had to do. He did not, in any way, address himself and his people on what *they* had to do.”

Ashrawi’s Israeli counterpart was Deputy Foreign Minister Netanyahu, who is a Knesset member and a former Ambassador to the United Nations. He is forty-two years old, suave, articulate, and an unwavering hard-liner. In the Israeli Foreign Ministry, where there is an ongoing feud between the Prime Minister and David Levy, the Foreign Minister, he is known as Shamir’s man. “I cannot tell you in all candor that our hopes for today’s speeches were redeemed,” he said. “They did not match the moderation of Prime Minister Shamir. They were full of vituperation. The Syrians were openly strident. The Palestinians used flowery language. . . . But the speeches effectively called for the dismantling of Israel.” Netanyahu’s evidence for this charge was a mention by Abdul-Shafi of General Assembly Resolution 181, which partitioned Palestine in 1947 into Arab and Jewish states, and also his reference to the right of Palestinian refugees to return to their homeland. Israelis tend to look with suspicion on Resolution 181, which fixed boundaries—of an Israel two-thirds as large as it is today—that were wiped out in the 1948 war; they are also suspicious of Palestinian claims of a right of return, which is addressed in General Assembly Resolution 194, of 1948, authorizing either repatriation of the refugees or compensation for their lost property. Israel had to conclude, Netanyahu said later, that the challenge it faced was “not territorial but existential.” (To this the Palestinians privately answered that since they had already recognized Israel it was obvious that neither citation was directed at Israel’s existence.) “The Arabs want to convey the impression that this conflict is territorial,” Netanyahu said, “but we were not in occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip when they attacked us in 1948, 1956, and 1967. Now, having lost this territory, they claim it is the reason for the conflict. This is a lie. We face a difficult battle here at Madrid—not only for peace but for truth.”

AN ORDINARY AFTERNOON IN CHARLOTTESVILLE

Under the peach trees, the ideograms the leaves throw
Over the sun-prepped grass read
Purgatio, illuminatio, contemplatio—
Words caught in a sweet light endurable,
unlike the one they lead to,
Whose sight we’re foundered and fallowed by.

Meanwhile, the afternoon
fidgets about its business,
Unconcerned with such immolations,
Sprinkle of holy grit from the sun’s wheel,
birds combustible
In the thin leaves incendiary—
Fire, we think, marvellous fire, everything starts in fire.

Or so they say. We like to think so
Ourselves, feeling the cold
glacier into the bloodstream
A bit more each year,
Tasting the iron disk on our tongues,
Watching the birds oblivious,
hearing their wise chant, *Hold still, hold still . . .*

—Charles Wright

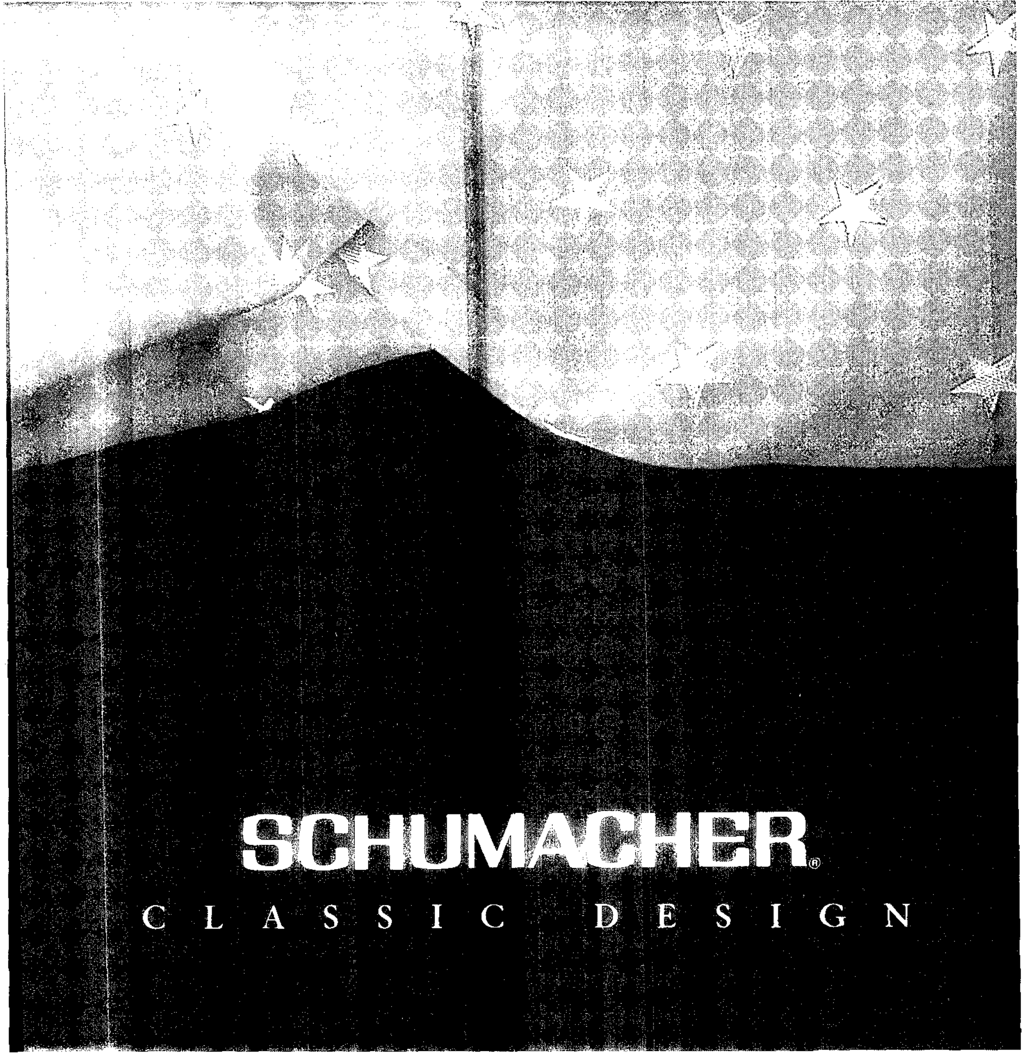
• •

By Thursday evening, a struggle that went beyond rhetoric had clearly taken shape. Baker had declared in his letter of invitation to the participants that “direct bilateral negotiations will begin four days after the opening of the conference.” The Arabs had resisted bilateral negotiations in the past, on the ground that such negotiations implied recognition of Israel. Except for the Egyptians and the Palestinians, the Arabs have never explicitly recognized Israel; formal recognition, they have always said, would come as part of a peace settlement. Thus, they preferred to deal through an intermediary. It was precisely such recognition that Israel demanded, insisting that face-to-face negotiations without intermediaries were a precondition of peace. These differences later merged into the dispute over an “international conference.” The Arabs, regarding themselves as the weaker party in the conflict, called for negotiations in a context that would permit sponsoring powers—preferably the permanent members of the Security Council—to exert pressure on Israel. Israel, acknowledging its superior strength, rejected an international conference, seeing it as a ploy to extort concessions while sparing the Arabs the obligation of sitting down for face-to-face talks. The genius of Baker’s invitation was in combining the two approaches. It gave the Arabs the assurance that the superpowers would be present—albeit merely as a “catalyst”—to counter Israel’s superior negotiating position, and it promised the Israelis that the Arabs would sit down in direct, bilateral talks. What no one had foreseen was a crisis over where the bilateral talks would take place.

Baker’s invitation had said nothing about location, and it was clear from the start that the two sides had conflicting ideas on this point. In his opening address, Prime Minister Shamir stated, "We submit that the best venue for the talks is in our region, in close proximity to the decision-makers, not in a foreign land. We invite our partners to this process to come to Israel for the first round of talks. On our part, we are ready to go to Jordan, to Lebanon, and to Syria for the same purpose. There is no better way to make peace than to talk in each other's home." Appealing though the invitation may have sounded, the Arabs saw it as a trick—as a way for Israel to extract recognition (or, at least, partial recognition) without giving anything in return. They were content to remain in Madrid. "Not one of the Arab leaders has responded to this generous invitation," Netanyahu lamented in his Thursday briefing, a bit disingenuously.

The Palestinians had a more practical concern. Hanan Ashrawi explained it at various briefings. "We are a people under occupation," she said, "and the one thing we cannot do is negotiate under duress while our people are being held captive, and while we ourselves are subject to censorship, to curfews, to checkpoints, roadblocks, detentions, interrogations, prevention from movement or travel. . . . Even in our meetings with Baker, we were quite often late, because we were stopped at checkpoints and a few Israeli soldiers decided to be rude and overbearing. Our phones are tapped. . . . We cannot move freely physically." Baker, she said, "understands the concerns of the Palestinians" in this matter, and she stated, "We want neutral territory, where we can move freely, where we can be treated as equals. . . . Madrid has been extremely hospitable . . . and we would like to carry out negotiations in Madrid."

Baker's response was that as a catalyst he could not dictate solutions to the parties, but from the speaker's stand at the press center he let the participants know, with discernible impatience, what he thought. "I don't know the reason for the venue dispute, but I knew nothing would be easy, and it hasn't been—for seven or eight months," he said sternly. "But the fact of the matter is, I think it will be extremely difficult for people to understand if the parties do not participate in bilateral negotiations on the sole basis that they don't like the place where the negotiations would be conducted. . . . We think



The Duchess of Windsor Wore this Pin

designed by Kenneth Jay Lane

145 diamond and onyx-colored Austrian crystals in a platinum-tone setting (shown actual size)

ROYALTY from the Duchess of Windsor to Princess Diana have worn jewelry from Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

The Duchess of Windsor was known for her love of animal jewelry. She asked Mr. Lane to create this panther pin especially for her. She wore it on dresses, suits, coats, hats, or anywhere else that amused her. You can too.

If made of real gems, this pin would cost over $10,000. But like the Duchess of Windsor, you can own this authentic KJL panther pin for just $49.95. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

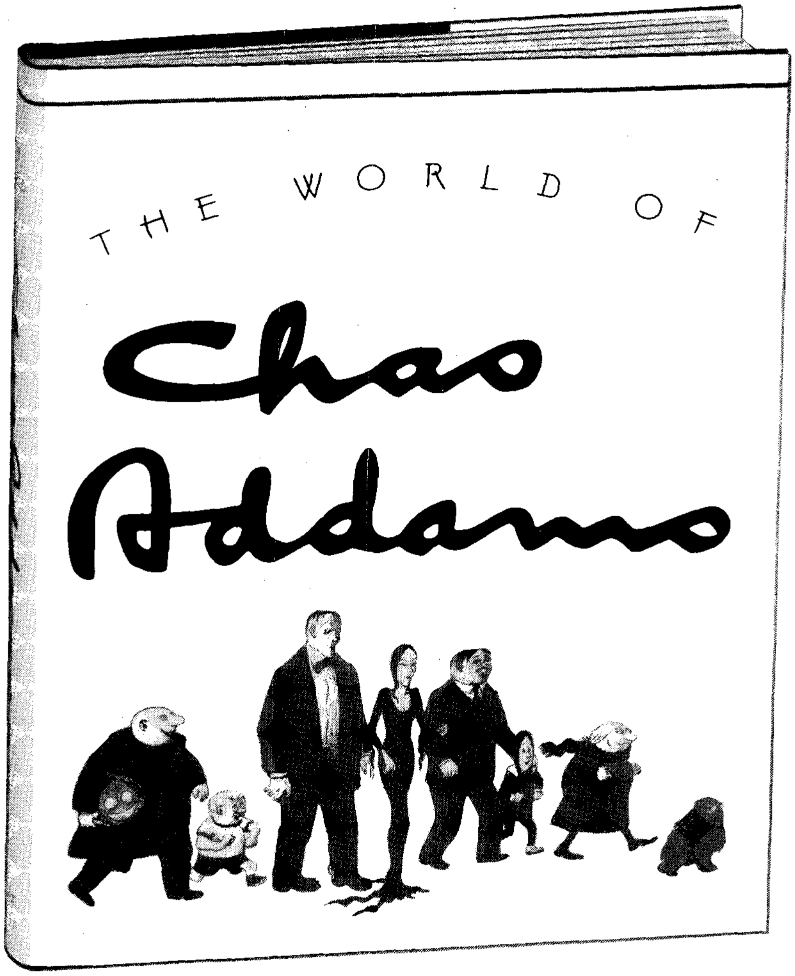
Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext. K59
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $49.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K59).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016

these bilateral discussions should begin here in Madrid."

Presumably, Baker's authority was such that his words decided the matter. He decreed that the bilateral talks would open, as planned, on Sunday, though even he acknowledged that there was no agreement on where they would proceed after that. Baker said that the parties themselves would choose the site as the first order of business at the Sunday talks, but it was generally understood that, given the mood in Madrid, he would ultimately have to make the decision himself. On Friday and Saturday at the press center, rumors on a compromise site were almost as numerous as the ham sandwiches: Rhodes, The Hague, an undesignated city in Northern Europe, Prague, Cyprus, Williamsburg, Bonn, Cairo, and, finally, Washington, where the matter seemed to settle. (Late in November, the White House invited the participants to resume the talks in Washington, on December 4th.) But, according to some of the Arab delegates, Syria's President Hafez al-Assad was getting cold feet at the prospect of the impending face-to-face meeting with the Israelis. Gradually, the issue of where the next round of bilateral talks would be held slipped down the priority list, as it became increasingly apparent that even the arrangements for the meetings in Madrid on Sunday were still up in the air.

AT Friday morning's session in the Hall of Columns, the peace conference came close to self-destructing. Each of the negotiating delegations had been given fifteen minutes to deliver a rebuttal to the previous day's speeches, and Shamir was first on the speakers' list. He had already announced that he would leave immediately after his remarks, in order to return to Israel for the Sabbath, which begins at sundown. His announcement raised eyebrows. Apart from an invocation or two, it was the first reference during the conference to religion. The Arabs had shunned the sometimes inflammatory language of Islam, perhaps because two of their most prominent delegates, Abu-Jaber and Ashrawi, are Christians. Israelis—particularly secular Jews, like Shamir—do not normally bring Judaic strictures into political discourse. According to the thinking around Madrid, if Shamir simply wanted to observe the Sabbath he could



A huge, definitive collection – the master at his heartwarming, hair-raising best!

IN ONE BIG, glorious volume—a celebration of the ominous, lovable, dark, inspired, and infinitely hilarious art of Charles Addams.

From 1932 until his death in 1988, Addams contributed more than 1,300 cartoons to *The New Yorker* and other periodicals. This book brings together more than 300 of the most wonderful of them—plus 24 of his 65 *New Yorker* cover paintings brilliantly reproduced in full color. Here is a lavish projection of the world of Charles Addams—a world of agreeably murderous spouses, devilishly precocious children, bright-eyed witches, spooky crypts and laboratories...and of the super-Victorian house we now call by his name, and its inhabitants, that surreal, all-American clan, beloved by all America: The Addams Family.

A feast of laughter. A great—an essential—Christmas present.

9 3/4 x 12 • $30

Just published by Knopf

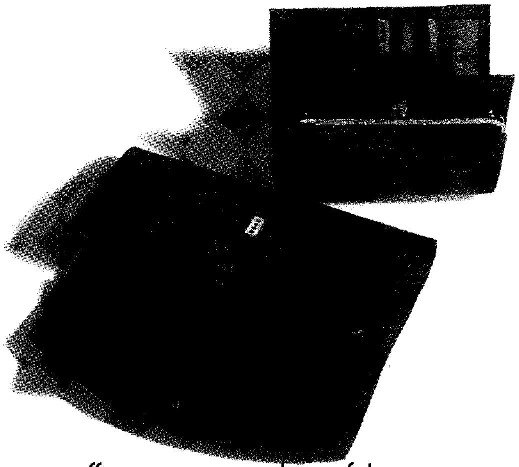
© 1991 Addams Estate

attend the local synagogue with the other practicing members of his delegation. Moreover, even if he didn't want to do that, the flight back to Israel was short enough to permit him to remain through most of the morning program and arrive home in plenty of time. Baker had set the starting time of the Friday meeting at eight o'clock instead of ten o'clock, to accommodate him. Shamir protested, in a preface to his fifteen-minute rebuttal, that he intended no disrespect to the peace conference, but the Arab delegates were not so sure. The mood in the Hall of Columns, already surly, turned foreboding, and Shamir's speech was like kerosene on glowing embers.

He began positively enough. "Futile exchanges and rebuttals have been taking place during the last forty-three years at the U.N. and in countless international gatherings," he said, and he promised to desist from polemics and to speak only "to shed light on a few facts." The comments he addressed to the Jordanians and the Lebanese were mild, although he did convey a warning that Israel would remain in Lebanon as long as Syrian forces were there. He was much tougher on the Palestinians, accusing them of "twisting history and perversion of fact." Once again, he dredged up historical grievances: the slaughter of Jews in Hebron, the Nazi leanings of the Mufti of Jerusalem, the attack by the Arab powers on the new Jewish state. He elicited only disbelief in extolling the beneficence of what "you"—the Palestinians—"describe as occupation," but he did renew his appeal to the Palestinians to join Israel in ongoing negotiations.

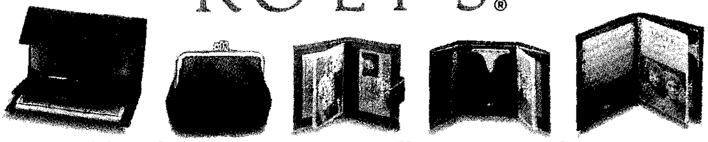
With Shamir's attack on the Syrians, the meeting nearly burst into flames. Looking directly at Sharaa, he said that "the Syrian representative wants us and the world to believe that his country is a model of freedom and protection of human rights," and that "such a statement stretches incredulity to infinite proportions." Syria, he said, was "the home of a host of terrorist organizations that spread violence and death." He said he was prepared to "recite a litany of facts that demonstrate the extent to which Syria merits the dubious honor of being one of the most oppressive, tyrannical regimes in the world," but had decided to spare his listeners, because "this is not what we have come here for." When Shamir

Financial Filing Systems



No one offers you as many beautiful ways to organize your finances as Rolfs.

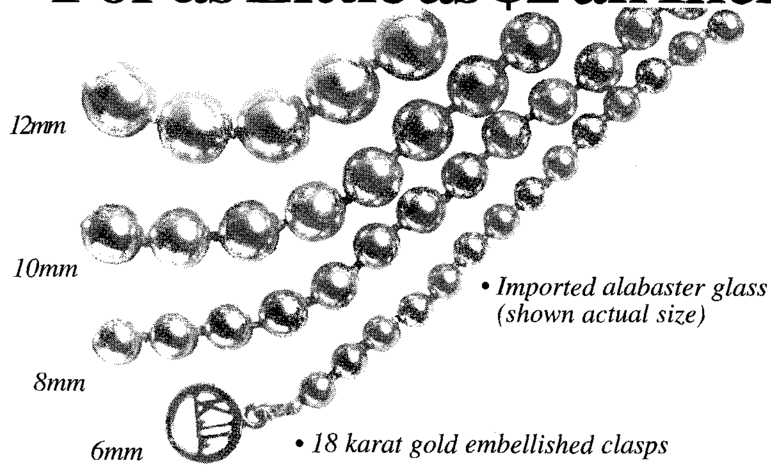
ROLFS®



Rolfs makes over 100 styles of wallets for men and women.

Sewn with DuPont® Nylon West Bend, WI 53095 Available at fine stores throughout the U.S. and Canada.

The Look of Natural Pearls For as Little as $2 an Inch



- *Imported alabaster glass pearls (shown actual size)*
- *18 karat gold embellished clasps*

KENNETH JAY LANE necklaces have the look and feel of natural pearls.

They are made of imported alabaster glass enrobed in real pearlescence. Hand-rubbing gives them a soft glowing luster. Their color is creamy white like the finest natural pearls.

Each strand is carefully hand-knotted. They fasten securely with the KJL signature clasp lavishly embellished with 18 karat gold.

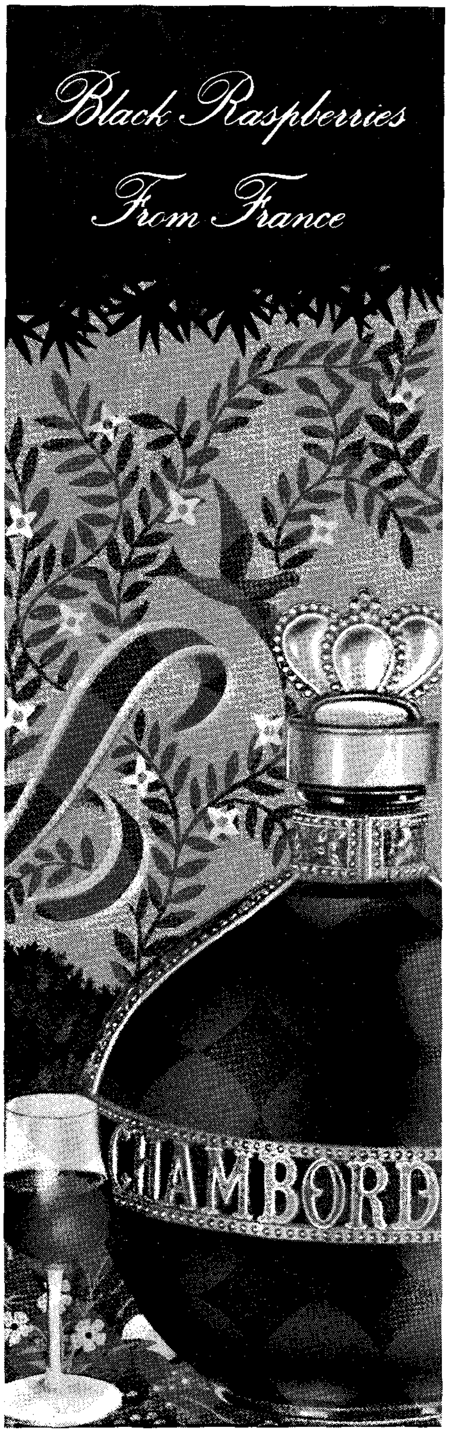
Enjoy the necklaces that are right for you risk-free for one month. If not totally pleased, return them for a 100% refund. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Choose your necklace lengths & pearl sizes

	6mm	8mm	10mm	12mm
15"	$30	$32	$35	$40
18"	$32	$35	$40	$45
24"	$36	$40	$45	$50
30"	$40	$45	$55	$65

Call Toll-Free Anytime
1-800-233-3489, ext K26
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for necklace total plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K26).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016



CHAMBORD

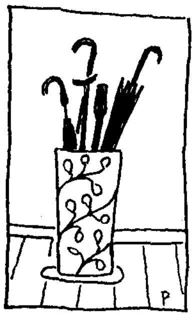
Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 15252, Phila., PA 19125.

Imported by La Maison Delan Phila., Pa. 33 proof.

finished his statement, he turned and walked out of the room, leaving Israel's chair at the T-shaped table vacant. Some days later, when the schedule in Madrid was less demanding, a member of the Israeli delegation confirmed privately to me what many of us suspected at the time: that in his speech Shamir had deliberately baited Sharaa and played to his radical instincts, with the aim of distancing the Syrians from Baker and the international community, breaking up the cohesion of the Arab delegations, even wrecking the peace conference.



Abu-Jaber, whose speech followed Shamir's, confined himself to standard arguments in challenging Israel's negotiating stand but pointed out that Israel was not alone in worrying about military security. "Considering the imbalance in the military equation," he said, "it becomes obvious that the Arab side is the party in more need of security guarantees." Abdul-Shafi, who was the next to speak, needled the Israelis by implying that the Palestinian delegation regarded itself as responsible to the P.L.O., and after decrying the continuing Israeli settlement he proposed that the occupied territories be placed under a trusteeship of either the co-sponsors or of the United Nations—a halfway point between the Israeli and the Palestinian positions. Most notably, Abdul-Shafi departed from his script to comment with scorn on Shamir's absence, expressing a disdain, which some listeners thought was in bad taste, for Shamir's religious protestations.

While the Jordanian and the Palestinian were talking, Sharaa fiddled impatiently with papers, wrote notes on a white pad, and exchanged whispers with members of his delegation. When he arrived at the lectern, there was no concealing his fury. Shamir's efforts to bait him had succeeded. Sharaa opened his remarks—which, once again, were delivered in Arabic—by announcing that he had discarded his prepared text to reply directly to Shamir. He said that his own speech the previous day had actually understated Israel's villainy, and he proceeded to deliver an even more farfetched interpretation of history, which some considered anti-Semitic. It was farcical—in a conference summoned to resolve a contemporary dilemma—to hear Sharaa respond to Shamir's boast that the Jewish ties to the land had lasted uninterrupted for four thousand years (itself an exaggeration) by noting that when the Jews returned from Egypt there were Palestinians living there. But Sharaa brought the Madrid debate to what many consider its nadir when in reply to Shamir's charge of Syrian support of terrorism he whipped out a photocopy of a 1947 British leaflet calling for the arrest of Shamir (described, Sharaa took some pains to note, as a hundred and sixty-five centimetres—five feet five inches—in height) on charges of terrorism. "The problem is that I don't have enough time to talk about Israel's terrorist practices, which needs volumes," Sharaa said. But even in his frenzy he said that the Syrians had come to Madrid to make peace and would see the process through.

At that point, Baker apparently recognized that the screeching from the lectern threatened to reduce the conference to ashes, whatever the commitment of the parties to go forward, and that he had better step in quickly. Before making his own scheduled statement, he called a recess—which he said would last fifteen minutes—and set out on a round of meetings with the delegations to obtain a firm commitment from each to move on to the bilateral meetings, without which there would be no peace process. Neither the Israelis nor the Palestinians and the Jordanians presented a problem. The Syrians, speaking for themselves and the Lebanese, were much less tractable. Baker spent more than an hour with Sharaa, and the lore around the press center was that he took him to the woodshed. Various Syrian spokesmen kept insisting that the delegation had not retreated from its commitment to attend bilateral talks, but the Syrians were still not nailed down when Baker, two hours after he recessed the session, reconvened it in the Hall of Columns.

Baker's speech on that Friday morning was, in my judgment, diplomacy as high art. He was schoolmasterish, to be sure, but he was fair to all the parties, clear about his objectives, at once sensitive in his choice of language and tough. I had often wondered how Baker persuaded the hostile parties to come to Madrid. Watching him in action over nearly a week, I acquired some understanding. Bush had imparted to Baker the authority of the United States, which itself is a big persuader. But I believe that Baker's skills, which combine graciousness with dedication, brought the peace conference into being and kept it moving.

"The parties have made clear that peace by itself is unachievable without a territorial solution and security," he said, and he addressed the concerns both of the Arabs and of Israel, noting that "a territorial solution by itself will not resolve the conflict without there also being peace and security" and that "security by itself is impossible to achieve without a territorial solution and peace." He added that "the process on which we are embarked can work only if all issues are put on the table, and if all issues are satisfactorily resolved."

Baker also provided a candid description of the role that Washington would play. "The U.S. is and will be an honest broker," he said. "We have our own positions and views on the peace process, and we will not forgo our right to state these. But, as an honest broker with experience—successful experience—in Middle East negotiations, we also know that our critical contribution will often be to exert quiet, behind-the-scenes influence and persuasion. . . . We will do our part. But we cannot do your part as well. The United States and the Soviet Union will provide encouragement, advice, recommendations, proposals, and views to help the peace process. Sometimes you will be satisfied with our views, sometimes frustrated. Sometimes we will support your positions and sometimes not. Sometimes we will act quietly . . . and sometimes we will make known our views and positions in public. None of this, however, will relieve you—the parties—of the obligation of making peace. If you won't do it, we certainly can't. As I have said from the beginning of this effort, we cannot want peace more than you, the parties most directly affected by its absence."

Baker then delivered firm words, easily understood by the parties to which they were directed, on the two most immediate obstacles faced by the peace conference. "The unwillingness of the parties to take confidence-building steps has been disappointing," he said. "You have failed to deal adequately with the human dimension

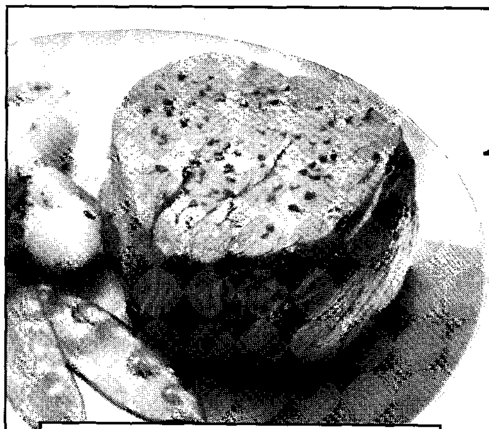
Nothing Touches Us In Florida Except The Atlantic

Unique in all the world . . . cascading waves of the ocean caress the sprawling beach. Come, revel in the warmth of our sun and our Southern hospitality. Relax, dine sumptuously, thrill to the myriad of sports, pari-mutuel diversions, gala entertainment and the unequalled splendor of the Bal Harbour Shops, with such names as Gucci, Martha, F.A.O. Schwarz, Fendi, Cartier, Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus and more!

On the Ocean, minutes from Fort Lauderdale and Miami Airports.

Bal Harbour
VILLAGE
FLORIDA

For rates and information write
Department of Tourism,
655 96th Street, Bal Harbour, FL 33154
1-800-847-9222



A RARE GIFT!

When those on your holiday gift list taste these luscious, mouth-watering Nebraska Filet Mignons, they'll shout, "Well done!" We hand trim aged USDA *Choice* Steaks, pack them in dry ice and air express them to your friends, business associates and loved ones – or direct to your home for unforgettable holiday dinners. So grab your gift list and credit card – then call us toll-free . . . and do all your holiday shopping with one friendly phone call!

SAVE $\$15^{00}$ PER ORDER!
◆ OUR HOLIDAY SPECIAL ◆
SIX 6-OUNCE FILET MIGNONS
EACH 1¼" THICK,
FOR $\$34^{50}$ (REG. $\$49^{50}$).
Plus $6 shipping. Unconditional guarantee.
Hurry: Offer ends December 15, 1991! (Limit 3)

VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS FEDERAL EXPRESS

Classic Steaks of Omaha
by Skylark Meats, Inc.
4430 South 110th Street, Omaha, NE 68137

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-28-TASTE
(1-800-288-2783)
FAX ORDERS: 1-402-592-1414
CALL OR WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG!

of the conflict." And he said, "It is the intention of the co-sponsors to continue to consult with the parties with a view to fulfilling the requirements of the invitation"—that is, to convene in bilateral talks on Sunday. "From the perspective of the co-sponsors—and, indeed, from the perspective of most of the rest of the world—it would be very difficult to understand how a party could now refuse to attend bilateral negotiations simply because of a disagreement over the site."

In press briefings late on Friday, Baker declined to elaborate on developments in the venue dispute—throughout the conference, he refused to characterize the positions of the parties, holding that to do so would serve only to harden differences—and Sharaa volunteered no explanation of his own. But by the end of the day the rumor mill at the press center had pieced together—quite accurately, as it turned out—the elements of the snag over the Sunday openings. Baker had scheduled three separate bilateral meetings—Israel with Syria, with Lebanon, and with the Jordanian-Palestinians—at different locations in Madrid, all at ten o'clock in the morning. The Syrians objected, arguing that the arrangement furthered Israel's aim of dividing the Arabs. It should be noted that the Syrians, having never recovered from the shock of their abandonment by Egypt's President Anwar Sadat in 1977, have genuine fears of isolation—of being left by the other Arabs to face Israel's military superiority alone. They proposed separate meetings at a single site, either simultaneously or successively, reasoning that this would convey the substance of Arab unity—and, perhaps, give them more opportunity to influence, if not to dominate, the Jordanian-Palestinian team, which had shown a surprising independence. They also said they would not discuss the venue question at the meeting, contending that they had come to a peace conference only to discuss questions of substance—particularly, the return of the Golan Heights—and not procedure. The Syrians also reasoned that by staying in Madrid for the bilaterals they would be able to claim to Arab hard-liners that the proceedings had not moved into a phase of face-to-face talks with Israel but were simply a prolongation of the "international conference," in which Syria was negotiating with the United States. Unfamiliar with this kind of exegesis, journalists in the press center responded for the most part with expressions of disbelief, dismissing the maneuvering as a childish game.

At a Friday-afternoon briefing, Sharaa, though he spoke in English as a mollifying gesture, managed to alienate his listeners once more, when he refused to acknowledge a question asked by a woman who identified herself as an Israeli radio reporter. (In contrast, King Hussein, speaking in Amman, responded routinely to Israeli journalists in a press conference conducted that evening by satellite.) Amid the ensuing howls, Sharaa explained meekly that he had not discriminated against an Israeli but merely declined to recognize a questioner who, he said, had snatched the microphone from the hand of her neighbor—a story he stuck to as long as he remained in Madrid. The uproar continued, unfortunately all but drowning out an important answer that Sharaa gave to a succeeding question on a Golan settlement. "If Israel withdrew and implemented the U.N. resolutions, and there had to be demilitarized zones," he said, "then this must apply to the two sides equally so that we might have a balanced peace, whereby neither party was left with its dignity impaired as a consequence of security arrangements." I had heard conciliatory statements like this from Syrians speaking on background in Damascus, but I could not remember ever hearing anything so explicit conveyed as official policy. It seemed a promising sign for Syrian-Israeli talks, if anyone had bothered to listen.

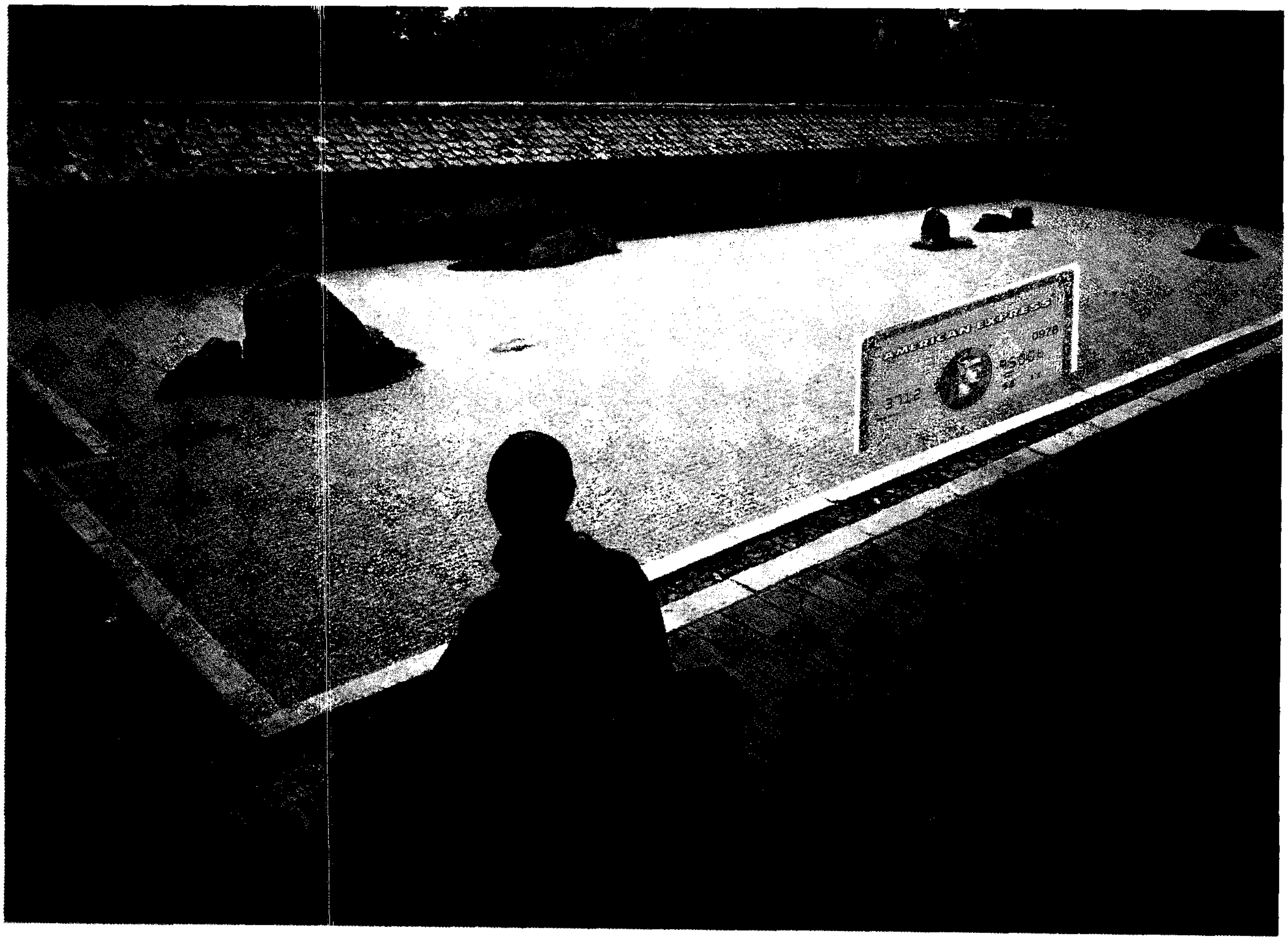
The end of the speeches in the Hall of Columns on Friday afternoon offered the first break in the proceedings since the start of the conference, and gave me an opportunity to talk with an old friend from the Palestinian delegation. He told me his people had decided that, no matter what the Syrians did, they would meet with Israel in the bilaterals on Sunday. On this issue, he said, there was total agreement not only between the Jordanian and the Palestinian delegates but between the representatives of the occupied territories and the P.L.O. leadership, in Tunis, with whom there had been regular contact. "Sharaa is really screwing us," he said. "He fell into Shamir's trap the way Saddam Hussein fell into Bush's trap last year. He should not have lost his head and discarded his original speech. He should also have spoken in English. Shamir did, and Sharaa speaks English better. His audience is not just the Arabs; he should be addressing the world. Sharaa could have had an impact in the United States. He could also have had an impact in Israel. Sooner or later, the differences in this conference will have to be resolved by an Israeli election, and his excesses did us a lot of damage with the Israeli electorate."

Eve Olitsky

Sharaa had been hinting that he would fly home before the bilaterals, and my friend told me that the Palestinian delegation planned to meet with him that evening at six o'clock to try to change his mind. As things worked out, the Palestinians met with the Syrians not only on Friday evening but through most of Saturday in the effort to turn them around. King Fahd, Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, King Hussein, and Yasir Arafat were all reported to have phoned President Assad in Damascus on Saturday to urge him not to wreck the conference, and Baker, though he took some time off to play golf, returned to the grindstone for another round of meetings with the delegations, including several hours with Sharaa. The mood had been considerably worsened by Israel's air and artillery attacks that week on Lebanon; the Lebanese appealed to Baker to attempt to halt the attacks, and the Syrians accused Israel of trying to abort the peace process. The Israelis dismissed the protests, claiming that the attacks were legitimate retaliation for recent terrorism, but they nonetheless scaled back their bombardments on Saturday. Still, when Sunday arrived the situation in Madrid remained extremely tense, with no one certain whether or not the Syrians planned to show up for the talks.

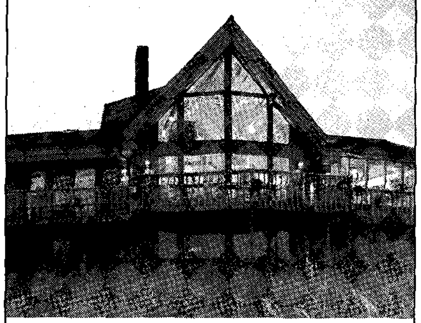
ABOUT a quarter to ten on Sunday morning, a motorcade carrying a six-man Israeli delegation led by

© 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.


AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712
0978

You are free of bankcard debt
and the eternity of revolving interest payments.
Your financial life is under control.
You are calm.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.



A CUT ABOVE.

The Lindal Planbook is the largest ever offered! And it's all you need to make your custom home a cut above in every detail. Custom plans, design tips, planning grids and over 500 color photographs for just $15.00! And get the video for just $10.00 more. Write, or call toll free and use MasterCard or Visa.

800-426-0536

Lindal Cedar Homes

P. O. Box 24426, Dept. AYD, Seattle, WA 98124.

GUARDIAN ANGEL
Pendant or Tac Pin

Actual Size
Gift Boxed

Pendant
18" Necklace Included
Sterling - $35.00
14K Gold - $195.00

Tac Pin
Sterling - $30.00
14K Gold - $165.00

To watch over you or someone you love

Royal Castings of America
©1990

PPD VISA/MC
1-800-236-3007

P.O. Box 09991
Milwaukee, WI 53209

Mon. thru Fri. 8 AM to 4:30 PM, CST

The Adams Family's

Cartwright Hotel

San Francisco

We've renovated!

Our little hotel is better than ever. We've transformed it into a home. Antiques, robes, fresh flowers, afternoon tea. Unbeatable location.

$99 to $160

(800) 227-3844

One block from Union Square

Elyakim Rubinstein, the Secretary of the Israeli Cabinet, pulled up to the entrance of the Palacio de Parcent, an annex of the Spanish Ministry of Justice, on a narrow street called the Calle de San Bernardo, in downtown Madrid. After several minutes, another motorcade arrived, carrying a delegation of five Palestinians and five Jordanians, headed by Abdul-Shafi and Dr. Abdul Salam al-Majali, the chief Jordanian negotiator. The Palacio, a three-story, Baroque-style building, newly painted beige and white, was heavily guarded by uniformed troops of the Guardia Civil, holding automatic weapons. A dozen of them stood at attention on the sidewalk in front of the building; several more manned a heavy machine gun on top of an armored personnel carrier parked at the side; still more peeked out from behind the shutters or stood on the balconies of the Palacio's windows. The sky was overcast, the temperature mild. Residents of the neighborhood, some carrying groceries, a few with dogs on leashes, strolled past, keeping to the middle of the street. A crowd of reporters was held at a distance of some thirty feet by amiable policemen and by portable barricades lining the sidewalk on the other side.

At the same time, a second Israeli delegation, under Yosef Ben-Aharon, the director-general of the Prime Minister's office, was sitting in a conference room at the Palacio de Viana, a mile or two away, on the Calle Duque de Rivas. Neither there, where the Syrians were expected, nor at the Edificio del Instituto Nacional de Industria, on the Plaza Marqués de Salamanca, the site selected for the Lebanese, did any Arabs arrive to talk with the Israelis. The Israeli delegations at the two sites waited for about fifteen minutes—Netanyahu later amended it to half an hour—and then returned to their hotel. Shortly afterward, the Israelis released a statement under Netanyahu's name, saying, "Frankly, we are dumbfounded and dismayed by this apparent intransigence and inflexibility. We have been waiting a very long time to launch these bilateral talks. We agreed on the ground rules. We cannot understand why the Syrians and the Lebanese insist on breaking them. We came here to negotiate peace. We hope they'll pick up on that and get on with the business of bilateral talks." That night, an American official, without excusing the Syrians, told me that the Israelis had been grandstanding. He said the Syrians had phoned the American delegation at about nine-fifteen Sunday morning to say that neither they nor the Lebanese would be attending the bilaterals. An American promptly notified the Israelis, before the departure of their motorcades, but the Israelis left anyway, to scoop up a few chips in the game of public relations.

Just before noon, a Syrian representative passed out photocopies of a handwritten release at the press center. In opaque English, it said, "The Syrian delegation noted with surprise after its arrival to Madrid that Israel insists on moving the venue of the bilateral talks into the region, and on confining these talks to this subject and nothing else, since this is an unacceptable position. As the Syrian delegation has come to Madrid fully empowered to participate in the conference and the ensuing bilateral talks about substantive subjects of peace, it will concentrate on these subjects only." About half an hour later, a supplementary release, written in the same hand, was issued, saying, "Some news agencies have reported that the Syrian delegation will not attend the bilateral talks. The news have no truth, they are part of maneuvering aimed at distorting the Arab position. The Syrian delegation will participate in the bilateral talks according to the basis and time agreed upon with the co-sponsors. The Syrian delegation is in Madrid since five days for this purpose."

After consultations with Syrians in the press office, reporters deciphered these documents to mean that Sharaa would meet with the Israelis but would refuse to negotiate about the site of future talks and would instead move directly to a discussion of the Golan Heights. As for when and where such a meeting would take place, the only possible conclusion was that the day's drama of the bilaterals was not yet over.

It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon—after five hours together—

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

With audio and video recordings by SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™– professors most admired by America's students. Produced in cooperation with THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION Resident Associate Program.

A new venture, The Teaching Company, is searching America's leading colleges and universities for SuperStar Teachers™—professors whose lecture courses are rated highest by the students themselves in independent course evaluation guidebooks.

In cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program, top-rated professors thus identified are being brought to Washington, D.C., where their famous lecture courses are delivered before rapt audiences and recorded in audio and video.

Each taped lecture series is a condensed eight-lecture version of the professor's one-semester course in the subject.

Audience reactions at the taping sessions have been ecstatic. Written evaluations included comments like, *"I didn't want it to end!"* and *"Had me on the edge of my seat!"*

Here are the courses now available for enjoyment in your living room or car, or while exercising, commuting, or taking your daily walk.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES.

Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A critical encounter with important views of the human condition as discussed in the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche and Freud. *"It will change your life."*—Duke University Teacher / Course Evaluation Book.
Course No. AI-B469. Audio or Video.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND: AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY.

Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. *"The man is incredible..."*—Yale Student Evaluations.
Course No. RP-B639. Audio or Video.

A MODERN LOOK AT ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION.

Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. A panoramic view of the art, history, and literature of the astonishing ancient civilization that has had such a profound effect on the development of the entire Western world. Student consensus in campus guidebook: *"Superlatives, superlatives, superlatives!"*
Course No. AI-B421. Video only.

POETRY: A BASIC COURSE.

Allen Grossman, Ph.D., Paul E. Prosswimmer Professor of Poetry and General Education, Brandeis University. Honored in 1989 as a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellow. If you've never had the experience of a brilliant teacher leading you into the shadowy depths of a great poem, this course will be a revelation.
Course No. LI-B270. Audio only.

POWER OVER PEOPLE: CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY.

Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science, Barnard College / Columbia University. The impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, Gandhi. The Columbia-Barnard Course Guide said about Professor Dalton's lectures: *"It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."*
Course No. AI-B448. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. As an accomplished actor as well as teacher, Professor Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority... and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for the meanings often hidden to us by three centuries of changes.
Course No. LI-B263. Audio or Video.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND.

Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. Foundations laid by great 17th century thinkers: Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Newton, Pascal. *"Makes history come alive!"*—student guidebook.
Course No. AI-B453. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MANKIND: COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS.

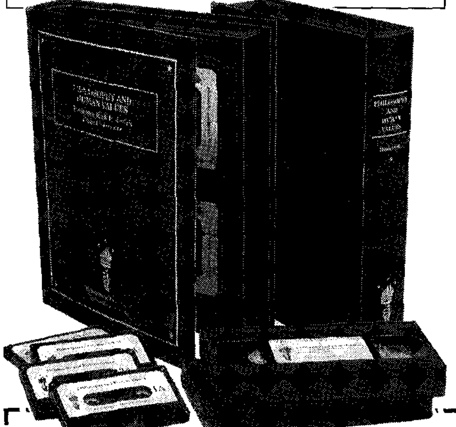
Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8AM in the dead of the New Hampshire winter—and was always full!
Course No. RP-B616. Audio or Video.

To order, mail coupon below or call

1-800-832-2421

Ask for Operator 268.

FAX: 1-703-528-7510



★ OUR NEWEST ADDITIONS ★

HEROES, HEROINES AND THE WISDOM OF MYTH.

S. Georgia Nugent, Ph.D., Professor, Classics Department, Brown University. With a searing wit and warm vitality, this professor gives you a startling and unique new understanding of myth plus a reawakened interest in the legends that haunt our dreams. You'll examine the invention of sexuality, learn how different myths addressed the notions of womanhood. *"Her lectures were masterpieces..."* —Brown student evaluations.
Course No. RP-B640. Audio or Video.

IS ANYONE REALLY NORMAL? PERSPECTIVES ON ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Drew Westen, Ph.D., Department of Psychiatry, Harvard University; recipient of University of Michigan's Golden Apple Teaching Award. In these fast-paced lectures, Dr. Westen explains, contrasts and integrates the contributions of Freudian analysis and cognitive / behavioral psychology in light of their most rigorous test: explaining and healing mental disorders. **Course No. RP-B658. Audio or Video.**

SHAKESPEARE AND THE VARIETIES OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College, and Dennis Huston, Ph.D. Professor of English, Rice University. A first for us. Two of America's greatest teachers, as *"dueling profs"*, take you on an unforgettable journey through the world of the Bard. An electrifying display of intellectual scholarship and theatrical exuberance. **Course No. LI-B264. Audio or Video.**

NIETZSCHE AND THE POST-MODERN CONDITION.

Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. Controversial, unsettling, provocative, the ideas of this 19th century German philosopher challenge scholars even to this day. Now you can examine for yourself those still-debated, irreverent and timely philosophical issues in one of the most intellectually exciting, and accessible, courses on Nietzche ever offered anywhere.
Course No. AI-B417. Audio or Video.

COSMIC QUESTIONS: ASTRONOMY FROM QUARK TO QUASAR.

Robert P. Kirshner, Ph.D., Professor of Astronomy, Chairman of the Astronomy Department, Harvard University. At the cutting edge of current exploration of the origins, age and future of the universe, Dr. Kirshner's lectures take you on a mind-altering journey from the subatomic to the cosmic in search of modern answers to some of our most ancient questions. **Course No. SC-B145. Audio or Video.**

THE TEACHING COMPANY

DEPT. 268 / P.O. BOX 4000 / KEARNEYSVILLE, WV 25430-4000

Please send me the following SuperStar Teachers College Lecture Course(s), each consisting of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

VIDEO PRICES: One course, $149.95. Two courses, $129.95 each. Three or more courses, $109.95 each.
AUDIO PRICES: One course, $89.95. Two courses, $79.95 each. Three or more courses, $69.95 each.

COURSE NO.	AUDIO OR VIDEO?	PRICE
$5 per course, shipping & handling:		
Sales tax if in VA (4.5%):		
TOTAL:		

☐ Check enclosed (to The Teaching Company).
☐ Charge to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

TM

CARD NO: .... EXP. DATE: ....

SIGNATURE ....

NAME .... *PLEASE PRINT*

ADDRESS FOR UPS DELIVERY .... PHONE

CITY & STATE .... ZIP

☐ Check here if you're not ordering now but would like a copy of our catalog with additional information on courses and our Rental Option Program.

DB

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

CLUB MED 1
Free Video Cruise
1-800-CLUB MED

Beverly Bremer Silver Shop
Sterling Silver Matching Service
1-404-261-4009

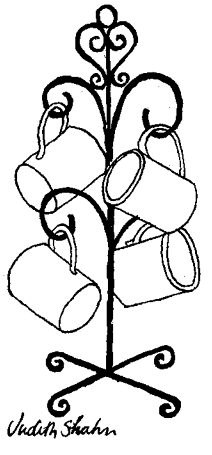
Hotel Intercontinental
New York
212-755-5900
outside of New York City
1-800-327-0200

IWC World Famous Timepieces
For information and a catalogue,
call
International Watch Company
1-800-432-9330

Ascot Chang
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker
Free Brochure
1-800-486-9966

ADVERTISEMENT

that the meeting of the Israelis and the Jordanian-Palestinian delegation at the Palacio de Parcent came to an end. In a move that had been previously agreed on, the delegates shook hands for the cameras as they emerged from the meeting room. Both sides declared that the talks had gone well. Though the question of venue remained unresolved, each side expressed satisfaction that its concerns had been placed on the agenda and been received positively by the other. Soon afterward, in a highly unusual move, the Israeli press office distributed a statement by a Palestinian—Dr. Abdul-Shafi. "The joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation and the Israeli delegation met today, to start direct negotiations on the basis of Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338," he said. "The talks were held in a good, businesslike atmosphere. Matters discussed included procedural issues of the talks to be held in the future which it is hoped will take place soon. The parties expressed their views on the possible venue of the negotiations. Consultations will continue in this regard, as well as on other matters pertaining to the negotiations." In a postscript, Elyakim Rubinstein endorsed Abdul-Shafi's statement; the endorsement presumably included the reference to Resolutions 242 and 338—the reference that Shamir had failed to make in his opening speech.



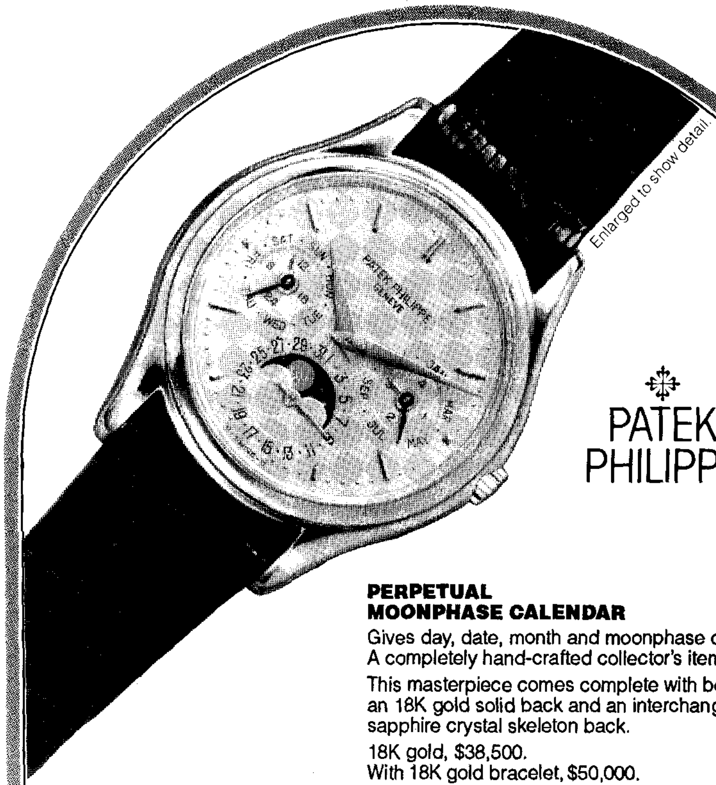
On Sunday evening, Ashrawi and Netanyahu spoke for the last time from the rostrum at the press center. If Netanyahu's demeanor was upbeat, Ashrawi's was exultant. She declared that further progress in Israeli-Palestinian talks would not be stalled by any barriers to the Israel-Syria negotiations, and said she expected a prompt resumption of the bilaterals, probably two or three weeks hence. She emphasized the importance of Israel's halting the construction of settlements, but she added that the issue would not be at the top of the agenda of any future meeting. Netanyahu, for his part, noted how important it was that the Jordanian-Palestinian delegation had taken a course of its own, saying that a unified Arab position obscured the differences in the problems that Israel faces with each of its neighbors. He repeated Israel's familiar claims to the occupied territories, but he maintained that his government intended to go on with the talks in "a spirit of reconciliation and flexibility." Netanyahu, too, called for a resumption of the bilateral talks as soon as possible.

Baker was at the rostrum in the press center when the Syrians and the Lebanese rolled up to the door of the Palacio de Parcent for their separate but simultaneous bilateral talks with the Israelis. It was by now well after 10 P.M., and the Secretary, who planned to return to the United States to attend the opening of the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library with President Bush the next day, had put off his departure until the meetings began. A few hours before, Baker had expressed concern on NBC's "Meet the Press" that the talks might not begin for another day or two. Speaking during a break, but overheard by reporters and recorded on camera, he departed from his usual imperturbability to exclaim in exasperation, "God, it's incredible what they can argue about!" When a reporter at the briefing in the press center asked him if the Syrians had broken any commitments in holding out for so long, he answered, "I absolutely do not think that President Assad, in any way or to any extent, broke any commitment. I take note of the fact that Syrians and Israelis are sitting down face-to-face, beginning at ten-twenty Sunday night, which is four days after the opening of the conference. . . . I believe that when they tell us that this represents a historical change in their policy approach, we have no reason to disbelieve that. . . . What looks to us, perhaps, like insignificant little issues of procedure or modalities can be very, very large issues to the parties who are involving themselves in this process." Baker emphasized that, notwithstanding the procedural wrangling, the peace process had achieved a "breakthrough" with the start of the bilaterals that day.

Baker announced that he would not stay in Madrid for reports on the Israelis' meetings with the Syrians and the Lebanese but would fly home immediately after the briefing, leaving Assistant Secretary Edward Djerejian in charge. Baker's schedule over the ensuing two weeks was to take him from California to Rome, the Netherlands, and then the Far East. When a questioner expressed some concern that, considering his crucial personal role as mediator, his absence might jeopardize the peace process, Baker replied, "I expect to be able to take calls and discuss things on the telephone and deal with our experts and any representative of any of the parties that wants to get in touch with me. . . . We are in constant communication, and we have no trouble talking to anybody in any part of the world."

The Israeli-Lebanese meeting broke up after midnight, with both sides reporting the session as satisfactory, but it was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the Israelis and the Syrians parted, deliberately avoiding handshakes. Only the Israelis stopped to talk to waiting reporters, and, to judge from their grins, they were pleased with the outcome. But Ben-Aharon, the chief delegate, characterized the session as a disaster. Even the coffee breaks were unpleasant, he said. He declared that the Syrians were unwilling to focus on anything but the return of the Golan Heights. They would not talk about venue, and would not entertain the notion of staying in touch with the Israelis directly, much less receiving them in Damascus. Ben-Aharon described the meeting as a source of frustration. "Baker met with the Syrians for nine hours in Damascus—we were lucky and met only half as long," he quipped. He left no doubt, however, that the bilaterals would continue and that Israel intended to meet with the Syrians again.

Late Monday morning, after the conference was officially over, Sharaa held a briefing for the press at the Ritz Hotel, where the Syrian delegation was staying. He seemed calm, relaxed, and determined to make a better impression this time, and he had the hotel serve tea and coffee to the reporters. Though he gave no ground to the Israelis, he used moderate language, free of boasts, threats, and fulmination. Referring to the meeting the night before, he said, "The equation in our region is very clear: land *and* peace; that is, land for peace. The Syrian delegation talked about both. The Israeli delegation dropped the land, kept it under the feet of their soldiers, and spoke empty words about peace only . . . . The Israelis are happy when



Enlarged to show detail.

PATEK PHILIPPE

PERPETUAL MOONPHASE CALENDAR
Gives day, date, month and moonphase dial.
A completely hand-crafted collector's item.
This masterpiece comes complete with both an 18K gold solid back and an interchangeable sapphire crystal skeleton back.
18K gold, $38,500.
With 18K gold bracelet, $50,000.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.

"I BRING NATURE INTO MY BATH."

Comfort your mind and body.
Choose from ten herbal blends:

ROSEMARY for waking up the system, HOPS a calming bath at bedtime, MEADOW BLOSSOM a pick-up bath after work, MELISSA gently soothing the senses, JUNIPER for unwinding after sport, SPRUCE and PINE to help lift the spirits, LAVENDER to combat fatigue, LINDEN and ORANGE BLOSSOM becalming and relaxing, CAMOMILE a gentle bath for the skin, EUCALYPTUS when the cold season comes.

Available at fine drug and health stores, beauty supply houses and cosmetic counters. For more information or to order directly, write: KNEIPP Corp. of America, Valmont Industrial Park, 675 Jaycee Drive, West Hazleton, PA 18201.

Kneipp®
Herbal Baths & Shower Gels
Kneipp-Werke of Würzburg / Germany
A hundred years of experience and tradition
1891 1991

SEASON'S GREETINGS
Bernard Schoenbaum

you talk about what they want to talk about. . . . As long as the talk is about one part of the equation, there will be no progress toward peace. . . . We're ready to talk about everything, because we want real peace, and we have done all that we could at this conference, but I must admit that some of our delegates thought the Israelis were wasting our time."

Asked whether Syria would return for further talks, Sharaa said, "There is a worldwide expectation for this conference. What I found positive is the international interest in peace in our region, in seeing the process succeed. Have you ever seen a conference with so much interest all over the world? I think that this is a driving force that should never stop. I also know that the Israelis as a people desire peace; Israel is a special place where the government is more hawkish, more intransigent than its people. These are reasons why we will work to resume the bilateral talks, and we are waiting for the co-sponsors to come up with proposals for the next venue."

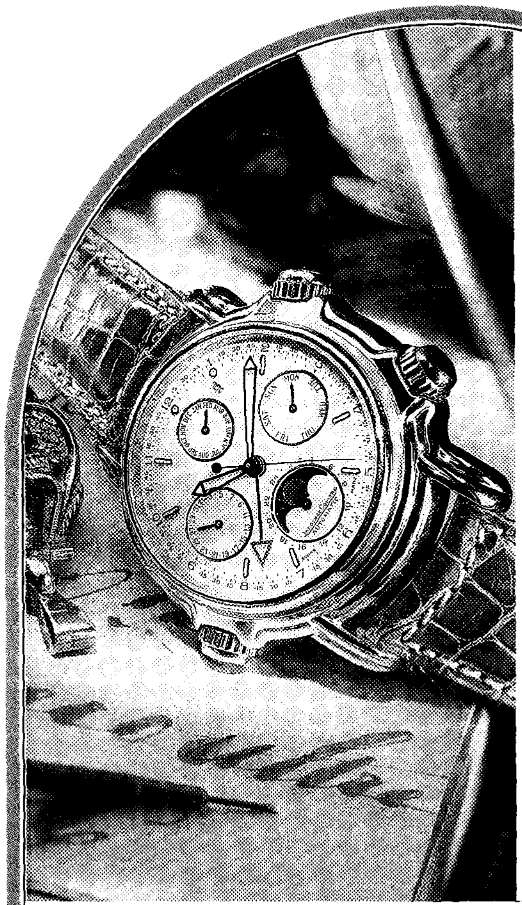
COMPARED with the frenetic pace of the previous days, Monday was a day of repose in Madrid. By midday, some delegates had packed and gone home, but others stayed on, to catch their breath and to savor their experiences with one another. Since the big story was over, the press center had closed, and most of the journalists had left or were on their way to the airport. The focus of what activity there was had shifted to the hotels where the remaining delegates were staying. Security around them was still heavy—especially at the Victoria, where concern about assassination threats against the Palestinians had only marginally dissipated. Still, reports from the occupied territories of enthusiastic demonstrations in support of the Madrid conference, with young men and women carrying olive branches rather than stones, had left the Palestinian delegates feeling less vulnerable. For me, Monday was the last day to talk to people who were normally available only in the Middle East, and whom the crammed schedule of the conference had kept elusive all week.

"I see Madrid as a triumph of the *intifada*," Faisal al-Husseini, the leader of the Palestinian delegation, said. "It is a huge popular victory, and all the people of the occupied territories share it. We still have serious problems to settle with the Israelis. When I get home, I must go around the territories to tell people their expectations must not be too high, as they were when the *intifada* began. But I must also work to keep up the momentum that we have gained here. Hamas"—a major Islamic fundamentalist organization—"and the Popular Front, all of the rejectionists, have been thrust aside by the popular movement. But, for myself and my family, we must still worry about our lives. The danger is not so much from organizational power as from individuals who cannot be controlled—from Israeli extremists in the settler movement and Arab extremists who want to keep fighting Israel. As a Palestinian leader, I cannot have Israeli security guards protecting me, and the Israelis will not permit Palestinians to carry weapons to protect me. I'd be in favor of protection from the United Nations, particularly for my wife and our children. But it is good that we are going back in triumph. The danger would have been much greater had we failed here."

I also found Nabil Shaath at the Victoria. A close associate of Yasir Arafat's, Shaath was the secret liaison between P.L.O. headquarters in Tunis and the Palestinian delegation in Madrid. A large, round-faced man who talks volubly, he had been unhappy at having to maintain a low profile during the week, but it was considered prudent not to rub the noses of the Israelis in the P.L.O. presence. Now, in the Victoria lobby, he was feeling jubilant, and was more than willing to talk. "It is obvious that there have been shifts in the role of the occupied territories within the structure," he said in response to a question I asked about the rearrangement of power within the P.L.O. "Since the *intifada*, there has been a reformulation of relationships, with concomitant tensions. This isn't new in the history of the P.L.O. There was a similar shift when the organization had to move from Jordan to Lebanon, in 1971, and when it moved from Lebanon to Tunis, in 1982. At one time, the centerfold player of our movement was the guerrilla with the Kalashnikov. Then it became the young kid in the streets of the occupied territories throwing stones. Now it is shifting to sombre political operatives like Faisal Husseini and his contemporaries in the territories. The emphasis of the movement is no longer armed struggle. Now we are moving into diplomacy, with less reliance on the Arab countries—whom we have not been able to count on—and more on ourselves. The rejectionists—George Habash, Nayaf Hawatmeh, Ahmad Jibril, Abul Abbas—are dinosaurs, relics of another era. Faisal represents the rejuvenation of the P.L.O. We are ready now for the era of diplomacy."

The Israelis were dispersing quickly when I reached the Princesa Husa Hotel, near the Plaza de España. David Kimche, a shadowy figure who has a long history in diplomacy and the secret service, was just checking out, but he agreed to sit down and talk with me about the willingness of Israel's right-wing government to make peace. "Shamir knows that the mood in Israel is for peace," he said. "Of course, he doesn't want to give up any territory. Greater Israel is his overriding interest. He still thinks he can move toward peace without giving up any territory. But he also knows he can't stand still. Israel won't let him, and the rest of the world won't let him. Remember that Shamir is tough. He is tougher, less sentimental, than Begin was. He has spent his life among right-wingers, but he will take them on if he thinks he has to, and he'll beat them. Shamir knows that what has happened here is irreversible. Having Syria's top diplomats sitting alone with Israelis—that in itself took us light-years forward. There will be lots of tactical shifts, crises, and interruptions, but we can never go back, and Shamir knows that."

After I left Kimche, I met an old friend, a wise Israeli journalist, in a hall of the hotel. He was on his way to catch a plane. I grabbed him by the shoulders and said, "Nahum, you can't go until you tell me if it's going to happen," and he answered, "Shamir is in an Oriental bazaar, and you know what it's like in an Oriental bazaar. You go in without any intention of buying a lamp, and the merchant says to you, 'Just give me a bid on this lamp. You don't have to buy it.' And

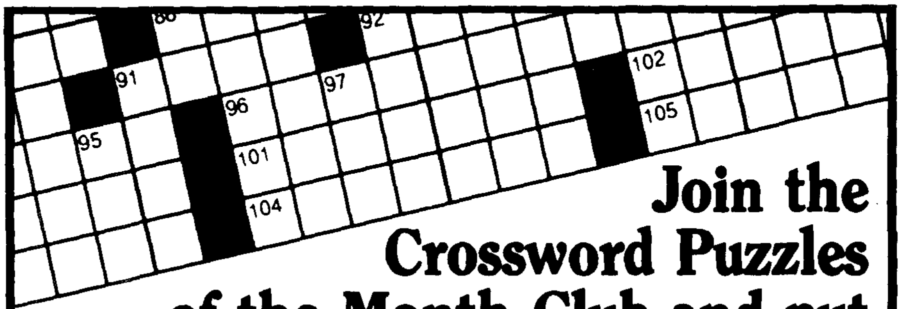


JAEGER-LECOULTRE
GENEVE

LE GRAND REVEIL
A SMALL MIRACLE!
A true clock-bell alarm set in a perpetual calendar wristwatch. The complex mechanism displays the hour, minute, second, day, month, date, year and moonphase with no adjustment until the year 2100. Mechanical sonorous alarm. Only a limited few can be handcrafted each year. A collective work of mechanical, acoustical and artistic skills in 18K gold, $22,500.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED **(212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.**



Join the Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club and put your crossword skills to the test!

Become a member and receive five challenging new puzzles (and their solutions) every month! Edited by the noted crossword puzzle expert Henry Hook, these are not reprints, but *original, full-size* puzzles with the same degree of difficulty as those in the Sunday New York Times!

Perfect for holiday gift giving – it's the gift that lasts all year!
Send us the names and addresses on your gift list and we'll send you elegant gift cards to present during the holidays. Then we'll start their gift membership with the new January 1992 puzzles! An entire year's worth is just $29.95. (We pay all the postage.) Mail us your gift list – or sign up for yourself – today! Send check or money order to:

Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club
5311 Fleming Court
Dept. 287
Austin, Texas 78744

Or call toll-free:
1-800-433-4386
and charge it to your MasterCard or Visa — *24 hours a day, 7 days a week.*
Your satisfaction is guaranteed.
©1991, CPMC

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES
1·800·447·6553

Timely Information

Special Promotions

Retail Location

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

Brooks Brothers presents "The Art of Giving"
An evening of private holiday shopping at our Madison Avenue store Wednesday, December 11, 1991.
For event details:
30112

Beef Industry Council Cartoon Contest
Here's your chance to win a catered beef dinner for 10 in your own home! Enter the Beef Industry Council and Beef Board's caption-the-cartoon contest.
For more information:
30107

Regatta Sport
A collection of superior quality men's and women's sportswear for today's casual lifestyles.
For more information:
30103

The Teaching Company
College course lectures on audio and video tape, by professors rated highest in independent student course evaluations at top universities. History, literature, psychology, etc.
For a free catalog:
30101

The Ritz-Carlton
For those who can't get enough of the sun... spend a few shining moments with us.
Palm Beach, Naples, Amelia Island
For further information:
30109

ADVERTISEMENT

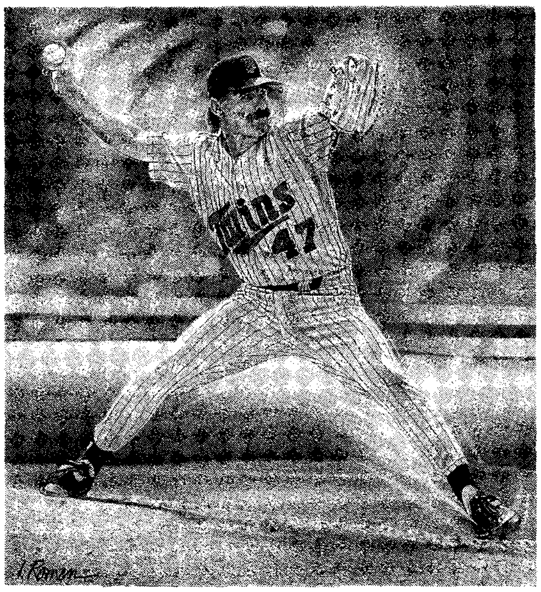
so you bid, and then you start bargaining, and before long you're going home with a lamp. Shamir hasn't changed about the territories. He'll never change. He doesn't trust the Arabs. He doesn't trust the goyim. And he trusts very few Jews. But he's smart enough to know when he has to give in. He'll take the lamp anyway, and tell Israelis they're lucky that he got them such a great bargain."

I was on my way to the airport myself the next day, and arranged to stop at the Israeli Embassy, which is on the top floor of an office building on one of Madrid's principal shopping streets. I went to call on the Ambassador, Shlomo Ben-Ami, who was a member of Shamir's delegation, though he had been appointed by a Labor government. It seemed to me that he might offer a fresh perspective—especially since, as I knew, he was about to retire. "In Israel, we need a sociopolitical earthquake to make peace," said Ben-Ami, a small, dapper man in an ambassadorial dark-blue suit. "But we need negotiations to get the earthquake started. Morally, Israel was shaken by the *intifada*, and if the Arabs understood Israeli society well enough to send a message of peace they would get peace. But you must remember that Shamir, too, is tempted by peace. He wants peace on his own terms, it is true. But if he can't get his own terms he'll find it hard not to take what he can get. The momentum is there. It's in the air. It is pushing him. He is on a slippery slope—and that, of course, is the hope of the left and the fear of the right in Israel. The settlers' movement distrusts Shamir. It believes he will betray them, as Begin did in the Sinai, and maybe he will. The settlers would prefer a Labor government, which they could intimidate, because, in the end, Shamir is strong enough to take them on, and he'll carry an Israeli majority with him. As violent as Arab-Israeli history is, the precedents are in favor of peace. Whenever we have talked with the Arabs in the past, we have, with help from outside, reached agreement—in Rhodes in 1949, at Kilometre 101 after the Yom Kippur War, in Kissinger's disengagement talks in 1974 and 1975, and with Carter, after Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, in 1977. If we and the Arabs are patient, we will come up with something."

—MILTON VIORST

THE SPORTING SCENE

NINETY FEET



WHERE to begin? The World Series just past was played out to the full distance with tenacity and courage, and with so many adventures and crises and crushing disappointments strewn across its vast plain of innings that any account of it will seem to skirt hyperbole, and must also touch upon the unique feelings of pleasure and sadness and gratitude that it left with its emotional, hankie-waving or axe-chopping crowds and with audiences at home. Baseball fans and people who follow sports only idly were equally caught up in the drama at the end, simultaneously wanting it over (because of the closeness and anxiety of the games) and wanting it never to end (because of the fun, and because it had become clear by the end that neither team deserved to lose). The frazzled champions, the Minnesota Twins, and the exhausted and heartbroken Atlanta Braves—who went down at last, after surrendering the game's only run, in the tenth inning of the finale—were barely known to us before their postseason meetings began, yet by the end they felt almost like family, and we didn't want to let them go. Each of these teams had been a last-place finisher a year ago, and in winning its pennant each had achieved a reversal of fortune previously unrecorded in the pastime. In spite of the soapy, "Days of Our Lives" familiarity of the Braves, attributable to their long run as a staple of owner Ted Turner's TBS cable system, and in spite of some remaining memory of the Twins' tenure as World Champions in 1987, neither team could be called famous—until now. Neither presented a lineup of massively salaried superstars, and neither came into the Series trailing a team notoriety achieved by famous bygone success or haunting failure or flamboyant personality. (They were not the Dodgers, or the Yankees, or the Cubs, or the Mets, or the Red Sox, I mean.) Once the Series got under way and its quality was established (it was visible very quickly, in fact), the players and the games felt refreshing, almost innocent—a wonderful new show, free of the distractions of celebrity and cynicism and preconception. Friends and colleagues of mine have told me that they followed the play in almost gingerly fashion at first—who *were* these guys?—and were surprised to find themselves caring about what was going on. When they came back for another night, they were caught. The commercials almost killed them, they said, and so did the late hours and the sentimental hyping of the event and the dreary unspontaneousness of the homer hankies and the foam-rubber tomahawks, but they loved the baseball and felt connected to the young strangers who were playing it. I felt the same way.

Of the fifty players who saw action, only the Twins' Kirby Puckett, Kent Hrbek, and Jack Morris and the Braves' Lonnie Smith and, perhaps, Terry Pendleton were of sufficient celebrity to be recognizable from the beginning of this Series, but in no time, it seemed, a dozen or so others had imprinted their faces and mannerisms and skills on our memory: Chuck Knoblauch, the blocky, square-jawed Twins rookie second baseman, smoothly serving another wrong-sided poke into right field; Mark Lemke, his half-pint counterpart, collaring a tough bounce and pausing an instant—nothing to it, guys—before getting off his throw to first; Scott Leius, a Roman legionary in profile, slashing and missing at the plate, and then burning the pitcher with his glare; Scott Erickson, tall on the mound, with his black glove masking his face like an assassin's cloak; Steve Avery, staring in for the sign with pale impassivity and then twisting away as his arms and front leg shoot up into the motion; the seamed Dan Gladden, a leftover Deadhead, perhaps, with his yellow locks streaming out from under his helmet as he skids into second ahead of the throw; and so on, right down to the apprehensive but tickled Jerry Willard, a dress extra if there ever was one, coming up for the at-bat of a lifetime and preparing just possibly to put his own mark on the history of these games. Other World Series have produced bravura performances from unexpected heroes—Al Gionfriddo, Dusty Rhodes, Al Weis, Gene Tenace, Brian Doyle, et al.—but this was different. These innings were so tough and so stretched that it felt as if the players were fighting for their lives out there, while we, the watchers, winced at the difficulties that held and squeezed them.

Games and series have their own personalities, to be sure, and these were lean and exigent above all. Five of the seven games were settled by the margin of one run, with three of the runs coming home on the last swing of the bat. Three games went into extra innings, and two were resolved, on successive nights, in the bottom of the last inning; both times, the run was scored on a play at home plate, with the sliding runner and the lunging, prostrate catcher together looking back at the umpire for the call. The larger pattern was strange as well, with the Twins winning the first two games at their grotesque home court, and the Braves evening matters back in Atlanta, with two breathlessly close games, and then moving out in front in the course of the Series' only blowout—a 14–5 laugher that came as a relief to us all, perhaps even to the Twins, after so many twists of the knife. Back North again, the visiting Braves were one run away from their World Championship for fourteen innings but couldn't bring it home (the Twins

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while *at the same time* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet, If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?* and *The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet.*

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440; in Canada call: 1-800-348-2039, or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NYR
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name__________
Address__________
____
City__________
State__________ Zip_____
Daytime Phone (____) __________

have now won all eight World Series games played at the Metrodome), and that hard end put the last stamp of quality on this World Series. Now that it's over, several friends of mine have seemed impatient for someone to declare that this was the finest Series of all, but I decline the invitation. This "Best Ever" yearning is a recent phenomenon, I believe, and may arise from our preoccupation with network ratings and three-star restaurants, or perhaps from an unspoken sense that too much of what we give our attention to, from politics to sports to fashions, isn't worth the time of day. For me, picking a best World Series does needless damage to others—the 1975 World Series, the 1912 World Series, the 1986 World Series, the 1960 World Series, the 1968 World Series, and so on—and also encourages us to put away the colors and richness of this one by reducing it to a number.

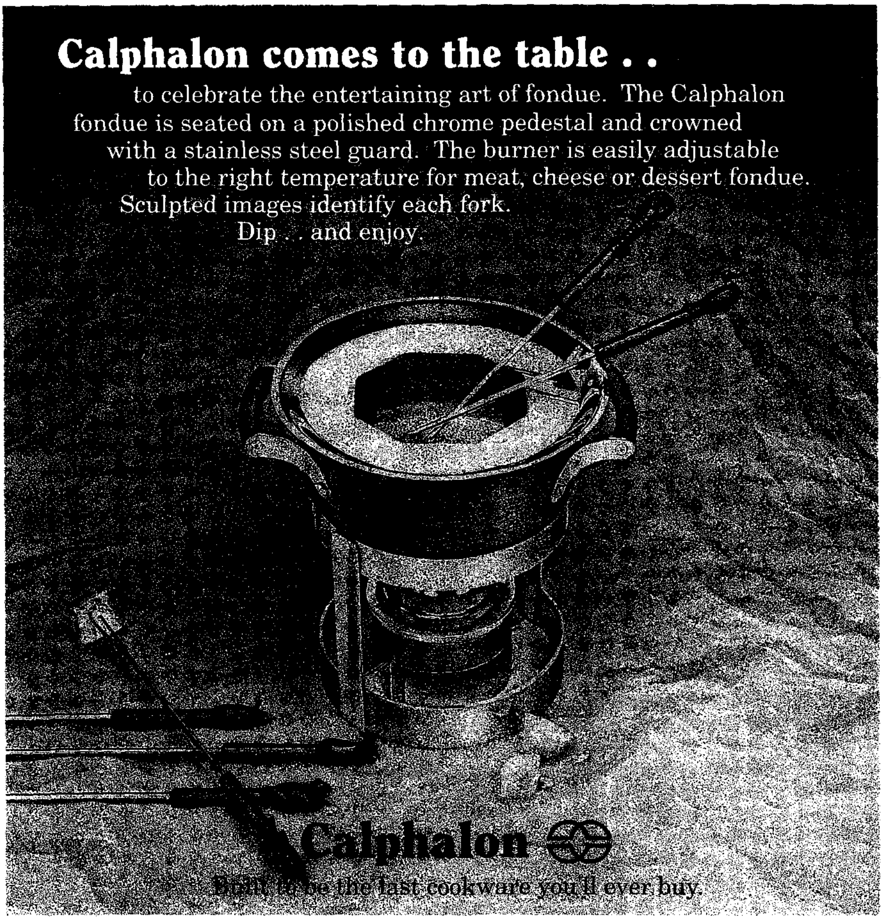
WHATEVER its rank, the pleasures of this 1991 World Series encouraged us not just to draw the veil across a season of flabby pennant competition but also to put aside for the moment our feelings of apprehension about hovering issues and difficulties that now beset the game: the pitching shortage; the talent shortage at all positions at the lower and younger league levels; some strong evidence that baseball holds a diminishing place in the imagination of American fans (I have no polls to prove it, but basketball has clearly become the focus of the most obsessive sports excitement among young people I know, and I can't imagine a ballplayer today whose fame and personality would give rise to the seismic sense of shock across the country that followed the news of Magic Johnson's HIV infection); baseball's blandly stubborn racism, which goes on in spite of pressure and cajolings from the commissioner and the league presidents to drive it out of the game (with the exception of Hal McRae, who took over the Royals' helm in May, no blacks or Hispanics were seriously considered to replace any of the thirteen deposed managers this year, and no blacks or Hispanics have been named to important front-office posts with the two new expansion clubs in the National League); its wildly inflated player salaries; and the uneasiness of its long-range economic outlook. This World Series came along just in time.

The rags-to-riches adventures of the Twins and the Braves, and a corking pennant chase in the National League West (where the Braves and the Dodgers tied for first place or exchanged the lead ten times in the final six weeks, while never being separated by a margin of more than two games), were very much the exception in this baseball summer. Joe Torre's Cardinals, to be sure, picked up fourteen games over their 1990 totals and came home second in their division—fourteen games back of the Pirates. The Tigers' improvement (fifteen games) was unexpected, too, but none of their fans could have been much surprised when the Sparkies at last fell out of the A.L. East race in September (they finished in a tie for second place with the Red Sox, seven games behind the Blue Jays), given their handicap of the worst team batting average in the league, and the third-worst pitching. What kept them up there all that time was two hundred and nine home runs—thirty-two more than the nearest club in either league. A prototypical game for them—delightful and embarrassing in equal parts—was a mid-August affair at Comiskey Park in which they surrendered five home runs to the White Sox (Robin Ventura had a pair, and so did Frank Thomas, who also mashed a triple) but won the thing, 12–9, with four dingers of their own.

Other prime indicators confirm the feeling that this was a season best forgotten—in particular, the abysmal work turned in by the defending-champion Reds, by the three-in-a-row pennant-winning Oakland Athletics, by the Mets, and by the Giants, who all suffered sickening falls out of their upper-story windows. The damage to the Reds came at the hands (or arms) of their starting pitchers, of whom only Jose Rijo (15–6 and 2.51) showed a winning record at season's end. The celebrated Nasty Boys—Rob Dibble, Randy Myers, Norm Charlton—grew more kindly in the bullpen, if not always more rational. Dibble was suspended for throwing a pitch behind a batter's back, and then for irritably flinging a ball into the stands, where it winged a female spectator in the center-field stands; somehow he was merely fined for another fugue—I happened to see this one—in which he fielded a successful bunt by Cub batter Doug Dascenzo and fired the ball at the man's legs as he flew across first base. The Athletics suffered disabling injuries to the left side of their infield and to their prized corps of middle relievers, but there were fewer excuses elsewhere. Rickey Henderson, sulking over his contract, sagged to .268. (He stole fifty-eight bases along the way, including his lifetime No. 939 in May, which eclipsed Lou Brock's old record.) Dave Stewart somehow could not bring himself to pitch inside, where he *lives*, and wound up at 11–11, while the Cy Young incumbent, Bob Welch, went 12–13 this time around. Mark McGwire, frozen into a batting stance that gives him no chance at all against breaking pitches away, batted .201, with twenty-two home runs, and is now facing something like a career tragedy, given his great gifts. The Athletics finished in fourth, eleven games behind the Twins and next to last in team pitching.

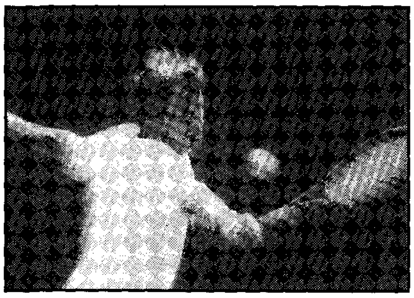
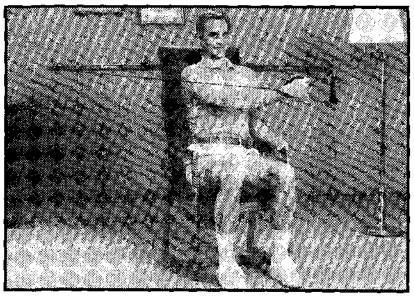
Baseball is the most subjective of all sports for its followers, if only because its kicks and blows can come every day, and it may be that my gloomy view of the recent season has been weighed down by the lugubrious doings of the two teams closest at hand. The Yankees played decently at times in the first half, and their 38–40 record at the All-Star break encouraged Stump Merrill to assume that a .500 season was something both attainable and glorious. But Mattingly fell into a near-catatonic midseason slump, and repeated failures by young starters like Jeff Johnson, Wade Taylor, and Dave Eiland caused Merrill to call upon his bullpen early and far too often. When the pen broke down, the Yanks went into free-fall, and by mid-September, with the team in the process of losing twenty-two of twenty-nine games, nothing about its long-range future seemed clear or even measurable, including the ultimate value of rookie prospects Pat Kelly and Bernie Williams. Merrill, who was being mentioned as Manager of the Year in July, was fired in October, more or less as expected, and replaced by a coach, Buck Showalter. Scott Sanderson, the veteran righty, finished at 16–10, by the way—almost a Cy Young season, in these surroundings.

The Mets news was no better. Sid Fernandez suffered a broken wrist in spring training and a broken-down

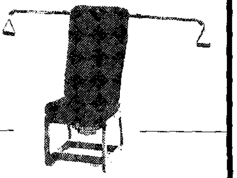

Calphalon comes to the table . .
to celebrate the entertaining art of fondue. The Calphalon fondue is seated on a polished chrome pedestal and crowned with a stainless steel guard. The burner is easily adjustable to the right temperature for meat, cheese or dessert fondue. Sculpted images identify each fork.
Dip . . and enjoy.

Calphalon
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693



Drive your tennis partner crazy!

Game. Set. Match. Discover new power in your game, and gain the advantage of strength with the Nordic Fitness Chair. In only 15 minutes, every other day, you can strengthen and tone your entire body. Take advantage of the Nordic Fitness Chair sports-specific exercises and add speed to your serve and power to your forehand. Call now and try the Nordic Fitness Chair for a 30-day in-home trial. It's brought to you by NordicTrack, a name you've grown to trust in fitness.


NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™

1-800-848-7786 Ext. 825L1

NordicTrack, Dept # 825L1, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, A CML Company. All rights reserved.

THE MoMA BOOK STORE

The Museum of Modern Art

Wonderful gifts for children, including this new volume from RIZZOLI CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

Charles Sullivan
ALPHABET ANIMALS
Rizzoli

ALPHABET ANIMALS
by Charles Sullivan
Whimsical poetry combines with renderings and photographs by twenty-six fine artists to teach the ABCs. 8½ × 11″. 56 pp. Full-color throughout. #27948. Hardcover. $15.95

The MoMA Book Store
11 West 53 Street, New York, NY 10019
Ordering information: (212) 708-9888
Store information: (212) 708-9700
F1231

THE OHIO LIGHT OPERA

James Stuart, Artistic Director
Evan Whallon, J. Lynn Thompson, & Steven Byess, Conductors
"Operetta Gold . . . and comedy gold."
—*OPERA, London*
1992 Season, June 10-Aug. 9
Magdalena
The Brigands
Tom Jones
Die Fledermaus
The Student Prince
The Gondoliers
The Mikado
Founded and Produced by
The College of Wooster
Wooster, Ohio 44691
Call (216) 263-2345 for tickets

PEANUT LOVERS SPECIAL!

The ***biggest*** grade of the ***biggest*** variety peanut in the U.S. Made the old fashioned way - never oily, always fresh! A delicious and ***cholesterol free treat!***

3½ lb. Jumbo Canister of "Home Style" Peanuts
***ONLY* $16.50** *Ppd*
2 for *$31.00 Ppd* • 3 for *$45.00 Ppd*
(specify salted/unsalted).
1-800-334-0492, ext. 609.
MC/Visa/AmEx. Or,send Ck, M.O.
Write for **FREE** Peanut Lover's Brochure!
NUTS D'VINE
Dept. NY4, P.O. 589
Edenton, NC 27932

knee in September. Dave Magadan batted seventy points below his previous season's .328, and Kevin McReynolds trudged through a six-week closing slump without visible emotion. The returning Hubie Brooks, now evidently at the close of his career, hit a few early homers but then fell off to .238—his worst year to date. Vince Coleman, limited to seventy games afield because of injuries, played so poorly that his oft-rumored return from the disabled list was looked on in the clubhouse as still another impending problem for the club. Ron Darling was traded at last (to the Expos, on July 15th; he wound up with the Athletics), thereby ending a two-year period of front-office indecision about his role on the team, but his replacement starter, Wally Whitehurst, was racked six times running, on his way to a 7–12 season. Frank Viola, a paladin in the first half, blew seven straight starts in late summer, and sank to 13–15. Earlier in the summer, he and his agent passed up an offer from the club to renew his expiring contract for three years and twelve and a half million dollars; his value, now that he's a free agent, may be diminished, but who can say, in the present player market? David Cone, tight-faced and inflammable, bounced weirdly back and forth as a starter, untouchable in one turn and unwatchable the next. "I have no *idea* what I'm doing out there some days," he told me in early September. He said he was losing sleep thinking about bad pitches and bad bounces—the sort of thing he'd breezed by when the going was good. He had some better nights after this, in any case: he threw a one-hitter against the Cardinals, and then tied the Steve Carlton–Tom Seaver all-time league record by fanning nineteen Phillies in the final game of the year. He wound up at 14–14, with a league-leading two hundred and forty-one strikeouts (the same as Roger Clemens' total in the A.L.).

But I have put off the worst. The Mets lost twelve out of fourteen games in a two-week stretch that began on July 23rd, and then, after a pause, lost all ten games of a Midwestern swing to Chicago, St. Louis, and Pittsburgh ("the road trip from Hell," someone called it). Doc Gooden shut out the Cards on August 22nd, reported some tightness in his shoulder, and was operated on in early September for torn cartilage and a slight rotator-cuff tear in his pitching arm. This turn of events was discussed in mournful tones and with very long faces in clubhouses and press boxes around both leagues, I noticed; it was a shock to the entire family of baseball. Doc may be back, just possibly at full strength, but the end of this Mets era is now complete. Frank Cashen, the founder of this particular empire—his Mets, despite this year's fifth-place finish, won more games than any other team in baseball over the past eight years—stepped down as chief operating officer and general manager, and was succeeded by Al Harazin. His last manager, Buddy Harrelson, was fired just before the end of the season and replaced, a bit later, by Jeff Torborg, who will be coming off three outstanding years as manager of the White Sox. Harrelson, it has been the view here, was a serious mistake from the first day. An amiable coach (and a terrier Mets shortstop, of course, before that), he looked ill at ease in the higher post, both with the players and with the New York media horde, and as the summer turned sour this inner uncertainty deepened his problems in every aspect of what must be one of the least private jobs in the land.

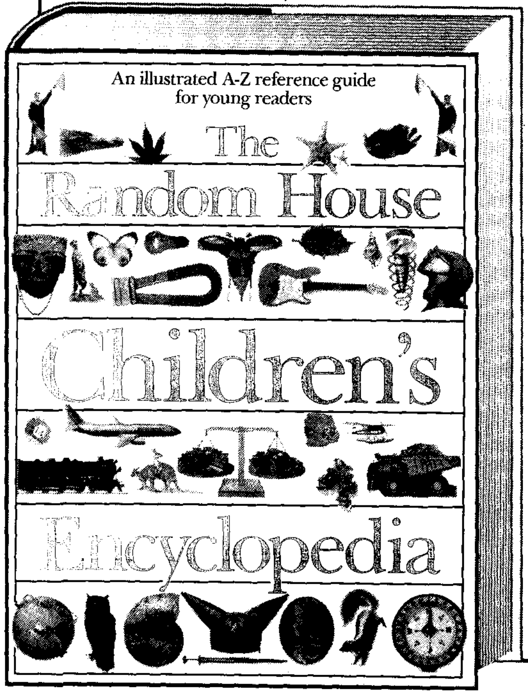
Howard Johnson was another story. While the Mets blew apart, he stood firm; as they got worse, he got better. Hojo's .296, with ten homers and twenty-eight runs batted in, made him the National League's Player of the Month in September, and his full totals of thirty-eight home runs and a hundred and seventeen runs batted in (a club record, by the way) led all comers in his league, as did his thirty-one errors. He never said that some part of this last total might have been attributable to his alternations between third base and shortstop during the Mets' shufflings. He wound up playing right field—an appropriate (and, let's hope, permanent) post for him, since it's closest to the fans.

THE rest of the post-season bulletin board looks scruffy but interesting, with some very familiar A-students high up on the grade sheets once again. Cal Ripken, Jr., played another full season at shortstop for the Orioles—his string of consecutive games has now gone to 1,573, which is about three and a half seasons shy of Lou Gehrig's all-time 2,130—but the streak should not distract us from Ripken's

.323 season, with two hundred and ten hits, forty-six doubles, and thirty-four home runs. His small numbers impress me even more: forty-six strikeouts in six hundred and fifty at-bats, and eleven errors. He was a late candidate in the American League M.V.P. balloting, I suspect, but edged out Cecil Fielder, whose hundred and thirty-three runs batted in led both leagues. Wade Boggs did *not* win the batting title, for a change—his .332 was second to Julio Franco's splendid .341 for the Rangers—but his forty-two doubles (I can almost see each one of them in my mind's eye) put him in good company among the only players to have forty-plus two-baggers at least eight times in a career: Tris Speaker, Harry Heilmann, and Stan Musial. Jose Canseco and Fielder waged a rackety and cheerful competition for the home-run title, winding up with forty-four apiece: the loudest of these, surely, was Cecil's five-hundred-and-twenty-footer against Dan Plesac in Milwaukee on September 14th, which flew into the outer darkness beyond left field, uninterrupted by any part of County Stadium. Roger Clemens slipped to an 18–10 record this year, but his 2.62 earned-run average was best in his league, as were his figures for strikeouts, innings pitched, and shutouts. His Cy Young title was his third. Some other names that turned up among the top ten finishers in various A.L. categories will become much better known to us a year or two from now, I'll bet, including those of Frank Thomas, the thickly muscled second-year White Sox slugger (.318, with thirty-two homers and a hundred and nine R.B.I.s), and Roberto Alomar, the twenty-three-year-old Toronto second baseman (forty-one doubles, eleven triples, fifty-three stolen bases), whom many coaches now consider the brightest young talent in the game.

The National League's numbers were a little light this time around—I don't know why. Terry Pendleton's .319 was good enough to take the batting crown, and the Most Valuable Player award, as well. The wily Dennis Martinez put up a 2.39 earned-run average for the bumbling Expos, and threw a perfect game—only the thirteenth ever—against the Dodgers in July. Another longtimer, Lee Smith, having lost his job with the Red Sox, moved along to the Cardinals and saved forty-seven games, while Tom

A wonder-full gift for that special child


An illustrated A-Z reference guide for young readers
The Random House Children's Encyclopedia

- From the creators of *Eyewitness Books.*
- More than 3,500 dazzling full-color illustrations.
- 250,000 words of up-to-date text.
- Over 2,400 alphabetically-arranged articles.
- Written and checked by experts.
- Unique cross-referencing system.
- Designed to make learning an ongoing adventure.

Just Published. Ages 7-11.
8½ x 11. 644 pages. $60.00,
in full-color gift carton.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Random House

NATIONAL BESTSELLER!

The book that caught the conscience of the nation

BACKLASH

The Undeclared War Against American Women

SUSAN FALUDI

THE PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING JOURNALIST

"Trenchant and passionate."
—Elaine Showalter,
Los Angeles Times Book Review, front page

Front page news from coast to coast

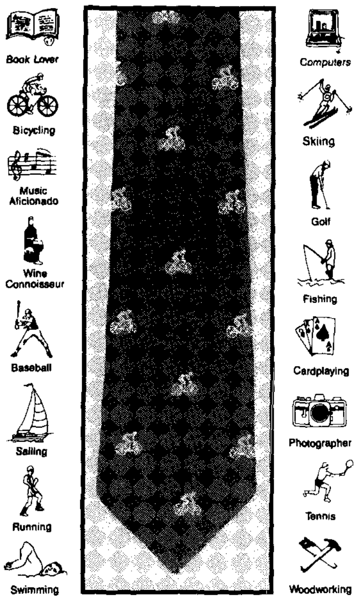
"Invigorating and thorough."
—Ellen Goodman,
New York Times Book Review, front page

$24.00, *now at your bookstore.*
Selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Quality Paperback Book Club

The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP

Give Him The Gift That's Certain To Be His Favorite Tie.

For Christmas & Hanukkah
Birthdays • Or Any Occasion



Delight every man on your gift list with a beautifully woven club tie that shows his favorite sport or hobby in rich jewel-like colors and charming detail. A hand-sewn tie that's *certain to look smart and fun to wear.*

Choose from 16 distinctive designs, specifying a Navy or Burgundy background.

ORDER NOW! Only $19.95 plus $2.75 S & H for 1 tie. Or save: 2 for just $36.95 plus $2.75 S & H. Check, VISA and MasterCard (acct. no. & exp. date) orders accepted.

Call toll free: 1-800-552-TIES, ext. 15.
Send to: Gift Solutions
33 Hawthorne Place
Summit, New Jersey 07901

Your Satisfaction Is Guaranteed

His Favorite Tie® NECKWEAR
The Gift Solution
© Copyright 1991

golf links The Golf Quarterly
Year Subscription: U.S. & Canada – $16 Elsewhere – $18
The perfect Christmas gift for golfers...
fascinating history, fiction, theories, reviews and news.
Write or telephone for a free issue. (502) 695-1035
golf links, 5486 Georgetown Rd., Frankfort, KY 40601

If you love words, you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly. Each interesting issue contains informative, entertaining articles, incisive book reviews, lively correspondence, amusing short bits, and puzzling word games.
$16.50/yr. Visa/MC (800) 999-2266
VERBATIM Post Office Box 78008MN
INDNPLS, IN 46278-0008

Glavine's 20–11 season for the Braves won him the Cy Young honor. There were some other fairish young pitchers at work on the same team—as we kept discovering, at length, in October.

What else? Well, Nolan Ryan notched still another no-hitter—his second in two years and seventh over all. Bo Jackson hit three home runs in the course of twenty-three appearances as a designated hitter for the White Sox late in the year—a very special number, in light of his disabling football injury last winter, when it was widely predicted that he would never again play any sport. Chris James drove in nine runs in one game (for the Indians, against the Athletics), and Carlos Quintana drove in six for the Red Sox—six in one inning, that is. The Expos played ninety-three games on the road, including their last twenty-six in a row—a forced march occasioned when a fifty-five-ton chunk of concrete fell out of the façade of their gloomy old Olympic Stadium, closing the joint for extensive repairs.

Seven no-hit games were pitched in 1991—which, when taken with the nine no-no's recorded last year, already exceeds the total of all the no-hitters rung up in the eighties. Pitching coaches and sports columnists around the leagues have considered this outpouring at length but without reaching any clear conclusion, and some now claim that the explanation may lie outside baseball and within mathematics' law of high numbers. I don't know the answer, but I am prepared to submit some further thoughts to a speculation about no-hitters put forward here a year ago, when I cited the slotlike, very low strike zone now being called by major-league umps, in defense against the chic, down-diving split-finger fastball—a shrinkage that, in turn, deprives the batters of access to the eminently hittable chest-high pitch, which has become a ball. To this I would now add a reminder that very few modern-day hitters appear able to make adjustments up at the plate on a day when things aren't going their way. Retired senior hitters I know have said that their best shot against a Koufax or a Marichal or a Mel Harder or a Sal Maglie always came on their third or perhaps fourth at-bat against him in a game, by which time they had a pretty good idea about what the man was doing out there, and they would shorten up on the bat by a finger's width and hope to rap the pitch into the opposite field, or perhaps inch back or up in the batter's box. Modern-day hitters rarely get to see the same pitcher three times in a game—he's out of there by the sixth or seventh inning, quite likely, with a strong middle-relief specialist in his place, who will give way to the famous closer at the end—and as a result have never taken the trouble to learn how to swing the bat in more than one way. When they discover a Ryan or a Dennis Martinez or some unfamiliar young flinger still at work out there in the eighth and now defending goose eggs, they shrug and step up in the same old manful way and—*wheet!*—they're gone.

THIRTEEN managers were fired this season or shortly after its close—half of the work force, and another record, but one about which there is very little mystery. Baseball's money game continues to spiral out of control, fuelled not only by intense competition for free-agent players in the off-season but by the built-in inflation-lever of salary arbitration, which this year lifted the wages of a hundred and fifty-seven eligible players by a hundred and four per cent. Thirty-two players now earn more than three million dollars a year, and ninety-one more are in the two-million sector; the total paid for all salaries came to six hundred and thirty-one million dollars. And so on. The game is prospering but nervous. This was another record year at the turnstiles, and for the lucrative and growing merchandising side of the game, but the four-year television contracts held by CBS and ESPN have proved to be disastrously overpriced, and no one knows what will happen when they expire after next season. Teams in smaller market areas have the most to fear from a cutback in this revenue, which they share equally with money monsters like the Dodgers and Cubs and Mets. Ownership is also flush with a hundred-and-ninety-million-dollar expansion fee to be shelled out to the existing clubs by the newborn Florida Marlins and Colorado Rockies before they start play in the National League two years hence—with a horrid future cost to the fans in the form of watered-down talent rosters everywhere, and feeble play wherever the strange new clubs take the field.

This is an imperfect gloss on the current economics of the sport, but what is clear is that baseball has become a dead-serious business for all the clubs, because of its apparently uncontrollable overhead. Front-office executives—more and more of whom come to the post from a business rather than a baseball background—now place an understandable but wholly unreasonable premium on winning. The squeeze is inexorable, because there are only four divisional pennants to be handed out in mid-October and but one championship at the end. Everyone understands that luck and injuries (or their lack) and the wholly unpredictable vagaries of competition are the critical ingredients of every campaign, which means that baseball is nothing like other forms of business—if it resembles anything, it might be the movie business—but no one dares admit this. Meanwhile, the managers look like victims even on the day they first have their pictures taken wearing their new team caps, because it is plain that the people on top have no confidence in their own appointments. Coming close, or doing much better at the end of the year, is no longer acceptable. Jim Lefebvre got the can in Seattle after building the Mariners to their first over-.500 finish in the club's fifteen-year history. Tom Trebelhorn went out in Milwaukee (along with general manager Harry Dalton), although his team had just picked up nine games and two places in the standings over 1990. Joe Morgan, the Boston manager, was axed after a three-and-a-half-year tenure during which his Sox, against all expectations, had finished third, tied for second (this year), and twice gone to the playoffs. This was a shocker, for it suggested that what is required in the game now is not just winning but *winning in the right way.* Morgan, who is sixty-one, was very much his own man, and—a rarity in the business—an adult. His successor, Butch Hobson, is forty, and has had success managing in the Red Sox minor-league system. He played football for Bear Bryant at Alabama before his six-year stint as a third baseman with the Sox, and is said to be a famous "motivator." He may bring the Red Sox the World Championship they want so badly, but it remains to be seen how this particular business style will play in the Fenway clubhouse.

Everyone was talking about the

And to all a good meal...
THE COOK'S ROOM
A Celebration of the Heart of the Home
American Gourmet
Classic Recipes, Deluxe Delights, Flamboyant Favorites, and Swank "Company" Food from the '50s and '60s
JANE and MICHAEL STERN
THE COMPLETE BOOK OF GREEK COOKING
THE RECIPE CLUB OF SAINT PAUL'S GREEK ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL
Felipe Rojas-Lombardi
THE ART OF SOUTH AMERICAN COOKING
CLASSICAL TURKISH COOKING
Traditional Turkish Food for the American Kitchen
AYLA ALGAR
STARS DESSERTS
by Emily Luchetti
foreword by Jeremiah Tower
...from HarperCollins

This Holiday Season,
Pretend The Economy Has Recovered.

Dazzling Tennis Bracelet

8 Carats total	$895

Stud Earrings

2 Carat total	$325
3 Carat total	$375
4 Carat total	$425

Solitaire with baguettes

2 Carat	$375
3 Carat	$450
4 Carat	$495

This year your gift giving resourcefulness is especially important. That's why the Wellington Simulated Diamond® makes an ideal gift. Virtually indistinguishable from genuine diamonds, and cut to a full 58 facets, the Wellington Simulated Diamond® is set in the finest 14 or 18 kt. white or yellow gold. You'll agree with over 250,000 of our customers that for all the right reasons, Wellington Jewels are a joy forever.

WELLINGTON JEWELS®
Source of the World's Perfect Simulated Diamond

To order, phone toll free 1-800/424-0100. FREE brochure upon request. Sold exclusively in Wellington stores and by mail order only.

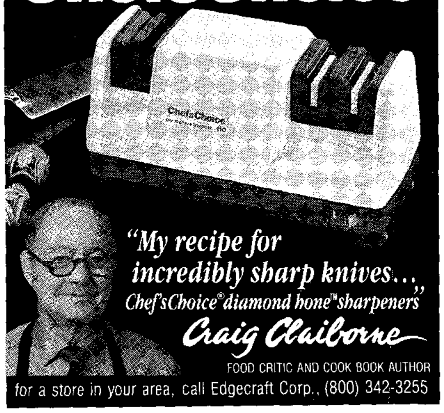
TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS,
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 12/31/91
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1121 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Chef'sChoice®



"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives..."
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

GOLF...
with an Arizona Flair

A 20,000 acre ranch resort with a golf course rated by GOLF DIGEST as one of ten best in Arizona. Los Caballeros Golf Club is exclusive for members and our guests. The resort also offers tennis, horse-back riding, sparkling pool, delightful dining including desert cookouts. All amid an enchanting western environment located only an hour from Phoenix.

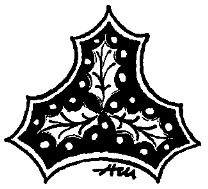
RANCHO de los CABALLEROS
WICKENBURG, ARIZONA 85358
(602) 684-5484 • Dallas C. Gant, Jr.

Morgan firing when the post-season games got under way. Pat Gillick, the Toronto general manager, said, "With payrolls as high as they are, someone's got to take the heat. The first in line is the manager, the next is the general manager. The owner can't fire himself." Jim Leyland, the grave, much admired Pirate manager, said, "All I know is we won ninety-eight times. If we'd lost, I'd probably have gotten fired. If they give you the players and you don't win, your ass is susceptible to being fired."

I'll miss Joe Morgan. He had his detractors—among them his relief pitchers, who said he persistently wore them down with his endless warmup calls to the bullpen—but he never spoke or managed as if he were looking over his shoulder. Sometimes he could even seem to be thinking of something other than baseball, as in a regular postgame assessment with the media one night when he paused and said musingly, "You know, there's nothing in the world that tastes better than a beefsteak tomato."

He took the firing with aplomb, just as we knew he would. "I've been fired three or four times before—not for this kind of coin," he said during a television interview at his home in Walpole. He called over a small grandson, and said, "Grampy got fired today, Anthony. Do you still love me?" Anthony said yes, he did, and Joe smiled and nodded. "That's all that counts!" he said.

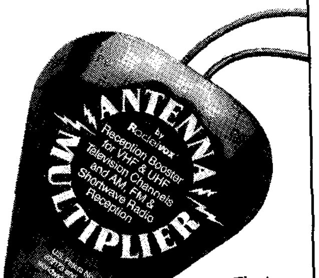
This was a ceremonial summer for baseball, which won bottomless ink and television time for Joe DiMaggio's fifty-six-game streak and Ted Williams' glorious .406 average fifty years ago, and with further retrospectives given to Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning homer against Ralph Branca in 1951. The tall, silver-haired immortals appeared at various pre-game rites around the land, and waved to the fans. Joe D. and the Splendid Splinter paid state visits to the White House, and also sat with President Bush and Canada's Prime Minister Mulroney during the All-Star Game in Toronto.



A ceremony I missed, to my regret, marked the very last baseball game played at Memorial Stadium, on the final Sunday of the season, when the Baltimore management saw the old park off in great style. After the game, against the Tigers, was over (it also marked the final regular broadcast by the gentle and precise Ernie Harwell, who was inexplicably fired by the Tigers this year after thirty-one years on the job), the grounds crew, dressed in white dinner jackets, dug up home plate and took it away by limousine to the Orioles' brand-new park downtown, which will open for business in April. (They could be seen, on the big Memorial Stadium screen, planting it there a few minutes later.) There was a pause at the old park, and then Brooks Robinson, in uniform, ran out of the home-team tunnel and took up his old post at third base. Then Frank Robinson went out to right field. Boog Powell appeared, enormous and cheerful, trotting out to first base and waving his cap. Jim Palmer came next, walking to the mound where he had conducted his business so well and for so long. Don Baylor went to left field, and Rick Dempsey came out and stood behind the plate. There were no announcements—just the famous old players, one after the other, with the familiar numbers on their backs, each instantly (or almost instantly) recognizable. The timing and the waiting were wonderful—who would be next? Here came Davey Johnson, to second base, where he joined Bobby Grich. Luis Aparicio, the little Hall of Famer, came out to short, and then Mark Belanger. Lee May and Ellie Hendricks. Mike Flanagan (a huge hand) and Mike Cuellar and Dave McNally and Pat Dobson. The players came faster now. Gary Roenicke and John Lowenstein, Earl Weaver's favorite platoon, ran out together to left field. Earl was on hand, too: a little man with white hair, hoisting his cap. More and more of them came out—there were a hundred and nineteen of them in all—and stood in thick clusters at each position on the field, embracing each other and waving again and again to their fans. The autumn afternoon was getting on (I have seen all this on videotape, I should explain), and the white uniforms with the slanting orange "Orioles" in script across the chest seemed to grow brighter against the green grass as evening crept in. Rick Dempsey ran up and down in front of the infield crowds, waving a towel, and then led everyone in the last Memorial Stadium Orioles letter cheer—

spelling out the letters with his body and roaring out the final "ORI-*OLES!*" at the end. Watching the tape at home, many days later, I was puddling up, and so was my wife, but it seemed all right, because the fans were crying by now, and most of the players as well.

I SAT with Joe Morgan in the Red Sox dugout a couple of hours before the game on September 22nd; I had no idea it would be our last such visit. We talked a little about the weather—it was a stunning Indian-summer Sunday—and about his pitching. I was in Boston on an impulse, to watch my Red Sox sail into first place after their unexpected late run into contention. The team had been finished, dead and gone, back in early August, when it trailed the Blue Jays by eleven and a half games. But then the Sox swept Toronto in four straight games at home and, invigorated, headed in the opposite direction. Clemens won and won, and Joe Hesketh, a left-hander, came on in amazing fashion. Phil Plantier, a muscular rookie just up from Pawtucket, with oddly furled pants and a slashing, circular stroke at the plate, began punishing the pitchers, and Quintana was hitting, and so, too, at last, was Jack Clark. The team won ten out of eleven one-run games—a sure omen of success—and then the first-place Blue Jays began to unravel on the road, an ancient habit of theirs. The day before my visit, the Bosox had done frightful things to the Yankees during a 12–1 flattening, and now stood a half game out of a tie for first. (The *Globe's* Sunday sports section bore a 388-point scarlet "1/2" banner on this day, as if anyone in New England didn't know.) Up in the press box, I sat back—neutral on the outside, smiling on the inside—and entered the details in my scorecard while the Sox, on the field, made their moves and inched ahead of the Yankees at last, 5–4, in the bottom of the eighth. Jeff Reardon, the sterling stopper, walked in for the ninth and retired Sax on a fly ball to the right-field corner (a fine catch out there by Tom Brunansky), and then got Jim Leyritz on a liner to short. I consulted my watch, thinking about the LaGuardia shuttle, picked up my notebook—Reardon had two strikes on the last batter—and slipped out. I'd be back for the late, pennant-settling games, for


ANTENNA MULTIPLIER
by Radiovox
Reception Booster for VHF & UHF Television Channels and AM, FM & Shortwave Radio Reception

Get TV reception you never had before, with the...

Antenna Multiplier™

only $29.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier™* hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier™* stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier™* needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier™* on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier™* will not just enhance your TV reception, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers for new entertainment alternatives.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier™* in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier™*. Order it today!

• *The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1429B094. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one, $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

$29!

For Just $29, You Can Weave a Bit of Pure Irish Gift-Giving Magic!

Give our exclusive, $60-value, 54" X 40" Irish Wool shawl/lap robe/throw. *Your loved ones will love these cozy, versatile, 100% pure Wool throws, in patterns and textures rich with Irish tradition. We offer them exclusively at our Princeton and Manchester shops, or shipped from our Princeton warehouse in plenty of time for magical holiday gift giving. Customer reaction has been so strong that we now offer them to New Yorker readers as the perfect $29 gift.*

Order several: ***your satisfaction is 100% Landau money-back guaranteed.***

The perfect size for every man and woman on your list (ideal for baby, too!), this is the gift that will be enjoyed again and again. Size: 54" X 40". Available in raspberry plaid, blue plaid, rust plaid, or go-with-everything multi-colored check.
N5440. *The perfect gift, just* ***$29*** *plus $4 shipping.*

Business gift-buyers: sound like a great idea for a tight budget?
Please call for special pricing on 50 to 500.

For credit card orders, or more information,
call free: 1-800-932-0709
9 AM - 5 PM EST, Mon. - Sat.

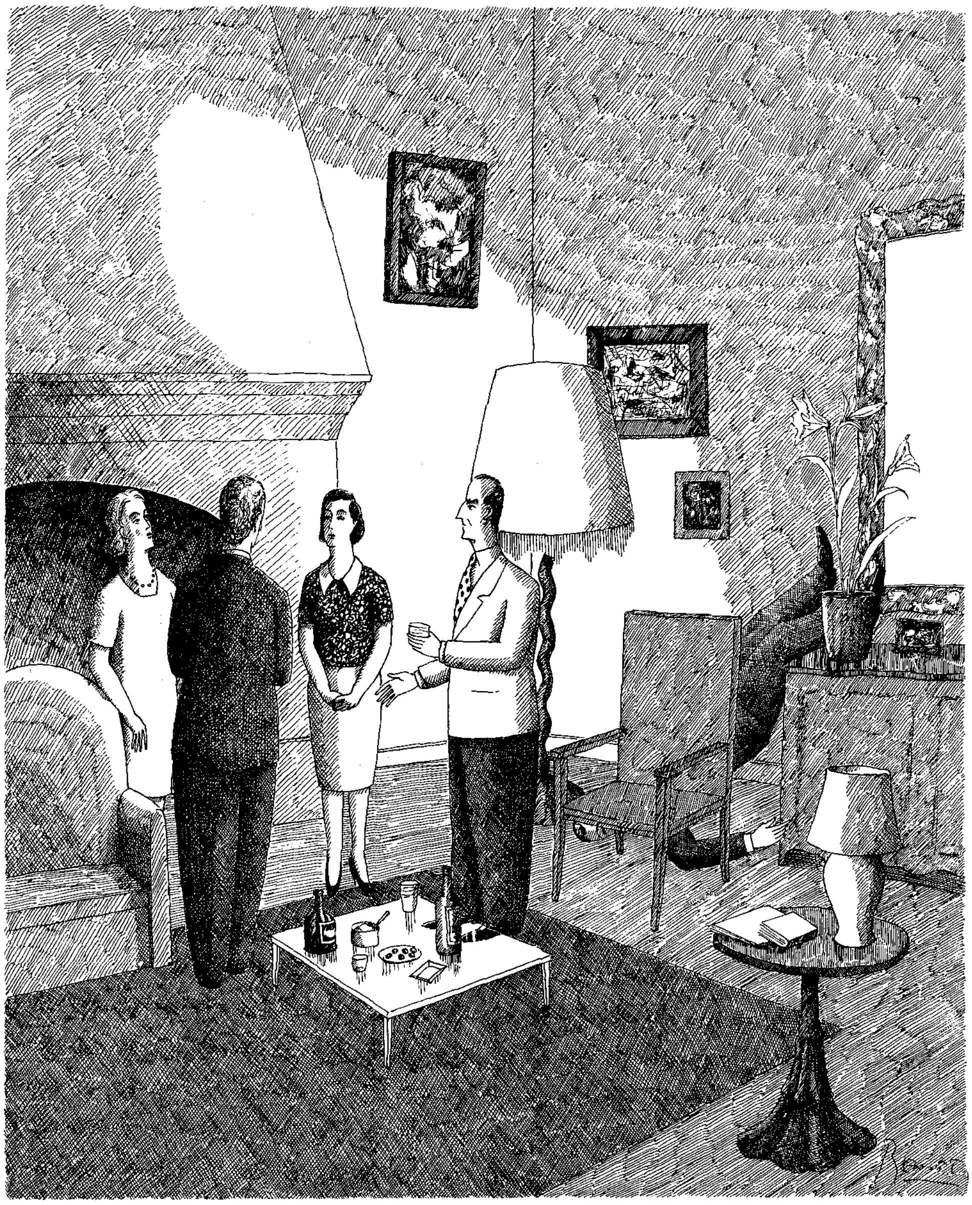
PURE WOOL®

Or send check to:
Landau, ***Dept. 22***
114 Nassau Street, PO Box 671
Princeton, NJ 08542.

LANDAU
The World's most Beautiful Woolens.

Send $2 for our Woolens catalog, and visit our shops in Princeton, NJ and Manchester, VT.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Duhamel's fall from the sideboard went unnoticed.

• •

the playoffs perhaps—and, ah, maybe even for still another Fenway World Series. Thanks, guys. I passed up the elevator for a sunshine stroll down the iron stairs behind home, which put me in perfect position to hear a sudden, extremely ugly sound from inside the park, then a profound mass groan, and then a blurry buzz of confused, miserable gabble. I knew exactly what had happened—Roberto Kelly had taken Reardon into the left-field screen, tying the game—but I kept on going. I heard the rest of it in my cab to Logan, and then watched the bloody details at home that night, on a replay of the game: Matt Young walking two Yankee batters in the tenth and hitting another, and his successor, Dan Petry, coughing up the game-winning two-run double. The Sox, who'd been a pitch away from first place, moved on to Baltimore the next day and lost, were twice rained out, split a doubleheader, went out to Milwaukee or somewhere—I'd given up—and lost some more. The Blue Jays, a Lazarus, rose and walked and hit and won, and breezed to their pennant. I can't say I was surprised, because in baseball you don't know nothing (Yogi: XIV, iii), but I think I'm too old for these damned *lessons*.

PENNANT baseball would have a different address this year—something I had sensed along about seven-thirty on a Saturday evening eight days before, in steamy, stuffed Atlanta Fulton County Stadium, at a point where the game between the first-place Dodgers and second-place (just barely) Braves was heading into its ninth inning of deep uninterest. The Braves, whom I'd seen knocked out of first place the night before, had here surrendered a pair of first-inning runs on a misplay by their center fielder, Ron Gant, but then crawled back to even things, 2–2, at which point the game seemed to stall, panting in the miasmal heat. An early, game-halting cloudburst and the ensuing mud moppings felt like the highlight of the day, all things considered, unless you counted the war whoops and imploring cheers and carryings on of the 44,773 Atlanta supporters, who had been cleaving the air with cherry-red foam-rubber tomahawks for better than three and a half hours now, to no avail. Making inquiry, I learned that the weaponry was new—the tomahawks were a tie-in freebie issued at the park that day, plugging both the Braves and a local rock station—but the armchops and woo-woos had been in fashion since early summer. It was still another secondhand spontaneity, probably begun in spring training this year, when a little band of Florida State grads had turned up at the Braves camp in West Palm Beach one day to cheer on a fellow-Seminole, Deion Sanders (then trying out for a slot on the Atlanta roster), with some old-school football-style chops and chants. When the Braves moved north, the custom tagged along. This was interesting, as socio-anthropology goes, but plainly ineffectual. Players came up to bat, took or swung at or fouled off various pitches, backed away to rub their sweaty palms, and stepped in for further fatuity. Nothing happened. Up in the press box, writers were reading the news sections of the papers. Desperate for action, I reëxamined my scorecard, vainly hoping for some pitch or bounce or stratagem that had escaped my notice. Zip. Then I picked up my game binoculars and panned slowly around the circling upper-deck façade, jotting down in my notebook some of the painted fan-banner messages: "Captain Justice and the Ameri-

© 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

You're not about to wear your financial savvy and stability on your sleeve.
There are other places.

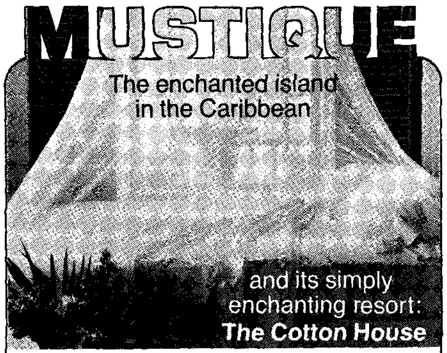
THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

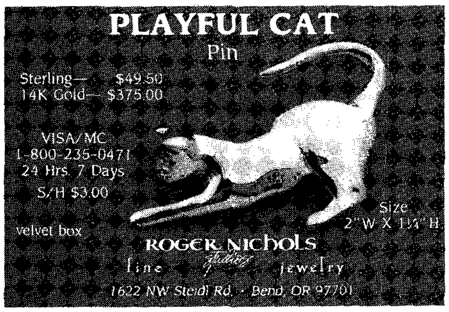
ADOPT AN ACRE

Looking for the World's Rarest Gift?

Save an acre of threatened tropical rainforest in the name of that special someone on your holiday list. We'll send each gift recipient a personalized honorary land deed suitable for framing, a detailed description of *their* acre, and periodic progress reports throughout the year on the protection of the land and its endangered wildlife. Do something wild this holiday season. $30 per acre.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY
ADOPT-AN-ACRE PROGRAM
1815 North Lynn Street
Arlington, VA 22209
1-800-628-6860
(Visa, MasterCard)
Please add $3.50 shipping/handling charge.
Conservation Through Private Action Since 1951


MUSTIQUE
The enchanted island in the Caribbean
and its simply enchanting resort:
The Cotton House
Brochure: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent


PLAYFUL CAT
Pin
Sterling— $49.50
14K Gold— $375.00
VISA/MC
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $3.00
velvet box
Size
2" W X 1¼" H
ROGER NICHOLS
fine Studios jewelry
1622 NW Steidl Rd. · Bend, OR 97701

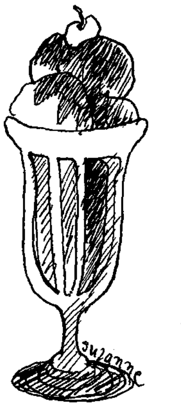
Oxbow Outfitting Company

ASPEN'S FLY FISHING SCHOOL
on the Gold Medal Rivers of the Rocky Mountains

3 day school with daily on-river instruction and quality equipment provided. Daily guide service also available. For information, reservations and special hotel rates, contact **OXBOW OUTFITTING CO.** at P.O. Box D3, Aspen, CO 81611 or call **1-800-421-1505.**

can Bream," "The Mother of All Series," "The Last Shall Be First," "Lower Beer Prices." The cheers and war cries had gone away, and over behind third base some first-row fans had hung up their tomahawks in a neat row on the back edge of the visiting-team dugout. I sighed and rubbed my eyes, and my neighbor to the left leaned over and said, "What are the rules? Does somebody have to win this thing?"

I can't account for what came next, but in some fashion the tie and the failure of the players to break it, the weight of the zeros, the fading of the day, and the weary wishings of the great crowd now seized the game and shook it awake, and what had been tedious and endless became edged and dangerous and terrific fun. I had seen this same shift in some long games before: nothing happens but everything changes. The Braves' Otis Nixon beat out a little chop in the bottom of the ninth and was bunted along. John Candelaria came in from the bullpen and walked Pendleton intentionally, and then, to enormous cries, struck out Dave Justice, swinging. Then McDowell came in and retired Gant. On we went into extra innings, but we were finished with groans and sighs. This game, in fact—with its etiolated innings and its swollen cast of pinch-hitters, pinch-runners, double switches, and relief-relievers—was a precursor, had we known it, of some of those stretched, austere, and difficult games that caught up the whole country in October. Even its solution held an omen. Jerry Willard, an obscure catcher called up from Richmond earlier in the month, came in to pinch-hit for the Braves in the eleventh, battled McDowell lengthily, and worked a splendid base on balls. Pendleton's mis-hit bloop fell into short left for a double, sending the pinch-runner, Mitchell, to third, and Gant lined a sudden shot into the left-field corner, to win at last. Baseball was back in business and the Braves were back in first. "A strange day," said Atlanta manager Bobby Cox, shaking his head. "There's still a long way to go, but you would have hated to lose this one." He looked at his watch—it was getting on for nine. "I don't suppose dinner reservations are going to work," he said.



I flew home the next morning, and began learning the Braves better on the tube that afternoon, when Sid Bream hit a grand slam in the very first inning, and the strange, screen-filling, twenty-one-year-old Steve Avery worked his way effortlessly through the Dodger order, closing them down, 9–1, while throwing his fastball and masterful curves downhill, it seemed, from his high and easy windup. I wanted to go back to Atlanta—Atlanta later, with bunting up, I mean—but the two teams led me (and a lot more fans, by now) a difficult chase down the next three weeks. The Dodgers, far from being done, took over first once again, but lost it at the end of the week, on Avery's next outing, at Chavez Ravine, when he blanked them, 3–0. I had begun to pick up on the teams at odd hours and on esoteric parts of my TV or radio dials. The Braves, and their long-term announcer, Skip Caray, were on good old TBS, of course—a spot up in the upper tier of my television dial, where I had for years given them no more than a passing glance on my way to the Battle of Stalingrad yet again, in riveting black-and-white, or to the mating habits of ptarmigans. Now I stayed longer. The Dodgers, out in their time zone, were much tougher for me, and the Saturday-night game of the Braves series out there somehow escaped me altogether. I found a box score but no game account in a Monday paper: the Dodgers had won, 2–1, with a run in the eighth and another in the ninth—but *how*? I had the little rows of totals and the various extra-base hits, and the pitchers' account books as well, but an exact script was beyond my powers of reconstruction. (This catch-up cryptography has become an essential art for Eastern fans, when so many night games on the opposite coast go unreported in the morning dailies.) When I did sort it out at last, there was no consolation: two Atlanta infield errors in the eighth, and then a Juan Samuel game-winning triple in the ninth. The Dodgers won again the next day, when Ramon Martinez pitched a shutout and hit the first home run of his life. My wife noticed along in here that I had begun groaning or cursing by my set, or with my ear glued to the sports-phone number in the middle of the night. I was hooked.

The Dodgers stayed in front, by a little, as the days ran down, and I did not believe they would lose. They had led all summer, after all—they were nine and a half up on the third-place Braves at the All-Star break—and their powerful, store-bought lineup (Eddie Murray, Juan Samuel, Darryl Strawberry, Brett Butler, Kal Daniels, Gary Carter) knew the way home, if any team did. I did not change my mind late on the following Sunday night—it was a week before the end now—when, over ESPN, I saw them catch up with the Giants on a fluke play, an all-timer, after Sharperson broke his bat while hitting a hard infield bouncer, and a bat fragment went whirring out between third and short, distracting third baseman Matt Williams as he tried to make the play, and then *struck the ball once again,* in midair, as the tying run came home. Strawberry singled in the winner, and the Dodger lead was still one game. This sort of luck, if anybody needs to be told, is an absolute sign of a pennant to come—but so, too, was the kind of game, two nights later at Cincinnati, that the Braves pulled out with a Dave Justice home run after they had spotted the Reds a six-run lead in the first inning. The competition was brutal by now, east and west: Hershiser threw a two-hitter for seven innings, and Smoltz a two-hitter for eight, with ten strikeouts, on the very same night. The Dodgers were winning at home and the Braves on the road, but then I realized that the Atlanta wins, night after night—five of them now, then six—were going up on the scoreboard at Dodger Stadium (and on the clubhouse television set) before the Dodgers had begun, or at least finished, their games. The time zones would settle this, and now, sure enough, the Dodgers dropped a game to the Padres after the Braves had won still again. It was all tied up, with three games to go. What the Dodgers had not wanted—had dreaded down the last weeks—was just ahead: a three-game weekend series against the Giants at Candlestick Park, with the pennant at stake.

I made the trip, and what surprised me about the games was not the competitive fire of the fifth-place Giants but some shrill sounds of whining from the Dodger side. "The guy that wins—nobody likes him," said manager Lasorda on the field before the Friday-night meeting. "If we had a bad year, our team wouldn't feel good if we beat the Giants now. This is unique." A bit before, Brett Butler had said, "The Braves want to win but the Giants want to spoil. They are motivated by hatred and spoiling," and Darryl Strawberry joined the whimpers with "If they want to beat us so bad, why didn't they beat us earlier, when it counted?"

The fans wanted it this way, that's why. "Beat L.A.! Beat L.A.!" the well-wrapped Candlestick hordes chanted. "If We're Not Going, They're Not" proclaimed a banner in left field, while old true hearts in the stands, I don't doubt, reminded each other happily of the Joe Morgan home run (the *other* Joe Morgan) that had knocked the Dodgers out of a pennant here in 1982. The Braves were leading the Astros once again, up on the scoreboard, when the teams ran out on the field. The Giants took charge of things very quickly, when Will Clark hit a whistling two-run homer over the left-field fence in the bottom of the first, and Matt Williams, a few pitches later, flew another one even deeper into the same sector. The visitors hung on miserably, and brought the go-ahead run to the plate with two on in the seventh, against Giant reliever Jeff Brantley. But the batter—it was Strawberry—took strike three, motionless, and the chance was gone. The next afternoon, the now second-place Dodgers ran into the fine young Giant left-hander Trevor Wilson on a good day (there are two Trevor Wilsons: one a Koufax and the other Charlie Brown), and he threw a two-hitter, closing down their season. In his clubhouse, Roger Craig said, "I'm glad the way it happened, but you have to have some compassion for the Dodgers." Someone asked Will Clark if he felt the same way. "Am I sorry for the Dodgers?" he replied. He burst out laughing.

THE folks to be pitied are some loyal supporters of the Blue Jays and the Pirates who have plugged along thus far only to have their heroes now take their leave in very short order, pushed off by a necessary retrospective of the World Series, and by the inability of this baseball-watcher to give equal attention to nineteen post-season ballgames. The Blue Jays, helped no end by some venturesome off-season trades that brought in Roberto Alomar and the veteran slugger Joe Carter from San Diego, and Devon White and, later on, Candy Maldonado and the wily knuckleballer Tom Candiotti, picked up their defense and their spirits at the same time, and enjoyed an agreeable summer in first place in the American League East, save for some flutters that brought the Tigers into a three-day tie at the top in August, and a few nervous days on the West Coast, in the late going, when it looked as if it might slip away after all. Their local fans came out in astounding numbers—just over four million of them, in the end, which was a record. The Jays, to be sure, had nothing but bad memories of the playoffs, having been whipped—once painfully, once easily—in two prior appearances, to which their true fans would add their loss of the last seven games of the regular season in 1987, when a certified pennant went to the Tigers instead. It may have been some memory of these wounds that caused Toronto manager Cito Gaston to start his knuckleballer, Candiotti, against the Twins in the opening game of this playoff in the Metrodome—a hunch that went awry when he was knocked out in less than three innings and the Jays lost. A more likely first-game starter, the rookie right-hander Juan Guzman, looked sharp in Game Two, showing the Twins a buzzing fastball, while his mates evened matters with a 5–2 win.

I joined the teams at the SkyDome (I'd been off in Pittsburgh, watching the opening National League games) for the third meeting of the set. This was the game when Joe Carter hit a first-inning homer and Maldonado an R.B.I. double, which turned out to be the only Toronto offense of the day. The telling moments—in the playoffs as well as in the game—seemed to come when Carter leaped for and missed

To get inside Christmas, help house an outsider.

The Christmas story is about people *outside*—a young couple refused shelter, a child born in cattle conditions and shepherds under a roof of stars. It's also about hope among the homeless.

The housing system shuts out three million Americans, 6,000 in Oakland, CA, where the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* works with outsiders. A place to live should be a human right.

Since 1986, *AFSC*'s Homeless Organizing Project (HOPE) has helped organize nonviolent direct action to use abandoned HUD homes and to build permanent, affordable housing for homeless families.

HOPE helped create Dignity Housing West, a nonprofit corporation funded by government to build housing for homeless poor families. With Red Cross funds from earthquake relief surpluses, the homeless are opening a multi-service center with half the staff hired from the homeless community.

AFSC is now starting a Homeless Training Institute to help them keep and manage their remarkable gains. We'll teach skills in housing development, community organizing, obtaining social services, fundraising and nonprofit agency management.

AFSC asks you to support the training of outsiders who have taken real initiatives but need skills that insiders often take for granted. Your gift can be the inn-thing to do this Christmas.

American Friends Service Committee
Finance Department, 1501 Cherry
Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

My gift to teach the ins-and-outs of managing a housing development for homeless poor families.

☐ $35 ☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ $100 Other $_____

Name

Address

City/State/Zip 142HA

Photo by John Jernegan

Shane Mack's drive high on the blue right-field fence, and damaged an ankle when he came down ("No! No! No!" the nearby Toronto fans yelled in shock); and when Twins manager Tom Kelly walked out and relieved his starter, Scott Erickson, in mid-count—it was one ball and two strikes—during a later Carter at-bat, and further flouted all custom by replacing him with a left-hander, David West, who finished the K and ended up fanning the side. (The hobbling Carter, I should explain, had somehow stayed in this game, and played subsequently as a designated hitter.) The Jays were never the same after that. The Twins won the game in the tenth, on a pulled pinch-hit homer by Mike Pagliarulo, and then Jack Morris, on a nine-hit, two-run outing (a nice piece of folk art, if not a masterpiece), put them two up and in command of the playoff the next day. The Blue Jay defense had begun to fray, and so had their bullpen, and boos came floating down from the SkyDome heavens; and then catcher Pat Borders made a jittery, empty-handed phantom tag at the plate in the midst of Game Five (the ball was in his mitt, I mean), as the Twins rallied to win a noisy, 8–5 banger that sent the Toronto masses home for the winter. In their Baths of Caracalla clubhouse, the Blue Jay players seemed stunned by it all, while the local newspapers, by contrast, turned surly. "JAYS END AN EMBARRASSING JOKE" said one headline, and another went "JAYS MUST WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR—*AGAIN!*" As an outsider, I can't share or even begin to imagine the Stygian self-doubt of the Toronto fans, but I agree that there seems to be something wrong with the way their boys play ball. I'd boo, too.

THE seven-game National League championship series, a classic dimmed only by the accident of a remarkable ensuing World Series, feels doomed and painful even at this distance, because of the elimination of the Pirates at its end, and because of the way they lost. Their inability to score any runs at all against the puissant Atlanta pitching in the last two games of their year (and, indeed, over their final three games at Three Rivers Stadium) weirdly prefigured the fate of the Braves, in turn, at the end of the World Series, and formed part of an almost mystical pattern of mirrorings and connections between the two events. The Pirates were the only surviving semifinalists from the 1990 pennant championships, in which they had lost to the Reds in six briskly contested games, and were the best-balanced and most consistent club in the majors this year. They won the most games, and were never seriously challenged in their division after the middle of May. Everyone, I think, was happy to welcome them back to the playoffs and now wanted to see them—in particular, their famous outfield trio of Barry Bonds, Andy Van Slyke, and Bobby Bonilla—strut their stuff in a World Series.

"If we win this, experience will have been a big factor," Van Slyke said at Three Rivers Stadium before the playoff opener. "If we don't, it wasn't." Van Slyke is the heart of this Pittsburgh club, and he got them off winging with an exuberant home run and then an R.B.I. double in his first two at-bats of the evening—more than enough in a winning 5–1 Pirate effort. But nothing was easy for long in these games. Steve Avery fanned the side in the bottom of the first inning the following night, and continued in similar implacable style—half smiling out there, blowing out a deep breath just before the delivery, and firing one elegant pitch after another—as he shut down the Pirates, 1–0. Another youngster, Mark Lemke, also introduced himself to America when he drove in the lone run with an oddly bounced double past third base, and then made the lead stand up when he snaffled an infield single on his knees behind second in the eighth, to hold the tying base runner in check. "Too much Avery," said Pirate manager Leyland after this game was over. "He was the best I've seen all year. We could have played another two hours against him and still not scored."

I had my date with the American League in Toronto, and so missed a firsthand view of the tortuous twists and writhings these games now took in the other park, in a series that kept promising to go in one direction and then rushing to its opposite—doubling back on itself, so to speak, to surprise and silence us all. The Braves fans and then the Braves themselves (three consecutive doubles and then a home run) administered a fearful tomahawking to the visiting Pittsburghs in the early part of their carefree 10–3 win in Game Three. But here they dropped two grudging, difficult games—3–2 (in ten innings) and 1–0—in each case on a critical mistake by their young right fielder, Justice: a late and useless peg of his that got loose behind third and allowed a Pittsburgh run to come home; and then, on the next night, his failure to touch third base as he came flying in with a thrilling but then nullified counter. (Watching on television, I thought he'd just grazed the bag with his spikes, but the umpire did not agree.) Other gruesome misadventures around the inner segment of the diamond befell the Atlantas in this one—a blown bases-loaded squeeze play in the second, and then a rare interference-call out when Brian Hunter tangled with the catcher in front of the plate while running out his tapped ground ball. Inexperience in big games was killing the young Braves, I could see. The Pirates would win.

They never scored again, and that slow expiration felt draining and miserable even to those of us watching from a distance, because this was the last go-around for this particular crew of Pirates, who will lose Bobby Bonilla to free agency this winter (the have-not Pittsburgh franchise can't afford to stay in an extended high-priced bidding war for his services), and may also have seen Bonds' future as a great star go glimmering after his collapse at the plate in two successive playoffs. Confined to three meaningless singles by the Reds last fall (after an M.V.P. season), he batted .148 this time, with no runs driven in; twice in the fifth game, manager Bobby Cox elected to have Bonilla walked intentionally in order to pitch to Bonds with a run in scoring position—an astounding turn of events—and twice Bonds failed to deliver. The agony of these losses could be seen in Van Slyke's grimaces and kicks at the turf as one after another of his at-bats came to nothing, but all the Pirates were suffering on the bench as the final game slipped away. (The Braves won it, 4–0.) Their wholesale failure at the plate, you could sense, had taken them not just out of the games but out of the luck of the games: the eluding, seeing-eye grounder; the peg and the slide and the right call at a crucial base; the crazy bounce or the odd, never-before play somewhere that brings in an unexpected run and turns the week around.

In a series with so few easy pleasures, we learned how to treasure the other kind of ball—in particular, the stirring duel in the sixth game between Steve Avery and the Pirates' tough and grizzled right-hander Doug Drabek, the Cy Young incumbent, who together put up sixteen consecutive zeros on the scoreboard before the Braves' lone run came home in the ninth. The contrast in pitching styles and ideas was riveting. Drabek, all craft and experience, was making the hitters swing at his best stuff, and even when he sometimes fell behind he kept the ball away or served up drooping inside sinkers and curveballs that could only be hit foul, if they were hit at all. His look of worn, mustachioed resolution was a perfect movie touch, just as Avery's untroubled phiz suited him—a dangerous kid, not yet old enough to doubt his strength or his power to make things come out his way. He was brusque on the mound, and threw an outstanding assortment of curveballs in addition to his flashing fastball: an impressive repertoire for a young-

An expert on children's literature gives her opinion of LADYBUG.

And if that expert smile doesn't convince you to give a Ladybug subscription to your favorite kid aged 2 to 7, read what some other experts say.

LADYBUG is a treasure trove for preschoolers and their parents.
Nancy Larrick, Ed.D.

I really like the magazine. I can read a poem in it and I like it.
Amy Craig, six years old

Ladybug

To order, call toll free:
1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5LDT.
8 monthly issues for $19.97, full-year $29.97
Or write to: LADYBUG, P.O. Box 58344,
Boulder CO 80322-8344

Travel with Scholars

Summer 1992
3- to 6-week programs

OXFORD
☐ 23rd Annual Oxford/Berkeley Program. 24 courses taught by Oxford dons

PARIS
☐ 5 courses: impressionism, history of Paris, literary Paris, La Belle Époque (in English), *France d'aujourd'hui* (in French)

FLORENCE & TUSCANY
☐ Treasures of the Renaissance

IRELAND
☐ Myth & literature

LONDON
☐ Inside the London theater scene

ROME
☐ Art, architecture, & history

SCOTLAND
☐ Historical events & personalities

For a free brochure call
(510) 642-3112, ext. 6
or send this coupon with name and address to: Marketing Dept. 6G, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

Educational & cultural programs for adults

UC Berkeley Extension

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL® Since 1868
Sparkling Cider
DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC
There's Nothing like it!
Dept. N, Box 549, Watsonville CA 95077

ANTIQUE LEATHERBOUND BOOKS
FULL SETS AND SINGLES
(Send for catalogue, $3.)
IMPERIAL FINE BOOKS
790 Madison Avenue, Room 200 (66th-67th)
New York, NY 10021 • (212) 861-6620

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

ster. Steve Buechele, the Pirates' third baseman, said, "I don't believe he's twenty-one—he's lying." As I watched Avery in this game and in his other outings over these two weeks, it came to me more than once how much he reminded me of the handful of true athletes I'd encountered back in school, when I was a teen-ager trying to play sports. Nothing shook those gilded young men or seemed to touch their deep-water composure, even in extremity. It didn't even occur to them that they could *make a mistake out* there, mess up in plain sight, and as a result they never looked anxious or hurried. They had more time than the rest of us. When somebody mentioned *this inviolable youthful composure* of Avery's to Bobby Cox, he smiled and said, "Yes, I'd rather he was the manager and I was the pitcher."

That sixth game was played on a chilly night at Three Rivers, with the temperature touching forty by the time it was over. The place was a winter heath, appropriate to the event and the drawing down of another season. The Pirates were still ahead in the series until the ninth inning, it might be remembered, but the bundled-up players on both benches, hugging themselves for comfort, looked aged and apprehensive. No one would win tonight. The spell was broken by Greg Olson, the Atlanta catcher, who waited for a sinking inside fastball from Drabek—he'd grounded out on the same pitch in the seventh—and drove the ball into left for a double that brought Ron Gant home with the ember, the searched-for fire, in his grasp.

UP at the Metrodome, the Twins' 5–2 and 3–2 victories in the early meetings of the World Series came as no surprise, given their insistent habit of success in big games played in their own blue living room, but what you noticed was their depth and flexibility. They hit four home runs, two in each game, and also whacked the ball smartly to different fields, with helpful contributions from various parts of the batting order—quite the everyday thing from a lineup in which eight regulars had batted .270 or better during the season. Young Chuck Knoblauch, the rookie second baseman, had three singles, knocked in three different directions, on the inaugural evening, and also drove in a run, stole two bases, and instigated an acrobatic, stifling double play that took the Braves out of things just when they were beginning to beam in on Jack Morris. The visitors looked distracted the next night, when two of their Dome-deafened fielders collided under a fly ball and dropped it, and then when the first-base ump called Gant out after Hrbek clamped a Harpo Marx thigh-grab on him and pulled him off the bag. But the Braves soldiered on, tying up the game—a better one than it *sounds* here—at 2–2, and retiring eighteen out of nineteen consecutive Minnesota batters behind their impressive starter, Tom Glavine. There was no preparation whatsoever for the home run that Twins third baseman Scott Leius whacked over the left-field Plexiglas on Glavine's first pitch in the eighth: a stunner that wrapped up the game. Power looks simple and sometimes makes teams who have it look simpleminded, but this is not a conclusion I would draw about the Twins. What caught my eye in these proceedings was some slow managing by Tom Kelly, who had thrown such a quick hook on his pitcher back in the playoffs. In the eighth inning, with one out and Braves runners at first and third, and the muscle of the Atlanta order coming up, he visited his starter, Kevin Tapani, on the mound and then walked away, leaving him in the game. Tapani responded in style, retiring Gant on a foul to the screen and battling Justice at length before coaxing a fly ball that ended the crisis. (The next pitch, in the Twins' half, was the one to Leius.) After the game was over, T.K. (as his players call him) made light of his decision. "Tapper deserved a shot at it," he said. "He'd only thrown a hundred pitches and he needed the chance for a win. So did Glavine—he's quite a pitcher. His changeup reminded me of Viola—he's that good."

Kelly, a native Minnesotan, was a little-known rookie manager when he took the Twins (quite a different team, all in all) to a World Championship in 1987, beating Whitey Herzog's Cardinals in another hard seven-game Series. He seemed almost unpleasantly withdrawn and preoccupied that October, but his managing style is much better appreciated by now, and so is he. He has a February sort of face, which lightens or darkens from moment to moment, but no one in this business is closer to his players—he speaks to every one of them every day, it's been noticed—or seems to appreciate their hard trade as much as he does. He's one of the few managers around who regularly compliment the opposition, and perhaps the only one who's been known to mention the batboys and the clubhouse attendants when appraising his team. When he took his club down to Atlanta, where he had to play under National League rules, his main complaint about the loss of a designated hitter in his lineup was that he didn't like seeing his pitchers embarrassed by being sent up to bat for themselves for the first time all year. "Everyone's got an ego—a little, at least—and I don't think this is the way to ask them to represent themselves," he said. On another occasion, just before the Series, he was asked about his scouting reports on the Braves hitters, and he smiled briefly, just a gleam, and said, "We encourage our pitchers to pitch to their strengths."

Looseness is also encouraged. Chili Davis, the old samurai who came to the Twins this year as a free-agent designated hitter, said, "I didn't know what I was getting into over here. I'd never seen a team this close, or one that played so well together. Everybody gets to play." Chuck Knoblauch, who is twenty-three, became the perfect infield fit playing between Gagne and Hrbek, who have been fixtures at short and first for many years. "There are people you can look up to here," Knoblauch said at one point, "but younger players can bring out the youngness in the old guys, you know. It works both ways. We're supposed to be comfortable here, and we're supposed to win in our own park."

THE hankie hordes were in full cry at the Metrodome, needless to say. Kent Hrbek, who's played with the Twins for a decade, said he thought the fan screaming was lower by a decibel or two from 1987, but I couldn't hear it. Tom Boswell, the Washington *Post* columnist, who sat a few seats down from me in the upper press rows behind home, had forehandedly brought along some chainsaw earplugs, and after one Twins uprising I spotted a couple of other writers communicating with handwritten notes. The same sort of thing went on down in Atlanta, where the tomahawking—joined, in a front box, by Ted Turner and his ladylove, Jane Fonda, and by their guests, Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter (who sometimes deployed a sophisticated rubato in their down chop)—had been noticed nationwide during the playoffs.

I saw the first tomahawk protesters outside the Metrodome just before the opening game of the Series, and when I got there again the next afternoon the gathering of Native Americans—and some photographers and onlooking fans—was larger: perhaps thirty or forty of them by now. They were Ojibwas and Lakotas, some of whom had come down from the White Earth Reservation, north of Detroit Lakes. A group of male singers and drummers had gathered on a sloping triangle of lawn just to the right of the main gate. It was twilight, and the deep tomtom noises and strange (and not so strange) sounds of the Indian songs seemed almost visible in the air. Most of the demonstrators wore jeans or work clothes, brightened here and there by a red bandanna or a red cotton ribbon plaiting the hair. Some of the men and

I'll Bet You Know Someone Who's Crazy About Crosswords!

Our 11th Year!

This Holiday Season give a full year of delightful puzzles — still only $30!
Also available in LARGE PRINT — just $45!

Every month we send 5 completely original puzzles created exclusively for our members by the world's most talented (and devilish) constructors. Individually printed on fine, heavy paper each puzzle is the same grid size and caliber as those found in the Sunday New York Times, and contains a witty commentary by our editor, the legendary Will Weng. These outstanding puzzles are also offered in Large Print — both paper and type size are a full 25% bigger than our regular crosswords.

Within 48 hours of receiving your instructions, we'll have an elegant gift announcement card on its way to you, and we'll start your new member with the January 1992 puzzles.

Your Satisfaction is guaranteed. Act Now!
It's Easy to Order! We Pay the Postage!

Send check for $30 (regular) or $45 (Large Print) or charge MasterCard/Visa. (Foreign subscriptions somewhat higher.)

Mail to:
THE CROSSWORDS CLUB Dept. 21219
123 Elm Street, P.O. Box 635
Old Saybrook, CT 06475
CALL TOLL FREE
800-874-8100
OR FAX TOLL FREE
800-872-7624
(All 50 States & Canada)

THE CROSSWORD CLUB®

women wore paper stickers showing a red bar across two tomahawks, and there were a lot of "AIM" buttons as well—for the American Indian Movement. Others were carrying signs: "Have Respect / Stop the Chop," "Indians Are People / Not Mascots," "Drums: The Music of America," and a plain "Respect." One small child, in the arms of his mother, wore a handwritten sign pinned to his sweater which said, "I am an Anishinabe." The Twins fans coming in seemed curious and polite about the demonstration, and a few of them stopped to ask questions.

I talked to a round-faced woman from the reservation, Andrea Bonga, who had brought along her ten-year-old son, Patrick. "There's nothing new about this," Ms. Bonga said. "Being a stereotype had been a problem for us for a long time. Nothing has changed for the Indian people in my lifetime." I noticed that Patrick Bonga was carrying a homer hankie, and when I asked him if he was a Twins fan, he nodded shyly. "I like Chili Davis," he said.

The same sort of demonstrations went on outside Atlanta Fulton County Stadium when the games moved along; this time, the drummers and singers were Cherokees, for the most part. The crowd feeling was different there, I thought—more impatient—and there were louder, conflicting sounds of drumming and chanting from a group of imitation Indians nearby, rooting for the Braves. In the crowd around the demonstrators I saw a man wearing a huge plastic tomahawk on his head, with the message "Station Z93—Classic Rock & Roll."

I didn't know what to make of all this—I doubt if anyone did. It has been suggested that the Braves should change their name to the Brave, or perhaps the Raves, but I don't think anything of the sort is going to happen. I don't think the tomahawk chop, which is part of the growing, almost Japanese ritualization of sport in this country, is going to go away quickly, either. The team name and the chants and the chops may be cheerful in intention, but they're injuries as well: little cuts that stand for something a good deal worse. When I listened to the rock-blaring speakers and the roaring, hankie-brandishing hordes around me at the game in Minneapolis that night, I felt as if we were children in there, and that the adults were all outside the Dome, up on that triangle of grass.

Down in Atlanta, I ran into a BBC television crew that was shooting a documentary on the history of the World Series. After the next couple of evenings went into the books (Games Three and Four, that is), I wanted to look them up and explain that this Series was—well, different. They were like some kid researching a fifth-grade history paper who had wandered in on Gettysburg. If you begin a re-creation over here on the left-hand side of the cyclorama, you can pick up the modest early cavalry skirmishings of Game Three (Dan Gladden's triple against Steve Avery in the first inning, for instance), but your glance keeps sliding over to the long expanses of canvas to the right, which show dark clouds of smoke, the flashes of cannon fire, and the massed wheeling of troops. The crowd, stuffed into the circling layers of the stadium, got into the fray, of course, screaming and shouting (to Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Part II" and then to those mammoth, outer-space strains from "Thus Spake Zarathustra" over the P.A.) about Justice's line-drive home run and then Lonnie Smith's wrong-field smash, which put the Braves two runs up in the middle action. But Avery didn't have his curveball this time, and the Twins rocketed some scary deep outs ("Oooh!" . . . "Wow!") to the fences in the sixth. Puckett homered in the next inning, and when Chili Davis—a pinch-hitter on this evening—came in against Avery's replacement, Alejandro Pena, in the eighth and hit a game-tying two-run smash over the left-field barrier, the place went dead.

Things were more changed than we knew, in fact, for the action now became clotted: slow and then slower, a huge conundrum that none of us, players or managers or watchers, could quite solve. Outs and Ks came clustering, pinch-hitters and relievers and double switches were essayed, and beached, used-up players filled both dugouts, all to no avail as the game stretched itself into extra innings, up to midnight and then past, still going nowhere. The managers threw in their reserves without caution, but Tom Kelly, who had elected to carry only nine pitchers on his Series roster, always looked a little more straitened than his rival across the

GIVE A BOY A GIFT THAT RUNS ON BRAIN CELLS INSTEAD OF DRY CELLS.

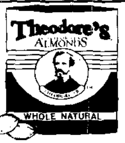
Here's a bright holiday idea: a subscription to Boys' Life. Every month, you'll find him scaling mountains, forging rapids and meeting heroes. Best of all, you'll find him reading. Boys' Life is the magazine for all boys. So don't invest in more batteries. Recharge his mind.

☐ 1 Year $15.60 ☐ 2 Years $29.00 ☐ Outside US add $7.20

☐ Yes, I want a gift subscription for:
Boy's Name
Address
City State Zip
Your Name
Address
City State Zip
Charge my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ Discover
Account No. Exp. Date
Signature
☐ Bill me later. ☐ Check/Money Order Enclosed

Send this form to: BOYS' LIFE
PO Box 152079, Irving, TX 75015-2079
Or call (214) 580-2088
NV4

Save $5.00 on California Almonds



That's right. For a limited time you can save $5.00 on farm-fresh, shelled California Almonds from Theodore's Almonds. Available in three flavors: Dry-Roasted Hickory, Whole Natural, or Dry-Roasted Lightly Salted. Send check or money order, Visa, MC or AE* with Exp. Date to:

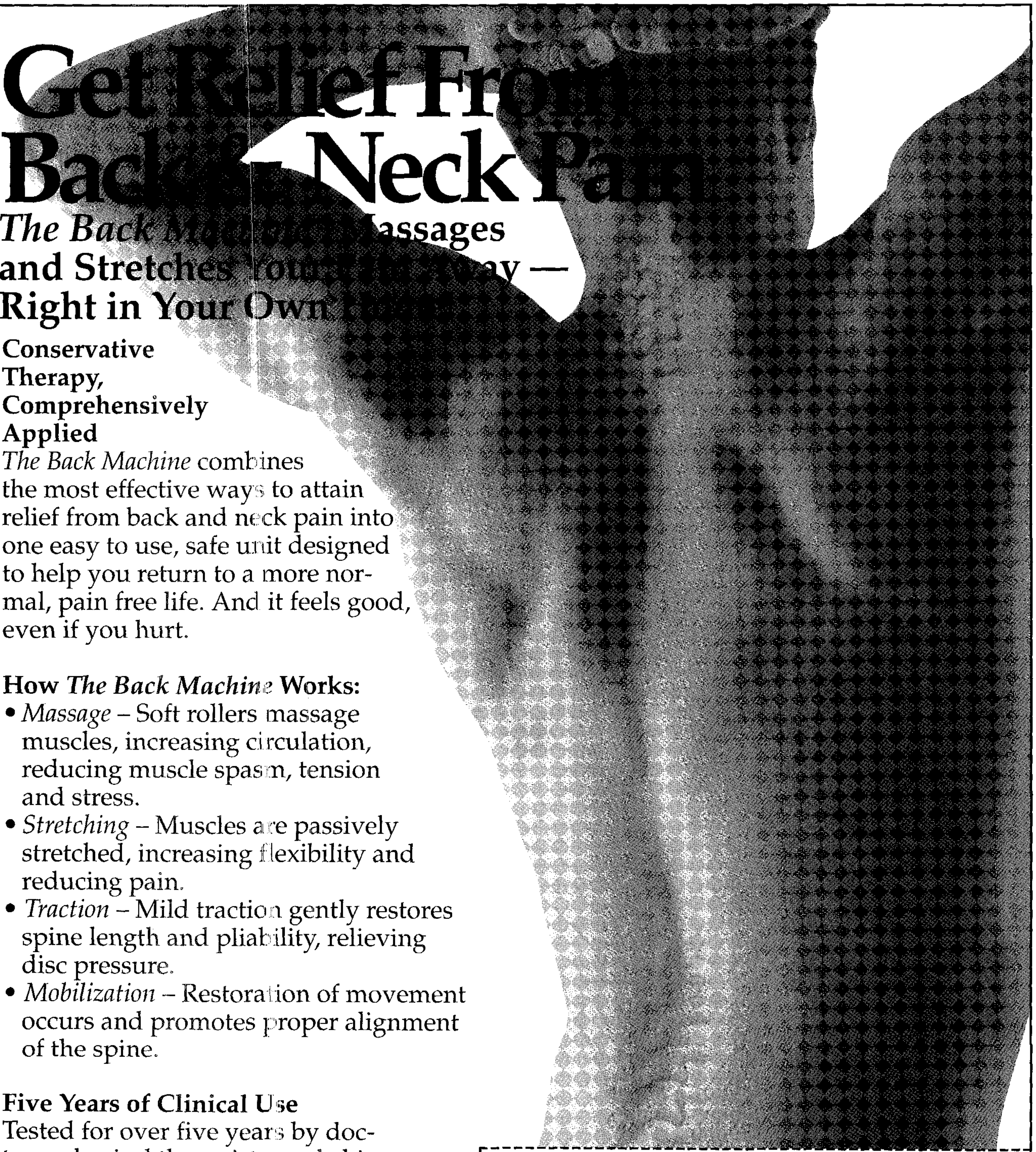
4 lb. Can $14.95 del'd.* (Reg. $19.95)

Theodore's California Almonds
P.O. Box 150, Dept. 18
Ripon, CA 95366

Credit Card Orders Call 1-800-829-6887
*del'd. in cont. U.S. For AK & HI add $7.50
Money Back Guarantee (offer expires 1/1/92)

ISRAEL
Leisure Vacations
For People 50 Plus
22 Days via EL AL incl. Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Galilee, the Spa Resorts of Tiberias or the Dead Sea, 5-star Hotels, 2 meals daily, tours & much more.
For Free Brochure, Call (718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002.

THE PELHAM HOTEL
London
In the Tradition of Excellence
15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671



Get Relief From Back & Neck Pain

The Back Machine Massages and Stretches Your Pain Away — Right in Your Own Home

Conservative Therapy, Comprehensively Applied

The Back Machine combines the most effective ways to attain relief from back and neck pain into one easy to use, safe unit designed to help you return to a more normal, pain free life. And it feels good, even if you hurt.

How *The Back Machine* Works:

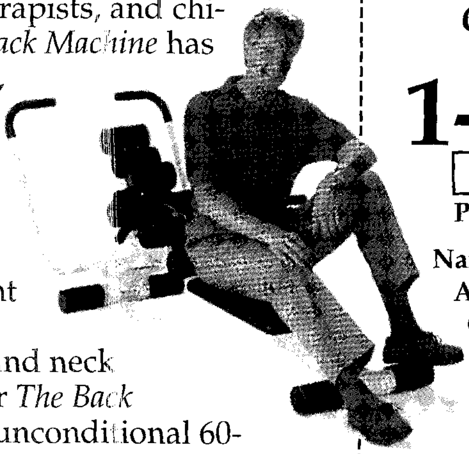
- *Massage* – Soft rollers massage muscles, increasing circulation, reducing muscle spasm, tension and stress.
- *Stretching* – Muscles are passively stretched, increasing flexibility and reducing pain.
- *Traction* – Mild traction gently restores spine length and pliability, relieving disc pressure.
- *Mobilization* – Restoration of movement occurs and promotes proper alignment of the spine.

Five Years of Clinical Use

Tested for over five years by doctors, physical therapists, and chiropractors, *The Back Machine* has been proven safe, effective, and comfortable.

60-Day Home Trial

We're so confident you'll experience relief from back and neck pain that we offer *The Back Machine* with an unconditional 60-day money back guarantee.



Call or Write Today For FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

1-800-433-5599

☐**Yes!** I want to relieve my back pain
Please send me a FREE Brochure and Video
☐VHS ☐BETA

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

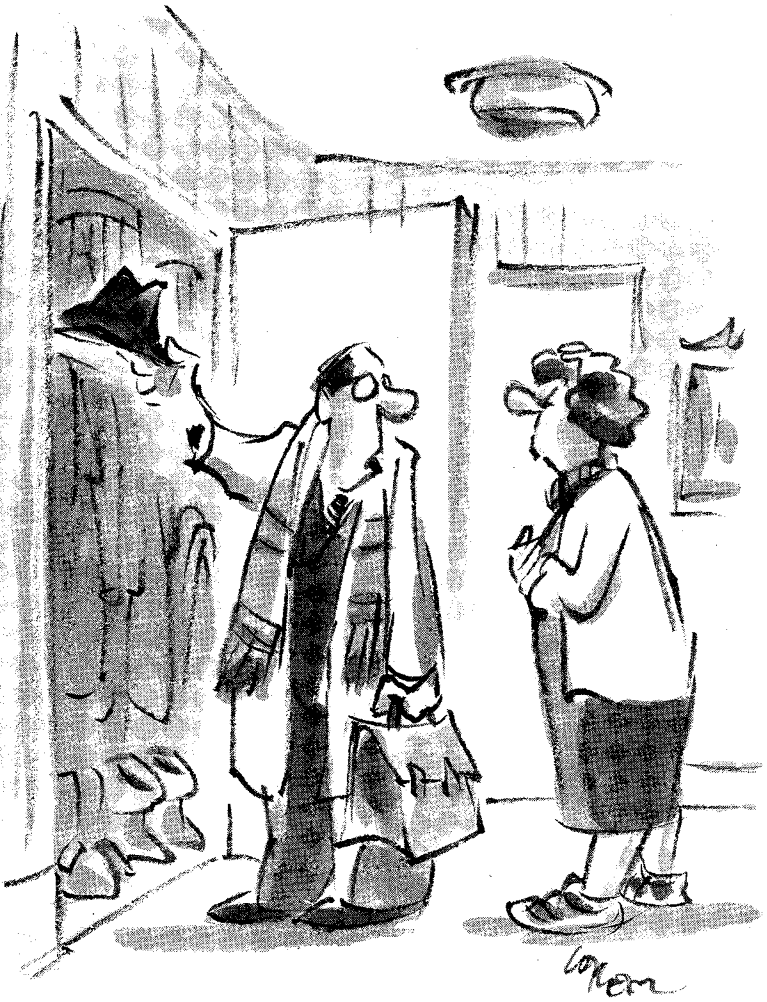
City_________________________________

State_______________Zip_______________

Evening Phone (____)_____________________

Back Technologies
2525 West Casino Road • Everett, WA. 98204
1–800–433–5599

© 1991 Back Technologies Inc. Dept 154



"I ran across something today you don't see much anymore—a guilty conscience."

• •

chessboard. By an accident of the double switch (this is the everyday National League maneuver that encourages a manager to take out a position player of his along with a departing pitcher, so that the replacements can be reversed in the batting order, with the pitcher coming up to bat as late as possible), Kelly had a pitcher in place directly behind Puckett in the order, and twice Bobby Cox could order Puckett walked in mid-crisis to help the Braves wriggle free. The last Minnesota pinch-hitter, in the top of the twelfth, was Rick Aguilera, of all people, who was also the team's last available pitcher. The game, coming up on four hours now, had already gone into the record books for its forty-two players (twenty-three of them were Twins) and twelve pinch-hitters, and Kelly, looking at the unblacked-out names on his roster, had realized that his next *pitcher* would have to be his left fielder, Dan Gladden. Farce would have felt wrong here, however, and we were spared it when Mark Lemke, coming to bat in the bottom of the twelfth, found Justice staring in pleadingly at him from the middle of the diamond (he had singled and then stolen second) and dispatched him homeward with a little flared hit to left. Gladden's peg was a fraction off line, on the left-field side of the diamond, and Justice, with a veering, skidding slide in the opposite direction, swept the plate with his right hand, eluding Brian Harper's tag, and came up onto his feet in the same movement, his fist in the air.

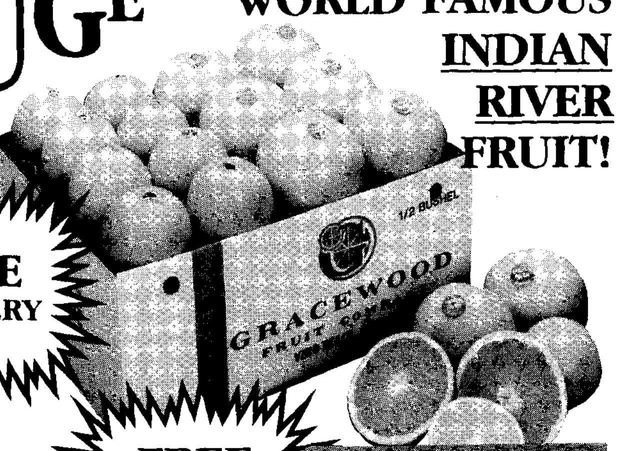
MARK LEMKE is five feet nine, and determined. He was picked by the Braves in the twenty-seventh round of the 1983 draft and spent the next seven summers playing infield in places like Bradenton, Florida, and Anderson and Sumter, South Carolina. Bobby Cox calls him a "dirt player," and beams when he says it. Lemke made the show last year, and this summer he appeared in a hundred and thirty-six games for the Braves, mostly as a late-inning defensive replacement for second baseman Jeff Treadway. He has won the job for good, we may venture to guess, on the basis of his play in the World Series. "I know what it took to get me here," he said to reporters in his clubhouse—he was the shortest one of the group, I saw—"and, yes, I'm grateful." But then he seemed to remember who he was now (the cape and the blocky "S" inside the triangle had just been hung up in the phone booth), and he added, "I feel I can do anything I want right now."

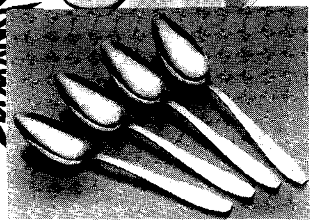
This interview had come moments after the conclusion of Game Four, in which Lemke had been noticed once again: a single, a looped double (these were against Jack Morris), and a ninth-inning triple to left-center at a moment when the Twins and the Braves were again locked in a breathless tie. After an intentional walk, the next batter for the home team was the pinch-hitting Jerry Willard—a career journeyman catcher who had spent time with four different major-league teams and (more lengthily) with nine different minor-league ones—and he delivered a middle-deep fly ball to right, more or less as ordered, sending Lemke homeward. *His* slide, which likewise ended and won a game, was to the other side of Harper at the plate; they bumped shoulders in passing, and Lemke's body pinned the catcher's left arm to his side, so he couldn't swing his mitt and the ball to make the tag. The Series was tied.

I cannot easily remember two such exclamatory games following in quick succession (neither can anyone else), each ending with the same sort of play at the same corner of the field. My only wish for this classic that was not fulfilled—I don't *think* it was—would have been that not a single one of its 50,878 spectators had been there the night before, because wonders should be shared, not hoarded. I will pass over the rest of these particular wonders, however, except for the reminder that this was the game that seemed to be played out, for the best part, within a few feet of home plate: a ruined squeeze play by the Twins; a county-shaking collision at home between Harper and Lonnie Smith, who was out by a mile when the catcher somehow held onto consciousness as well as the ball; and, an instant later, a tag-out of Pendleton at the same spot, after he tried to score from third on a momentarily bobbled pitch. When Smith next came up to bat, in the seventh, Harper told him that their crash had been the worst he'd ever experienced. "I don't feel so good myself," Lonnie said. Then he hit a home run.

A REPORTER I know was out on the field just after this game, and stood watching the celebrations in the stands, in company with an Atlanta policeman astride his police horse. "This isn't your usual sort of thing around here, is it?" said the writer, and the cop said, "This is Halley's comet." No Atlanta team in any professional sport—not the Braves, not the Falcons, not the Hawks, not the departed Flames—had ever found itself in the finals of a championship before this week, and with the Braves now in a tie at the midpoint of the World Series their fans were in a state several notches above jubilation. I had been fortunate enough to make earlier acquaintance with two long-term, dead-serious specimens of the breed, and when we met for lunch at the popular Buckhorn Diner on the day after Lemke's slide, one of them said, "How can I explain? My son Justin, who's eleven, has never seen *anything* at the stadium before now, unless you count Dale Murphy hitting two home runs in the same game once. Now this . . ." He spread his hands, gesturing toward the noisy tables and booths in our part of the restaurant, where the lunch talk, one could absolutely assume, was all Braves.

He was Jonathan Barry, a commercial-real-estate specialist, and his friend and fellow-season-ticket-holder, to my left, was Alan Weiner, a photographer with the Southern regional bureau of the *Times*. Both are in their mid-thirties, and both, as it happens, grew up elsewhere but have lived in Atlanta for many years. Jon has a small mustache and an eager, thrusting way of talking; Alan is more reserved in manner but no less intense about the Braves. He told me that he was nursing a small grievance against Commissioner Fay Vincent, who had said in an interview that he was concerned about the Atlanta club's relying too





HUGE

WORLD FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER FRUIT!

FREE DELIVERY

100% GUARANTEED

FREE Serrated Spoons (a $7.95 value)

WHAT A GIFT!

Sugar sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box with a set of four custom stainless steel Grapefruit spoons included FREE!

FREE DELIVERY

#13RNGS ¼ Bushel	$20.95
#30RNGS ½ Bushel	$27.95
#55RNGS 1 Bushel	$39.95

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-678-1154
8 a.m. - 9 p.m. Mon. - Sat.

Mail order to:
GRACEWOOD FRUIT CO.
1626 90th Ave.
P. O. Box 2590-Dept. N.Y. 5
Vero Beach, FL 32961

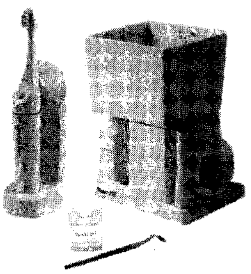
U.S. Dental Research says, "You have a 75% chance of developing gum disease."

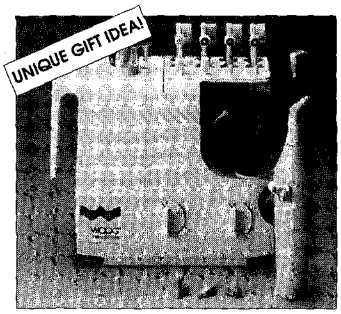
STOP BLEEDING AND GUM DISEASE IN AS LITTLE AS 30 DAYS!

Dr.Woog® PerioSystem®

The 4-In-1 Home Professional Periodontal System replaces:

1) ~~An Automatic Toothbrush (like Interplak®)~~
2) ~~An Oral Irrigator (like WaterPik®)~~
3) ~~Regular Hand Flossing and Gum Stimulation~~
4) ~~Mouth Wash~~





"The Woog System helps reduce or prevent gum disease."
– *Dr. J.H. Manhold, Journal of Periodontology*

Geneva, Switzerland - Revolutionary Swiss methodology supported by 160 university clinical tests, worldwide. His technology prevents and reduces bleeding and gum disease in less than 30 days. Plus eliminates most plaque.

Already Over 100,000 PerioSystems Sold
Dr. P.G. Woog, Ph.D., Toulouse University. Inventor of the first electric toothbrush (1956), owned by E.R. Squibb & Sons as BROXODENT™ since 1968. His work has been the subject of over 160 scientific papers.

A Brush Mechanically More Powerful than Interplak®
The hydraulically-powered brush removes plaque while it gently and effortlessly massages gums, strengthening them, helping to cut back gum disease and bleeding.

Not a Monojet like WaterPik®
17,000 micro-droplets of water and air per second safely ease away loosened plaque and debris, act as an hydraulic toothpick and accelerate circulation in gums.

Faster and Easier than Hand Flossing
4 custom periodontal attachments and micro-fractionated action reach, clean and massage...even around orthodontics, brass or chrome bridges, and partial dentures! Mouthwash released precisely by a dispenser.

PLUS...30 DAY RISK FREE TRIAL!
Prove to yourself how easy and effective the Woog is to use, take advantage of our **30 day risk free trial offer.**

Dr.Woog® PerioSystem®
CCN, Inc., 1 Research Park, Dept. B261
Chester, CT 06412-1353, or call Toll-Free
1-800-677-5556
(In Canada 1-800-999-4744)
You will receive your FREE Dental Care Information within 7 days

Children's Photographs from $95.00
Gift Certificates Available MC/VISA

Bachrach

Photographers since 1868

We're Now in San Francisco
Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111
San Francisco 415-296-8231

Buccaneer Shirt

For women & men
Buckle your swashes in our dashing, handcrafted shirt. Gathered cuffs and yokes. Smooth woven cotton in Black, Dusty Rose, Sand, Royal Blue or White. Please state height,weight, bust/chest measurements and colour choice.
$33 postpaid. Moneyback guarantee. VISA/MC call Toll Free (800) 222-8024.
Send $1 for swatches & catalogue. (Free with order.)

DEVA Lifewear
a cottage industry
(301) 663-4900

Box NYK1
303 E. Main Street
Burkittsville, MD 21718

THE 20th ANNUAL WBAI HOLIDAY CRAFTS FAIR
THREE WEEKENDS
different craftspeople each week
DEC. 6-8, 13-15 & 20-22
FERRIS BOOTH HALL
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
115TH STREET AND BROADWAY
(212) 279-0707 or (212) 695-4465

TAXI COAT
NOT YOUR DUMB, ORDINARY TRAVEL RAINCOAT
ULTRA LIGHT RAINPROOF
CONTEMPORARY CHIC
OVERSIZE NYLON COAT
AND CARRYALL
For Men & Women
Size P,S,M,L
Black, Purple & Slate Green
1-800-677-7246
$83.60 POSTAGE PAID
CA RESIDENTS ADD $6.60 TAX
VISA & MASTERCARD

heavily on revenues from the TBS showing of Braves games, and not enough on local fan support. "This was an insult," Alan explained. "Look, Jon and I kept going to games—we had our season tickets—all through the time when the Braves finished last in their division in four out of five straight years. *Way* last. I used to come on nights when there were only six or seven thousand fans in the stadium, and most of them rooting for the Mets or the Cubs, or whoever we were playing. Who did Fay Vincent think we were—flagellants? We were *fans*."

I asked what some of those teams had been like, and Alan had the dread names and stats instantly at hand. "Damaso Garcia batted seven for sixty here in 1988—that's .117—at a time they were paying him eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "That was the same year when Tommy Glavine was seven and seventeen at the end of the season here. Three years before that, Pascual Perez went one and thirteen for us. Then we've always had these—these *reluctant* shortstops. Raffy Ramirez. Andres Thomas . . ." He and Jon said Thomas's name in chorus.

"Somehow we always seemed to sign the oldest and the most quickly injured players," Jon said. "Let me tell you some of our trades. Let me tell you about Ozzie Virgil . . ." He closed his eyes and waved away the thought.

Alan said, "What it was like was we used to have fans who would *applaud* whenever an outfielder settled under a sacrifice fly hit by the other team. This is a huge metamorphosis."

I asked about this year's Braves team, and they spoke admiringly about Bobby Cox's endless patience with young pitchers—with Steve Avery last year, and with John Smoltz, who had won only two out of thirteen decisions by the All-Star break this year (at which point the team trailed the Dodgers by those nine and a half games) but had then flipped his season with a 12–2 mark for the rest of the way; and with Glavine, too, who had grown weary toward the end of his wonderful, 20–11 summer. Jon said he'd been startled early this year when John Schuerholz, freshly arrived as general manager, persuaded the club at last to replace its infamously rubbled and worn-down infield ("I always thought they'd grown cotton there before they brought in a team," Alan said), and then even

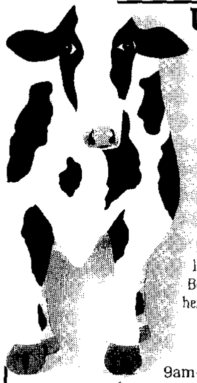
Golf at the Inn

Charming accommodations, memorable cuisine, impeccable service, and an attentive concierge offer amenities that have earned the Golf Magazine's Silver Medal and Racquet Magazine's 5 stars. 90 minutes from Los Angeles and near the coastal city of Santa Barbara.

Since 1923, the golf course has challenged world-class players and is home of the Senior PGA GTE/West Classic.

LUXURY GOLF HOLIDAY $139
Sunday thru Wednesday Arrival
Includes a luxurious room with breakfast, dinner with your choice of menu, unlimited course play, and free range balls. Golf cart, taxes, and gratuities are extra.
2 night minimum stay - Above rates are per person, per night, double occupancy and subject to change and availability. Effective thru 3/29/92

OJAI VALLEY INN & COUNTRY CLUB
OJAI, CA 93023 • (805) 646-5511 (800) 422-OJAI



Unblinking, yet friendly. Immobile, yet movable. Nearly *life-sized* (47"h), yet eats virtually nothing. Achieve the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, clean-up or pre-dawn chores. No, you *can't milk the Yard Cow but you can* be the rage of the neighborhood pasture. She's gracious. Poised. Talented. She's outstanding in her field. *Durable too* (hand stenciled in enamel on ½" waterproof signboard). Don't let the Yard Cow escape your lasso. Get the best. Get the original. Begin with 1 at $68 or start your own herd of 3 for $186 ship. incl. Indoor and outdoor supports included.
1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
Monday through Friday
9am-5pm EST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.
K.L. Mullen Co. 2301 Ritner Hwy, Carlisle, PA 17013
THE YARD COW ©1991

CINNAMON REEF
a very private resort in Anguilla, British West Indies
For brochure call: 1-800-223-1108

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
A Million Pieces!
Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.
To Buy or Sell:
Call (919) 697-3000, or write:
1089 Knox Rd., P.O. Box 26029, Dept. YODIA
Greensboro, NC 27420 (SASE Please)

more by Schuerholz's deals over the winter, which had brought in first baseman Sid Bream and shortstop Rafael Belliard from the Pirates, and free agent Terry Pendleton to play third.

"An infield at last," said Jon. "Pendleton is the crucial move. He has that great glove—well, he's made more errors here than anyone expected, to tell the truth—and he's the kind of player you always find yourself watching. Just what the young players needed. Of course, we had no idea he'd hit like this here."

"That and getting Pena from the Mets in August," Alan added. "Pena has been—he's been a *king* in some of his games."

Our lunch had arrived. "Tell about Opening Day," Alan suggested.

"Well, I'd just about given up," Jon said. "I have to admit that. I told Alan that day that if we didn't finish at least eighty-one to eighty-one this year—win half our games—I was going to bail out and give up my tickets. I did go on and say I thought we'd win eighty-seven games, though. That was my prediction. Then we got rained out on Opening Day after a lot of endless waiting around, and when it was replayed we lost to the Dodgers. Same old stuff. I just had no idea."

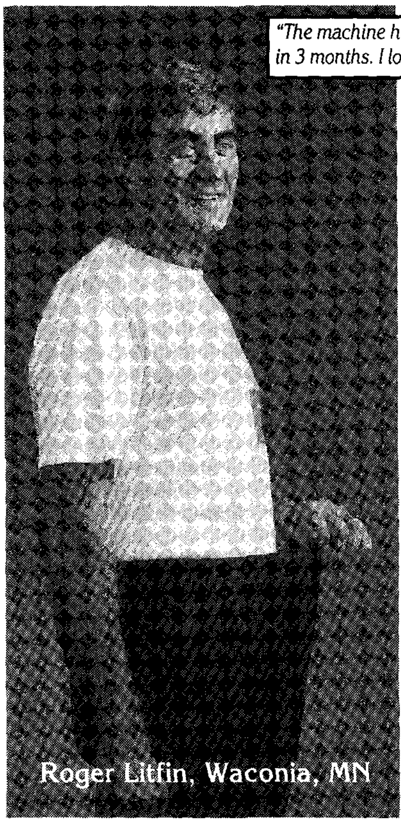
They told me that real crowds began to come after the Braves ran off a string of five consecutive wins on the road at the end of May. "Our first ray of light after twenty-three consecutive losing months," Jon threw in. "After that, things got so I was saying to myself, 'Is this the high-water mark? Is *this*?' "

They ran through some of the bright parts for me, interrupting each other happily: Kent Mercker's walk with the bases loaded in the tenth, which won a Dodger game; Cabrera's three-run homer against Rob Dibble; Jeff Blauser's grand slam that began the Braves' comeback from a 1–7 deficit against the Expos; and then, of course, the October 1st miracle against the Reds, after Cincinnati's six-run first inning.

"People around here talk about Dave Justice's home run that night the way they talk about Pearl Harbor or where they were when Kennedy was shot," Jon said. " 'Where were *you*?' 'I was over at dinner at my sister's that night, and . . .' You know." He paused, holding a piece of roll in midair, and asked if I knew about the Saturday game in

Find that thin person inside of you.

"The machine has done wonders. I went from 220 pounds to 180 pounds in 3 months. I lost 6 inches from my waist. My friends are amazed!"

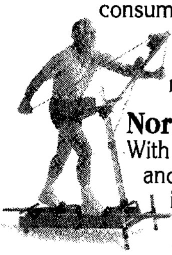


Roger Litfin, Waconia, MN

NordicTrack melts unwanted inches away.
Get rid of that "spare tire" for good. The key is sensible eating *plus* regular aerobic exercise on a NordicTrack® cross-country ski machine.

NordicTrack burns more calories.
Research shows that by working your total body, NordicTrack burns more calories than exercise bikes, treadmills, stairclimbers and other ordinary exercisers that only work your legs — up to 1,100 per hour, according to fitness experts.

NordicTrack increases your metabolism.
By raising your metabolism, NordicTrack actually changes the rate at which your body consumes calories. You reduce body fat, increase lean muscle tissue, and start to burn more calories even at rest.



NordicTrack is easy.
With NordicTrack you can trim and tone your entire body — including your waistline — in as little as 20 minutes, three times a week.

NordicTrack®

Call today for a 30-day in-home trial.

Or write:
NordicTrack, Dept. 261L1,
141 Jonathan Boulevard North,
Chaska, MN 55318

1-800-328-5888
EXT. 261L1

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company All Rights Reserved

BERMUDA'S GEM

"Let's promise to come back"

Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter...for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

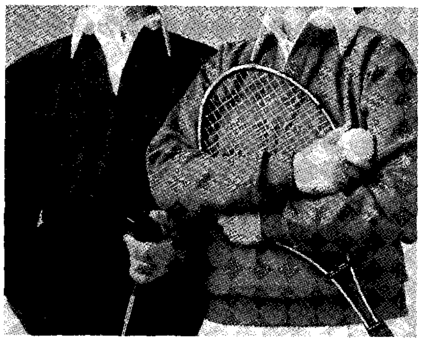
CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Five Dollars
California Residents: One Hundred Twelve Dollars
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only Eighty-Nine Dollars

Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel, Navy, Light Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Vicuna, Fuchsia, Loganberry, White.

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123



Executive Sweatshirt

NOW IN 7 COLORS!

- White, Navy, Kelly Green, Lt. Blue, Lt. Pink, Lt. Yellow, Royal. (All have white collars.)
- 85% Cotton – for comfort, absorbency.
- Raglan Sleeve – for easy movement.
- Traditional Stand-up Collar – three button placket.
- Knitted cuffs and waistband.
- One size range for men and women.

$36.50
+ $3.50 P&H

Women's Blouse	6-8	10-12	14-16	18-20	
Sweat Shirt Size	S	M	L	XL	XXL
Men's Sport Coat		37-39	40-41	42-44	45+

Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F
Or Send Check or Money Order to:

Andrew Thompson Co.,
843 Arden Way, Dept. N-8,
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

INTRODUCING

OSO Sweet®

Sweeter than Vidalias!

The only sweet onion available in winter.

Fresh from the Andes Mountains of South America, available Jan. & Feb.

These make ideal gifts for the person who has everything and for the person who loves delicious sweet onions.

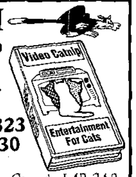
8lb. Boxes $18.95 + $4.50 S&H. Visa/M.C.

1-800-533-6913

HUSTON PRODUCE

201 West Big Beaver, Troy, MI 48084

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH



– **with Dick Shapiro's amazing Catnip Video** – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.

Just $19.95
plus $4 s/h
VISA MC AMEX

TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630

DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#14, 20 Wertheim Court., Richmond Hill, Ont. Canada L4B 3A8

COCKTAIL PIANO

An audio cassette featuring 20+ all-time favorites from the 30's and 40's. Beautiful solo piano performances of songs like, "As Time Goes By", "These Foolish Things", and "Misty" will take you back to that time. This soft, elegant piano music is perfect for dining and makes a great personal or corporate gift. Send $9.95 + $2.00 Postage to:

JIM HASKINS 432 Iliaina St., Kailua, HI 96734

September when there had been a rain delay in the first inning, with the team already trailing the Dodgers.

I said yes, I'd been in the park that day.

"Well, then you remember how Gant messed up that drive in center field, and then the rains came," he went on. "That very heavy sudden shower? But what you don't know is that *it didn't rain anywhere else* in the Greater Atlanta area that afternoon. I've checked this out, and it's true. Then we got started again, and things got much, much better."

I stole a look at Alan, and for just an instant I thought he'd rolled his eyes at me.

"Listen, you can't argue with this stuff!" Jon cried, watching us. "I think the gods were saying, 'Wait a minute, now. Let's regroup. Let's start over.' I mean, when did the Dodgers score again against us? Not until they were nine runs behind the following afternoon—that's when!"

"It's like when the front office took Chief Noc-a-homa's tepee out of the left-field stands in '82 and put in those extra seats, and the Braves lost fifteen of the next seventeen games," Alan said. "Then they put it back."

"Exactly!" Jon said, his eyes shining. "We believe there's something in this. And now—" Suddenly he seemed to remember how things stood now: what we'd seen the Braves do, on their own, in the last week or two.

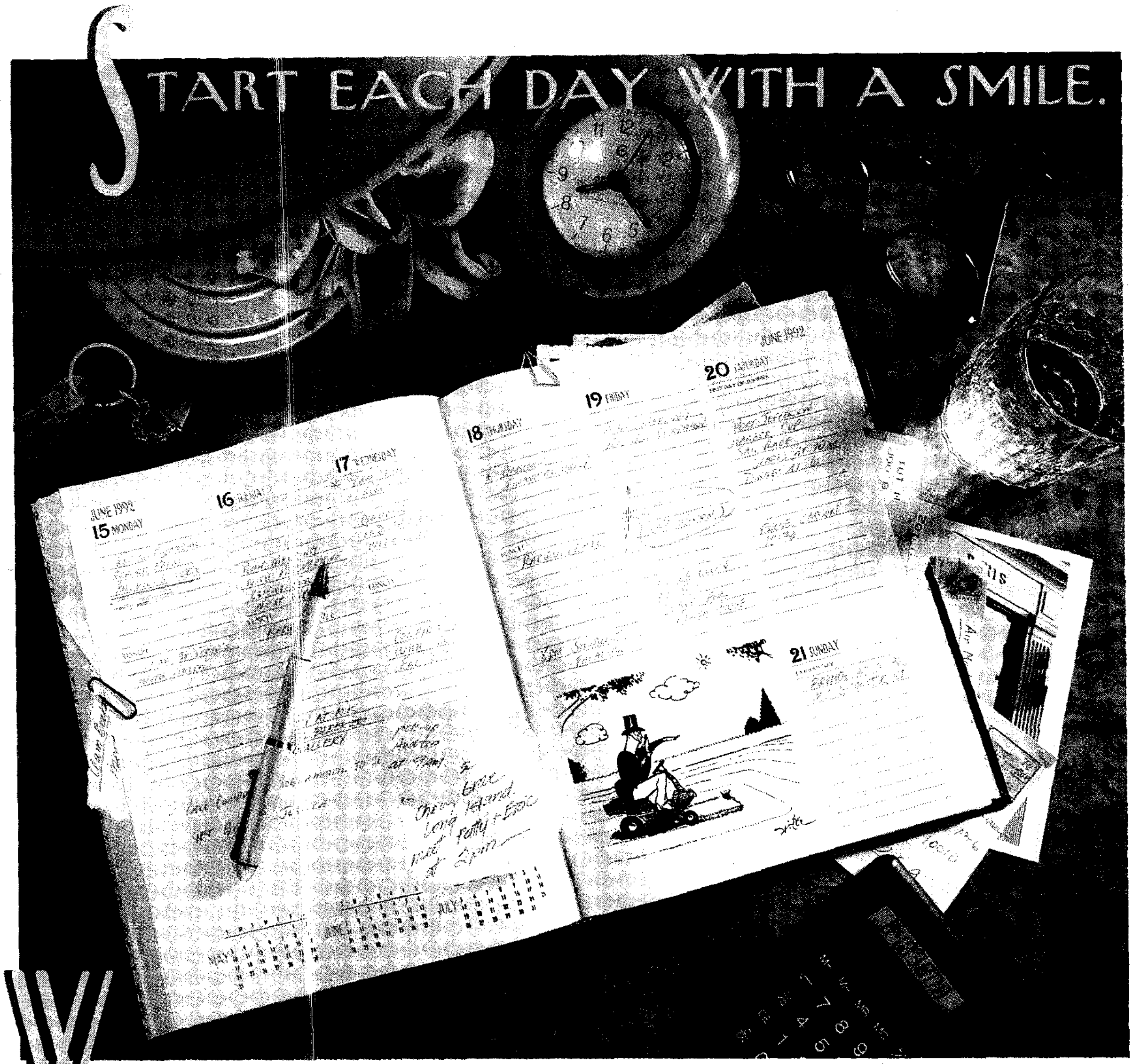
"This has all been such a pleasure," he said. "Every step of the way, we've had something to be proud of."

THAT night, the Braves knocked out Kevin Tapani in the fourth inning with a four-run, five-hit uprising. They batted around in the seventh, committing various atrocities upon the worn-down Minnesota bullpen, and in the eighth they came up with a double, a triple, a home run, and a single—the cycle, in one inning (but not exactly news, since they had done the very same thing back in the fourth). Dave Justice hit a home run, and so did Lonnie Smith. Lemke had two triples. The galleries were free-swinging, too, and I saw that brooms had replaced some of the tomahawks out along the right-field side—for a sweep of these home games. Tommy Glavine suddenly came unstrung in the middle of all this prosperity and had to be taken out after giving up four bases on balls in the sixth, but it didn't matter; this was the laugher—14–5 in the end—and the first deep breath for any of us, players and watchers, in a week.

Jon Barry had invited me to come down and sit with him and his daughter Rachel that night (he'd hold her in his lap) in his lower-level box seats, just beside the visiting-team on-deck circle. He thought it might be fun for me to watch part of the action from there, in the company of some real Braves fans. As the game went along and its pattern became clear, the invitation sounded just right, but I didn't go. I'd been thinking about Jon and Alan, and our convivial, dead-serious lunch, and it came to me after a bit that I'd heard their litany of pain and hope and constancy before, in letters that have come to me from fans of losing teams around the country. Most of the writers begin with a line or two commenting on something in the recent baseball news, but then they quickly move along to an extended personal account of their own attachment to one particular team: how it had begun, what the great innings or games had been like, or the awful ones, and how good or (mostly) bad the boys had looked lately. Fans like these are special, a private club with extremely demanding entrance requirements, and one can't belong just by sitting with a couple of the members when things are going well. (The Twins, I should add, used to have a little society of inside sufferers exactly like this, but in the last few years they seem to have let just about anybody in, and the place has gone downhill.)

When the game ended, with the Atlantas now ahead in the Series at last, the Braves' bench players ran out to join their teammates on the diamond (Bobby Cox was with them, of course), and then they all streamed slowly off the field through a double column of mounted cops. The players were waving their caps at the fans, and the fans waved back and yelled and tomahawked and threw paper and programs in the air. It was about the biggest private party I'd ever seen.

I WENT home and watched the terrific last two games on television. I wanted to see the pitching up close and, to tell the truth, I didn't want to watch the resolution of a Series like this one with my fingers in my ears. The ending wrung us once again:



WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1992, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 60 all-time classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers. The New Yorker's own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front.

The diary's format is a large 10¼ x 8". The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me:

____ Copies @ $17.95 (211441)

____ Copies with name imprinted @ $20.45 (211458)

____ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Canadian orders must include 7% GST.

____ Add $3.25 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.50 for Canada.

My check or money order for $_____ is enclosed.

☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # __________ Exp. Date ______

Signature ________________

Send Order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ________________

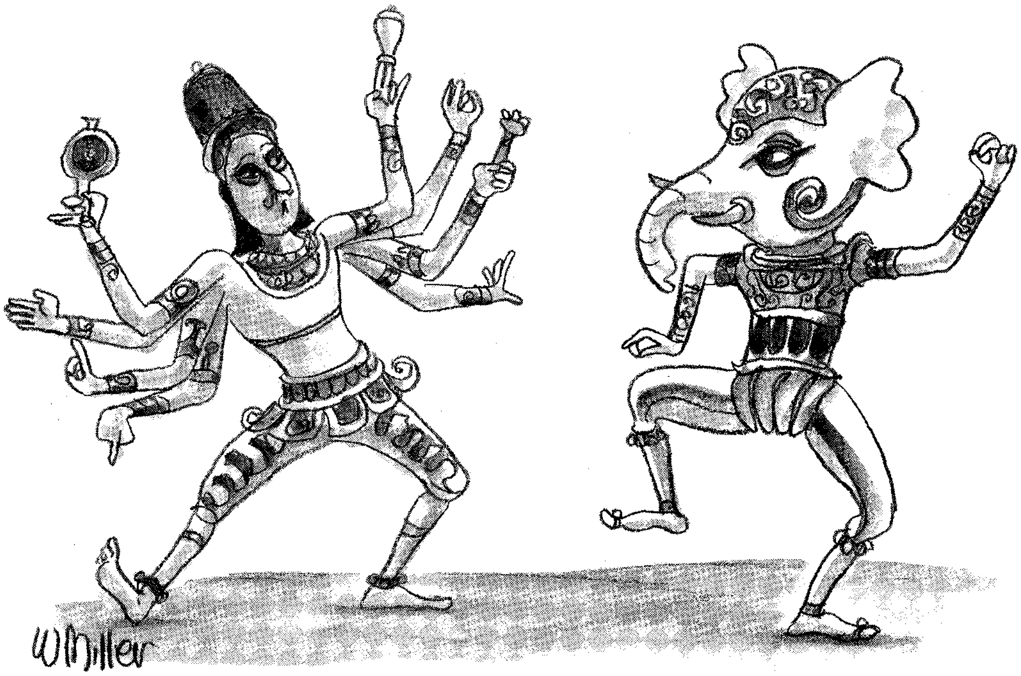
Address ________________

City / State / Zip ________________

*Imprint name(s) ________________

*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in US and Canada.

235598



"I happen to be somewhat in a rush. Would it be possible to discuss the various aspects of multiculturalism at some other time soon?"

• •

4–3 in eleven innings the first night, and then 1–0 in ten, with the Twins bringing home the late last run each time, to seize their great prize. They are a fine club, and what impressed me most about them here at the end was their endless, almost casual confidence; they knew themselves, and they seemed to sense that no uncharacteristic, astounding effort would be required to bring them safely home, even in such straits. The Braves, it felt to me, weren't absolutely at this level; they had been underdogs right along and had surprised themselves again and again through the late season and after, and privately they may have been still counting on something like youth or luck or some unimaginable stroke to make up the difference once again. But this may not be the case. The temptation to draw large conclusions about winners and losers is very strong, but coming up one run short at the end of sixteen hundred innings probably cannot be called a failure of character.

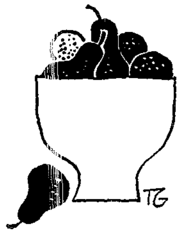
Even from a distance, the baseball in these games seemed close to pain. "I can't *take* much more of this," I'd say, getting up from my seat and walking off into another room. "Come *on!*" The cry wasn't directed at the next batter or as a plea to the incoming new pitcher: it was against baseball fate. Then I would rush back and jump into the game once again.

The Braves kept hitting into loud outs in Game Six—hard shots that flew directly at some fielder, near-homers (by Pendleton and then Justice) that flew foul at the last instant, a line-drive double play—but luck is beside the point at such times: winners must seize the day. The winner on this night was Kirby Puckett, the ebullient and all-round-talented Minnesota medicine ball, who had himself quite an evening: a marvel of a catch, up against the left-field Plexiglas, that took a home run away from Ron Gant; a triple that drove in one run and soon became a second; a run-scoring sacrifice fly; and the home run, leading off the bottom of the eleventh, that won it, 4–3. "Unbelievable," he said after the game, speaking for millions. "I feel as if I've been in a fifteen-round fight."

The television was almost up to the baseball. The veteran announcers, Tim McCarver and Jack Buck, were into the game in all senses—prescient and useful, but also clearly knocked over by the kind of action we were seeing. In the middle of the final game, McCarver pointed out that Pendleton, the third baseman, was playing miles off the bag against a right-handed batter, Brian Harper, because Harper would never be able to pull the kind of fastballs that Smoltz was throwing; a bare instant later, Harper bounced a grounder directly into Pendleton's glove. The cameras, in turn, found other news to convey: the fatigue now shadowing the faces of the tough young starters, Avery and Erickson (somewhere in this final weekend Avery had said, "Every game I've pitched since August has been the game of my life"); the imperious concentration of Pena; the careworn, ever more downcast mien of Bobby Cox, in the dugout, as the game began to slip through his fingers; and the anguish of Charlie Leibrandt—in a rare relief appearance—squeezing his eyes shut in disbelief after giving up the Puckett home run; four players in a row on the Braves bench, gnawing their nails; Tom Kelly, expressionless in the shadows, waiting and waiting; a woman in the stands biting her lips, with her homer hankie crushed in her palm.

Lonnie Smith, stepping in for the lead-off at-bat of the final game, leaned over and shook hands with the catcher, Brian Harper. Nobody had ever seen such a thing, but its meaning was eloquent: This has been *something*, hasn't it? The game was clear and uncluttered, with John Smoltz and Jack Morris, the two starters, almost bustling their way through the enemy order, inning after inning—*out* of my way, you. Smoltz, with his long face and smoothie mustache, had a lidded, impenetrable look to him: the hood was down, as players used to say. He often started off a fresh batter with another fastball, up in the nineties somewhere, while Morris, the old battler, was perhaps more saving and surprising with his hard stuff. Four times, he struck out the last batter of an inning: a specialty of his.

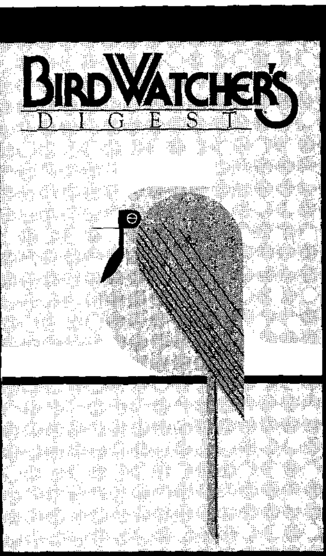
Games like this have rigid proprieties. There should be a hero, but someone must fail as well. This doesn't always happen, and we mourn its absence then. The Braves had a clear chance to win this game before they lost it, and Lonnie Smith's baserunning mistake, in the top of the eighth inning, will always be there now, in our minds and in the books, inexplicable and implacable. On first base with no outs, after a broken-bat single, he took off as Pendleton smashed a double over Puckett's head and to the wall in deep left-center, but paused on the base path just beyond second—a fatal indecision that cost him the chance to score. The run was a sure thing, but then it wasn't, and Lonnie wound up at third. Morris, with surgical care, now elicited two little topped ground balls, the second of which became a first-to-home-to-first bases-loaded double play that extinguished the crisis. Just after Pendleton launched his double (to go back a bit), Knoblauch and his keystone partner, Gagne, feinted a force-play peg to second—the trifling everyday deke maneuver, without the ball, that once or twice in a month will make a careless base runner pause, or even go into a slide out there, because he hasn't been paying attention. The crestfallen Smith admitted after the game that he had indeed failed to pick up the ball in its flight, but claimed that the mimed stuff around second had nothing to do with it. He has since changed his mind about this, it seems, which must mean that he took a later look at the replays. The tape shows him off and running, with his head down, then clearly turning his gaze to the right at the moment Knoblauch fields and then starts to throw the phantom ball. Lonnie scurries unchecked around the corner and is then apparently struck by a late and awful moment of doubt: *What was that?* He stops, turns, and looks about, and then—too late—continues. Whatever happened, whatever the cause, its meaning was clear. The Braves, who had fought a Series-long succession of battles up and down the narrow salient between third and home, came up ninety feet short for the year.



The Twins, after moving a runner up to the same base in the eighth and again in the ninth, all without result, turned the trick in the tenth, when Gladden doubled against Pena (a ball that took a high bounce in left-center and was fractionally misplayed by Brian Hunter), moved to third on a sacrifice, and, after some final maneuverings, came home with the Series-winning run on a pinch-hit single by Gene Larkin.

The casting of Lonnie Smith and Jack Morris as antagonists in the final scene was somebody's masterstroke. Morris was thirty-six and Smith thirty-five, and each was in his fifteenth year in the majors, with extensive post-season experience accumulated along the way; Lonnie, in fact, had played in three prior World Series—with the Phillies, Cardinals, and Royals—never before on the losing side. Both he and Morris, moreover, had been almost last-minute additions to their club rosters this year—Smith winning a job in spring training as pinch-hitter and outfield fill-in, and Morris as a late free agent. Smith, it will be recalled, came to prominence for the Braves only after becoming the replacement for Otis Nixon, the team's efficient lead-off batter and left fielder, who was suspended in the middle of September for a drug infraction. Lonnie had performed staunchly in this difficult role (he'd hit three home runs in the Series), and only his misfortune in the final game might make some of us notice that the Braves had been a little short in run-making capacity in all the late going.

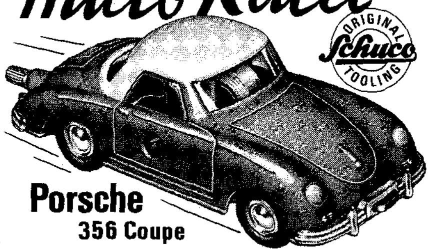
Morris has been a durable and ferocious competitor throughout his career, without ever drawing the awards and accolades that have gone to contemporaries like Nolan Ryan, Roger Clemens, and Orel Hershiser. He won more games in the nineteen-eighties (a hundred and sixty-two) than any other pitcher in baseball, and he is the current—and counting—American League leader in consecutive starts (four hundred and thirty-one). Batters know that he comes into a game armed with a 90-m.p.h.-plus fastball (he can turn it over on a right-handed hitter), a breaking ball, a changeup, and a killing split-finger delivery—and with a sixth pitch, so to speak, which is his thirst for battle. He is not a famous finisher at this point in his career, except when he has to be. After he has emerged on top in still another big game (I remember this from the 1984 Tigers-Padres World Series, but more particularly from an eye-to-eye duel he fought for nine innings with Mike Flanagan, of the Blue Jays, in the closing days of the 1987 pennant race), he always looks more excited and appreciative about the event than anyone else in the clubhouse, and his big, horsy, nineteenth-century football-player's face (with that middle part to his long hair, and his soup-strainer mustache) remains alight with the joy of combat. "I made him hit *my* pitch right there!" he will say about a critical out. During the playoffs this year, Tom Kelly told me



BIRD WATCHER'S DIGEST

For a holiday gift that is thoughtfully perfect for bird watching friends (or yourself), consider *Bird Watcher's Digest*. Sparkling fact-filled articles on attracting and feeding birds, identification, bird behavior, and unusual birding adventures. Also original art, and woodworking and gardening tips. Subscribe for one year (six issues) by sending $15.95 to BWD, Box 110, Dept. ANY3, Marietta, OH 45750. Subscribers in Canada & Mexico add $5 (surface mail) and overseas add $10 per year. Visa/Mastercard call: 1-800-TRY BIRD.

ANY3



Micro Racer

ORIGINAL Schuco TOOLING

Porsche
356 Coupe

LENGTH: 4" WEIGHT: 4.5 OZ. SCALE: 1:45 **#1047**

Finally, after a many year absence, the beautifully detailed, highly desirable Porsche 356 is back in production. *One of the fastest Micro-Racers ever made.* **Features:** fast, vertical wind-up clockwork motor; clutch/brake lever for freewheeling; precision Micro-screw steering via knurled tailpipe; rubber tires, and rubber bumper inserts. *You gotta own one!* **$45**

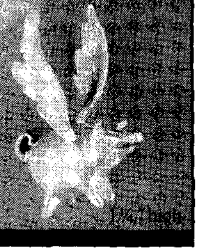
Colors: Red, Silver, Lt. Blue, Dk. Blue, Green, Gold, Black, Ivory, w/contrasting roof colors.

Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.

Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447

Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) **Fax: 702-463-5581**



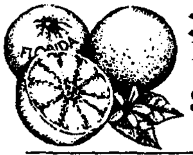
WHEN PIGS FLY!

PIGASUS™
14K Gold $395 p.p
Sterling $85 p.p.
Specify: Pin or Pendant
VISA, MC, OR CHECK TO:
JUNE SIMMONS DESIGNS
18 S. Palm Ave.
Sarasota, FL 34236
1-813-955-2770

Book & Breakfast

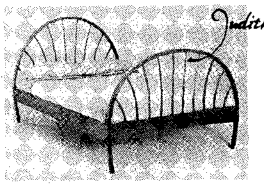
After breakfast in bed, why get up? Stay there and read a good book with the help of our exclusive Reader's Bedtray.
It adjusts to six different angles including a very high angle so you can recline. The tray features solid beechwood construction, and a washable, white melamine surface that measures 12" by 20". It folds flat for serving and storage. Enjoy the age-old luxury of reading in bed with a tray designed by readers, for readers.

Reader's Bedtray **$39.95** + **$5.75** shipping
Save **$10** on two **$69.90** + **$5.75** shipping
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYBT6, Delray, FL 33445



ORDER FRUIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS
FRUIT
DIRECT FROM OUR PACKING HOUSE
3/4 BUSHEL ...
½ Juicy Navels
½ Sweet Red Grapefruit
$19⁹⁵
Plus Shipping
Newbern Groves Packing House & Gift Shop
15315 N. Nebraska Ave., Tampa, FL 33682
Mon.-Sat...8am-6pm
Mention This Ad for $1⁰⁰ Off!
TAMPA ... 971-0440
US/FLA ... 1-800-486-0441
VISA • MASTERCARD • DISCOVER

LITERATE T-SHIRTS!
Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Poe, Mozart, Van Gogh, Joyce, Austen, Twain, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Darwin, Kafka, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white or grey) $13.75, 4/$49.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $3.00 per order.
MC/VISA 1-617-787-1176
Historical Products, P.O. Box 220 X8, Cambridge, MA 02238



Judith Ames Furniture
625 Western Ave.,
Suite 3
Seattle, WA 98104
206-624-4869
Brochure $3

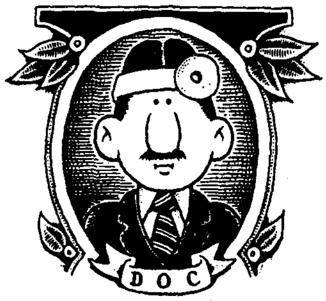
that he couldn't think of any other pitcher with Morris's ability to come up with the big strikeout when he most needed it in a game. "Quite an athlete," he said. "He knows where the finish line is, and how to get there."

Morris, it might be pointed out, was considered to be on the downside of his career with the Tigers after sustaining a fractured elbow in 1989. He wound up with a losing record that year (for the first time since 1978) and again last year. The Tigers and Twins played a couple of series against each other toward the end of the 1990 campaign, however, and Tom Kelly got the impression that the old Jack Morris had somehow reappeared. He checked with his pitching coach, Dick Such, who had noticed the same thing, and their recommendation to general manager Andy MacPhail helped bring Jack aboard as a free agent over the winter.

It was still 0–0 after nine innings of the last game of this World Series, by which time Morris, who was working on three days' rest, had given up seven hits but had thrown a hundred and eighteen pitches. Enough. Kelly walked down the Twins dugout and told Morris he'd done a great job, more than anyone could imagine, and he was taking him out. Morris protested—he felt fine. He couldn't possibly come out of a game like this. Dick Such unexpectedly sided with the pitcher. Kelly looked at them, shrugged, and said, "What the heck, it's just another game." Jack went back out there, still throwing in the nineties, and won.

Now he has departed. A free agent once again when the games were over, Morris, together with his agent, told the Twins that he would venture into the market in search of a contract at the topmost levels: something on the order of four and a half million a year. The Minnesota organization, which will not compete financially at such levels, even as World Champions, has wished him well. It's sad, but I think we should not mourn too much. Pennants are very hard to come by in baseball these days, and repeating as World Champions seems to be beyond rational expectation. This World Series is over, and we can watch its departure only with gratitude and wonder—a great ocean liner, brilliant with lights and music and the sounds of celebration, slipping off down the dark waters, not soon to come this way again.

—ROGER ANGELL



MEDICAL MONOPOLY
By Professional Games
Four hospitals race each other to fill their beds with patients. Game comes with symptoms, diagnoses, body parts, transplant cards, patients and instructions. The Detroit Health Care News calls it "a fun way to learn a little more about medicine."
ATTORNEY POWER
Players encounter criminal, civil and U.S. Supreme Court decisions covering flag burning, death sentences, hearsay, impeachment and other topics. Included are 84 court rulings, clients, office records and game board.

Order by sending $29 ($50 both games) to Professional Games, P.O. Box 1903, Chicago, IL 60690; or call 312-876-9167 to order with Visa or Mastercard.

THE FILMS OF CHARLES & RAY EAMES
• Vol 1 (including POWERS OF TEN) $39.95
• Vol 2 (including TOCCATA FOR TOY TRAINS) $59.95
Call 800-421-2304
or send check or money order to
Pyramid Home Video
P.O. Box 1048 • Santa Monica CA 90406
Shipping $3.50 • CA residents add sales tax • Please allow 2-4 weeks for delivery
Now on Videocassette

Sterling Silver (Estate)
Kirk Stieff Flatware specialists
Free Price List 1 800 - 441-2520
If we don't have your pattern, we'll locate it.
Michael A. Merrill Inc.
908 York Rd. Baltimore, MD 21204 Tues-Sat

TIPS FROM A RIVER RAT
Fishing SECRETS of a lifetime!
SEND $14.95 to
Moon Fishing Books
P.O. Box 100601 - Ft. Worth, TX 76185
YOU WILL CATCH FISH

THE THEATRE

Mirabile Dictu

THE "Pericles" that opened at the Public Theatre a week ago Sunday, with Campbell Scott in the title role, is a real cheerer-upper—both in its own right and as an antidote to what has been up to now a very lean and disappointing season. Directed by Michael Greif, one of the company's new resident directors, the production is intelligent, fun, moving, coherent, and lovingly acted. Even if one had no interest in the play, this "Pericles" would be worth seeing, partly for the performances and partly because productions of Shakespeare that put the play and the audience first—before the director and the actors—are so rare in New York. Mr. Greif hasn't come at the play with a sledgehammer and a self-serving conceit. Instead, his idea seems to have been to direct each scene in whatever style or with whatever conceit would serve it best. "Pericles" is one of those time-warp plays—like "A Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline"—in which families are split up and seas are crossed and sufficient time passes to enable lost babies to grow up and be reunited with redeemed or resurrected relatives. I've seen four productions of "Pericles," and have come to the conclusion that good taste and good faith are the only things that can make the play fly.

The current production swings between broad comedy and wild histrionics without ever descending into the kind of camp that marred JoAnne Akalaitis's "Cymbeline," several years ago. Mr. Greif, who clearly knows what's poignant, what's witty, and what's melodramatic, keeps us entertained without ever letting us forget the darker strands of the play's fabric: this is due mostly to a combination of evocative music (composed by Jill Jaffe) and evocative set design (conceived by John Arnone). The stage is dominated by a Picture of Grief—black-robed, black-hooded, face hidden by an outsize hand—that keeps disappearing and reappearing as actors open and close a door. It's possible to leave the theatre arguing about whether this or that device worked, or whether Mr. Greif got just the right tone in this or that scene, but you don't want to take the work away from him.

The best thing about the production are the actors, some of whom—like Mr. Scott, Larry Block, Bobo Lewis, and Arnold Molina—one has seen before, though never to such advantage or so well directed. Some, like the versatile Don R. McManus (in the choric role of Gower) and the magisterial Paul Butler (who plays Helicanus), are simply actors one can never get enough of. Some play two or more roles. I was particularly impressed by the women: Saundra McClain, who does a wonderful comic turn as the wicked Queen Dionyza, in one scene managing to be villainous *en faisant sa toilette;* Martha Plimpton, who gives us a beautifully pissed-off Marina (it's an interesting choice); and Cordelia Gonzalez, who is both funny and lovely as Pericles' wife, Thaisa. It's uplifting to see a collection of actresses whose beauty derives from passion, character, and an ability to handle the script.

Ordinarily, one would say that the actor who plays the title role leads the ensemble. But, though Mr. Scott's Pericles is complicated and compelling and makes you want to see what else this actor has in store for us in the Shakespearean vein (his Angelo in Mark Lamos's "Measure for Measure" didn't affect me that way), the real star of the company is an extraordinarily gifted and accomplished actor named Byron Jennings, a newcomer to New York. In three roles, he performs in three totally different styles, each subtler and more effective than the last, combining feeling, intellect, and comic timing in a way I haven't seen before on any Shakespeare Festival stage. According to a program note, Mr. Jennings, who has himself played Pericles, has performed at theatres all over the country, where audiences have seen his Hamlet, his Valentine, his Benedick, his Coriolanus, his Prospero, and his Richard III. I long to see them all.

—MIMI KRAMER

Psst! Want to save BIG on your Paris vacation?

With Jet Vacations great values on air and land packages, you'll save big the next time you go to Paris. Just send the coupon for your free brochure, and you'll see how easy it is to save!

NAME
ADDRESS

CITY
STATE ZIP

43304

RETURN TO: Jet Vacations
c/o Keating Direct
425 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017

USTOA $5 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

Jet Vacations

Back Relief & Relaxation

NEW Scandinavian styling for our world famous recliner.

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal position.

Elegant wood frame in 4 finishes.

BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. D91, Holliston, MA 01746

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.

Just add water...19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties) are potted, rooted, and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks. Only **$27.00** ea. ppd.
NEW! Complement your Dutch Garden with a beautiful hand-thrown pot. Locally crafted and hand painted with blue Lupines (not pictured). Only **$22.00** ea. ppd. Shipping begins Dec. 2 to March.
Order now for Christmas delivery.

Send ____ Dutch Gardens @ $27.00 ea. ppd.
____ Gardens w/Handthrown pot @ $49.00 ea. ppd.
Total $______ ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card #____________ Exp.______
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ____ Zip ______
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
P.O. Box 32-NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

MUSICAL EVENTS

Old and New

Original-Instrument orchestras and modern symphony orchestras settle to happy coexistence. The shriller claims made for the former and the rumbling attacks those claims provoke die down. People are less doctrinaire. Roger Norrington and the London Classical Players record Brahms's First Symphony and his "Haydn" Variations (EMI) with thirty-six strings, nine woodwinds, and nine brasses; listeners delight in the new balance and the clarity of textures without ceasing to admire Furtwängler's inspired big-orchestra interpretations. Brahms liked the sound of natural horns, but the orchestras he knew used valve horns, and Mr. Norrington uses them, too—early valve horns, however, of lighter tone than today's complicated wide-bore instruments. Nikolaus Harnoncourt, for thirty years an original-instrument champion, records Mozart and Haydn with the Concertgebouw Orchestra, and now Beethoven's nine symphonies with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe (Teldec). He uses old natural trumpets in that otherwise modern band, because, he says, modern trumpets are too loud when played with the blaring fanfare quality he wants. His brasses, to my ear, are still often too loud—especially in the finale of the Fifth. The readings are highly rhetorical, sometimes extravagantly mannered (the "Eroica" funeral march wheezes along), challenging and fascinating to hear.

One Sunday last month, in Avery Fisher Hall, an early Mozart symphony and a mature Mozart piano concerto were played in the afternoon by the Academy of Ancient Music, and an early symphony and two mature piano concertos were played in the evening by the Orchestra of St. Luke's. Fisher Hall is unexpectedly friendly to classical bands—especially when care has been taken about the platform placing. For the afternoon concerto (which was K. 503, the C major), the fortepiano was set tail end to the audience, so that the pianist, Robert Levin, faced the conductor, Christopher Hogwood. Mr. Hogwood stood at floor level, and the Academy players were tiered and clustered around the piano: there was a sense of eye-and-ear contact between all the participants. This was a seating plan not based on any historical model but devised to produce the happiest results in a particular hall. And the performance was a delight: memorable for the freshness, the balance, and the beauty of the sounds, and for the grace, the energy, and the communicativeness of Mr. Levin's playing. He improvised an enthusiastic cadenza; more important, he made all the music sound new and wonderful. The symphony was K. 161 and 163 (the "Sogno di Scipione" overture provided with a finale), and it, too, had a captivating performance. The Academy goes from strength to strength: the chancy intonation of its early days has been replaced by mastery; the players are alert individuals engaged in a collaborative adventure, keen phrasers secure with each other and ready to take risks. It was exciting to hear really pianissimo orchestral sound; the dynamic range seemed bigger than in many big-orchestra performances. Perhaps the main beneficiaries of the original-instrument movement have been the woodwinds: in the concerto and in Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, which ended the concert, they had star roles.

The soloist of the evening concertos—the D minor, K. 466, and the C minor, K. 491—was Alfred Brendel. His Steinway grand was stationed front center, sideways on, in the modern manner. (Perhaps one will soon be saying "the old-fashioned twentieth-century manner.") The conductor, George Cleve, stood behind it, on a rostrum. The St. Luke's players, those expert men and maids of all work, were set out on a flat platform (except for a rostrum beneath the back desk of first fiddles). Mr. Brendel is an earnest and potent interpreter. I risk renewed rumbling by declaring that the sound of his piano proved dull and heavy—some of the runs blurry—when the sparkle and clarity of Mr. Levin's instrument were fresh in ears and mind. It wasn't only that: one missed any sense of nice interplay between the soloist and individual instrumentalists. These pondered and impres-

COMPLAINTS
WEBER

sive presentations of two great concertos lacked spontaneity. Mr. Cleve, who was new to me, seemed conventional, even a shade coarse. The early symphony was the G major, K. 124; the late G minor, K. 550, completed the bill. Neither was anything special.

A week later, in Alice Tully Hall, the Hanover Band, conducted by Roy Goodman, presented run-of-the-mill original-instrument performances of Mozart (the "Clemenza di Tito" overture and the Clarinet Concerto, with Colin Lawson as the soloist) and Beethoven (the F-major Romance, with Benjamin Hudson as the soloist, and the Eighth Symphony). The orchestra was tiered; the platform was closed at the back by the tall wooden shutters that mask the organ. The Band, like the Academy of Ancient Music and the London Classical Players, has recorded a complete set of Beethoven's symphonies and, like the Academy, has embarked on a complete set of Haydn's. On records it usually sounds good. In Tully Hall, a dry place, the tone was not particularly agreeable (thin strings, undistinguished woodwinds), and the playing no more than routine-efficient. Here was a (needless) demonstration of the truism that instruments in themselves provide no guarantee of merit.

ELLIOTT CARTER, György Ligeti, and now Mr. Brendel urge us to admire the music of Conlon Nancarrow. ("The most refreshingly original music written for a keyboard instrument in the last decades," Mr. Brendel says in the latest *Musical America*.) I try. But what they champion is primarily the music written for player piano. American Grove calls Nancarrow's Studies for Player Piano "showpieces of virtuosity far beyond the capabilities of human performers, with extremely fast arpeggios, trills, and glissandos, effortless leaps, widely spaced block chords, and complex contrapuntal activity involving the entire keyboard." Recordings can be found of these canonic constructions, whose velocities and metric intricacies (a canon, for example, with entries in a 60:61 tempo relationship) are plotted and punched out on piano rolls, but the Nancarrow concert music that comes our way seems small beer. Earlier this season, at a Composers' Forum three-pianist recital in Merkin Hall, Anthony de Mare played Nancarrow's Sonatina (1941), and Ursula Oppens played his Two Canons for Ursula (1989). Last month, at a Continuum concert in Tully Hall, "the complete solo and chamber works" for conventional instruments were performed: a handful of pieces composed between 1930 and 1945 (before the decades of exclusive recourse to the player piano), and four written in recent years.

A Trio for oboe, bassoon, and piano, written this year, had its world première. It is a lightweight, dapper four-and-a-half-minute composition, and not a canonic labyrinth. The program note called it "yet another product of a youthful, searching mind that will continue to find ways to challenge and delight the musical community." (Nancarrow was born in 1912.) But anyone coming to it "blind" might guess that it was composed half a century ago by perhaps Jean Françaix or Alan Rawsthorne. The Third String Quartet (1988), which closed the concert, has first and last movements built from canons, each entry in shorter note values than its predecessor; between them comes a stretch of harmonics softly glistening and tiny fingernail pizzicatos clicking—an unusual passage in an œuvre obsessed by contrapuntal pursuit. The earlier pieces often suggest busy Hindemith with an infusion of blues. The themes themselves are often banal. Process makes the music. Ideas about construction take the place of substance.

The pianists Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, the founders and directors of Continuum, took part, separately or as a duo, in most of the pieces. Adept young players completed the ensembles: Mark Steinberg (violin), David Krakauer (clarinet), Susan Heineman (bassoon), Alexander Miller (oboe), and Serena Canin, Rachel Evans, and Maria Kitsopoulos (making up, with Mr. Steinberg as leader, the Continuum String Quartet).

THREE landmarks of American piano music, by Donald Martino, were played in the Miller Theatre last month by David Holzman, a master pianist whose recording of Stefan Wolpe's "Battle Piece" (CRI) is famous. The concert, which honored Martino's sixtieth birthday, began

"It seemed to me the city in the world where you could eat and drink the most and suffer the least."

—*William Makepeace Thackeray*

FOR A FREE GUIDE
TO NEW ORLEANS CALL
1-800-932-1400

Visiting the Florida Keys? Stop at the famous GREEN TURTLE INN. Meanwhile, savor these very traditional favorites.

- TURTLE SOUP CONSOMME
- TURTLE CHOWDER
- CONCH CHOWDER
- MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER
- KEY LIME PIE FILLING

MIX or MATCH a 6-pack, 16oz. cans $14.95 includes shipping. MAKES A GREAT GIFT!

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N 305-664-9595

How to Brooch the Subject

From the fabulous collection of Leonore Doskow comes this personalized brooch. Any three letters are individually designed to form an interesting monogram and interpreted in sterling silver or 14 Karat yellow gold. 1¼" x 1¼" is the perfect size for dress, suit, blouse or lapel. Specify initials and underline initial of last name.

$299.00 14 kt yellow gold

$48.00 sterling silver

Send your check or money order to:

N.Y. residents add sales tax

CrotonCrafts

Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling

P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

with his "Fantasies and Impromptus" (1981), a half hour of romantic and beautiful music. Richard Dyer, in notes to Randall Hodgkinson's recording (New World), wrote of "Schumannesque impetuousness, pearly Lisztian cadenzas, Chopinesque melancholy," and "also something of the heightened rhetoric of the nineteenth-century Italian opera that is a part of Martino's ethnic heritage," and Mr. Holzman played the work in a way to make those qualities manifest. The Twelve Preludes (1991)—first heard in New York at Kathleen Supove's Weill Hall recital in April—followed. They are traced with a light hand and a prodigal fancy, span many moods, and are finely, delicately wrought. Then—after an intermission—Mr. Holzman played "Pianississimo" (1970), a half-hour sonata, strenuous and powerful. The title refers not to an extreme of softness but to pushing the modern piano and its player to the limits of their resources. Easley Blackwood, to whom "Pianississimo" is dedicated, had asked for a piece that would equal or surpass in difficulty Boulez's Second Sonata and Roger Sessions' Third, two big pieces in his repertory, and the composer responded with *something* that, he said, "with its extremes of volume, tempo, gesture and expression, attempts to extend in every way the great virtuoso tradition of the preceding century." Liszt's Sonata underlies the form; the pianist plays not only on the keyboard but also directly on the strings with varied kinds of attack; many kinds of pedal effect are specified. And at the same time advanced serial procedures of every kind are boldly and thoroughly employed, in every dimension of the music.

"Pianississimo," "Fantasies and Impromptus," and the Preludes are mines for the analyst. (William Rothstein's "Linear Structure in the Twelve-Tone System: An Analysis of Donald Martino's 'Pianississimo,'" a long essay in the *Journal of Music Theory*, can be recommended to those with a taste for such things.) To a listener they offer some of the most eloquent, personally expressive piano music of our day. Martino's music is sometimes called linear or narrative; through the labyrinths of structural device, an individual voice is speaking, warmly and clearly. Mr. Holzman is a responsive interpreter who has lived with and loves this music. Good news that he plans to record it.

TWO orchestra pieces by Siegfried Matthus were played in New York last month. "Der Wald" (1985), a kettledrum concerto, was introduced at Philharmonic concerts conducted by Claus Peter Flor. It is a picturesque, moving composition, in three linked movements. The score has an epigraph from Hölderlin:

> O tree of life, may I become green again with you and breathe of your foliage, with all your budding twigs!—in peace and inward contemplation, for we have all grown from the same golden seed.

The orchestra is brasses, strings, and harp (no woodwinds), with important string solos and much *divisi* writing; the soloist commands six drums, played with a variety of mallets. There is a virtuoso quiet cadenza, and there are some thunderous climaxes, but the main mood is of mystery and romance. Roland Kohloff was an arresting soloist. "Nächtliche Szene im Park" (1987), which the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Richard Bradshaw, introduced at a Fisher Hall concert last month, derives from Matthus's opera "Mirabeau," where it is the music for a secret meeting between Marie-Antoinette and Mirabeau in the Park of Saint-Cloud. As a concert piece it stands firm: a nocturne in which a horn solo steals through a shimmer of divided strings, celesta, and harp, and is transformed through a series of episodes lyrical, agitated, ardent, finally quiet again. Richly chromatic harmony embraces a direct quotation from "Tristan." Matthus is a visionary composer and a master orchestrator. His music, with its many expressive solos, must be rewarding to play, and it is rewarding to hear. The "Night Scene" was followed by Bloch's "Schelomo"—the cellist Eric Gaenslen a fervent soloist, with a big tone—and a generous, noble account of Elgar's First Symphony. Juilliard consistency of attainment allowed a confident observation of the composer's "last desk only" string instructions, which some professional orchestras prefer to ignore.

—ANDREW PORTER

●

On Oct. 18, Monarch of the Seas will depart for Boston, arriving in that city on Oct. 17.—*Travel Weekly.*

The captain is in his cabin and does not wish to be disturbed.

FAMILY PLANNING BEGINS AT 50.

FOR THE MATURE INDIVIDUAL, family planning begins with thoughtful consideration of a bequest or life income gift to Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Life income gifts provide income for life for one or two persons... a charitable income tax deduction... avoidance of capital gains tax... and probable reduction of estate taxes. Support our vital work on behalf of family planning and reproductive freedom across the U.S. and in 33 other countries. For your free booklet, mail this coupon or call our director of planned gifts at **1-212-261-4693**. Thank you.

NAME 0133

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Please clip and send to:
Director of Planned Gifts, Planned Parenthood
Federation of America, Inc. 810 Seventh
Avenue, New York, NY 10019-5882

Planned Parenthood®
Federation of America, Inc.

A copy of our latest financial report is available from the New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231, or from Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc. 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019. Please write PPFA for a description of our program and activities and/or a list of the organizations to which PPFA has contributed in the last year. © 1991 PPFA, Inc. This ad was paid for with private contributions.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

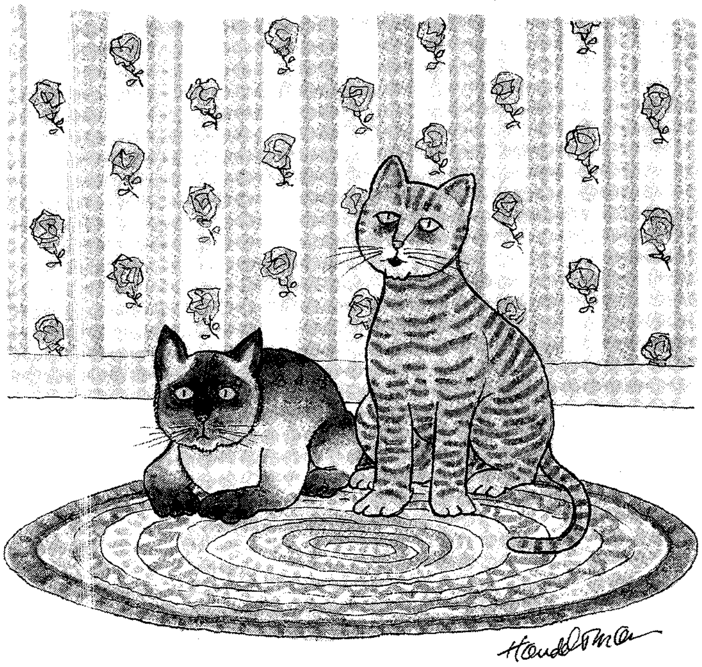
AND GIVING A NOD, UP THE CHIMNEY HE ROSE

ACQUAINTANCES of ours who have been paying seasonal visits to toy departments lately, often looking like tourists in strange lands as they trudge about, clutching their guidebooks (that is, their Christmas lists) for dear life, report that among the children they encounter racing surefootedly up and down the aisles—which, after all, are their natural habitat, especially at this time of year—the favorite exclamations are "Cowabunga!" and "Humongous!" On occasion, both words turn up in the same sentence—as in "Cowabunga, it's humongous!"—when the children crowd around some toy cynosure, usually a big-ticket item like Nintendo's eight-bit entertainment center, which is about $90 nearly everywhere, or its new, sixteen-bit system, which is twice as expensive. (The more bits, it is explained, the better the color, the bigger the sound, the more numerous the hand controls.) Or there's Barbie's pink-and-white plastic Dream House, now known as her Magic Sounds House, which is wired so that the toaster makes a pop-up sound, the cat meows, etc. Three AA batteries are needed, and it's $79.99 at the Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street. But then you do want the children you know to wish for everything that's bigger and better, right? It's the American way. We have to report, though, that the Milton Bradley company no longer makes the American Dream game. You may not be ready to settle for a new, non-humongous addition to its line, called Don't Panic. For ages eight and up, it requires the players to name items in designated categories—sports, for example—before their allotted time runs out and panic sets in. The box says "Cool is the rule," and it's $12.99 at Brentano's.

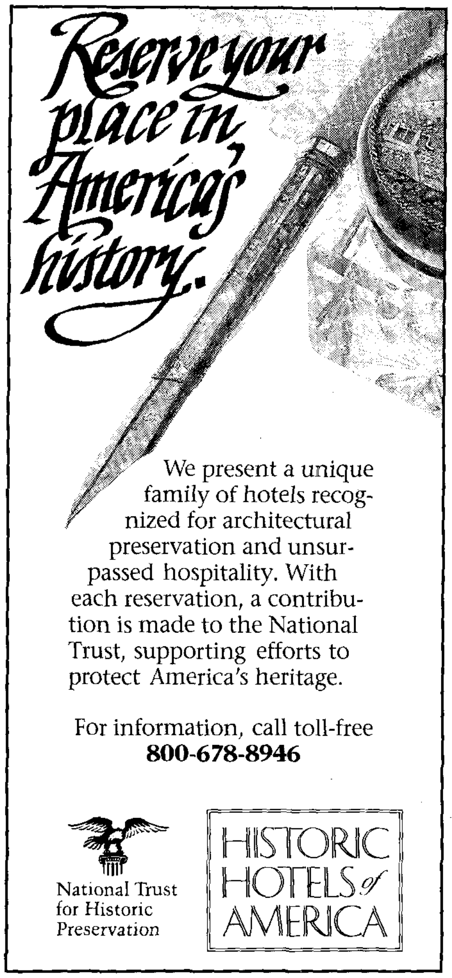
Children aren't overstating the case, incidentally, when they refer to a truck we found at the Toys R Us as humongous. "Humongus" is what it says right on the truck's side. This vehicle, eight inches high and eight inches long, with extra-large wheels, can be made to rear up and climb over objects that are in its way—say, somebody's unoffending Barbie doll. (There are those who would consider this last phrase an oxymoron, but they probably wouldn't include most of the little girls on your list.) The truck named Humongus can be operated by remote control (four C batteries are needed), and it goes for $29.99. Some seasonal invaders of toy departments were surprised to learn that "humongous" and "cowabunga" were not just exuberant children's lingo but have received—quite recently, to be sure—the imprimatur of some of the harmless drudges who get out the dictionaries (especially the slang dictionaries). The word "humongous" is "perhaps a sort of echoic-symbolic blend of huge with monstrous"; that is, monstrous in the sense of very large rather than weird or scary. It was in use as far back as the late sixties. "Cowabunga" goes back to the sixties, too, and its place of origin is Australia, where, according to the lexicographers, it is "a surfer's cry when riding the crest of a wave" or "a surfer's exclamation of delight and commitment at the beginning of a ride, often used as a generalized cry of delight."

"Cowabunga" is a favorite among young children because their other favorites—the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, who are known in the business as the T.M.N.T.s or simply as the Turtles, and who are America's best-selling toys—have made it a favorite of *theirs.* Last year, the Turtles piled up a billion dollars for their creators and manufacturers; this year, the total is about a billion and a half. That's for the Turtles and their friends and enemies, along with licensed accessories and T.M.N.T.-related items. (We'll go into some of these later.) And how did America's favorite toys get into this wildly profitable fix? All together now: Four pet turtles were being transported near an open manhole in this city when their owner slipped, casting them into the sewer below, where they got splashed with radioactive slime and became reasonably hideous-looking—but, obviously, to children, endearing—turtle mutants. And their names are (again, all together now) Donatello, Leonardo, Michaelangelo, and Raphael. As far as we know, no one has explained how it came about that four mutant turtles who live in a New York sewer and have Italian names are partial to the cry of Australian surfers, but doubtless scholars are at work on the matter.

We have a feeling that the Turtles may not be members of this city's Fashion Institute of Technology toy-design department, which likes to study why toys become popular and stay that way. One F.I.T. class last winter spent a session playing and analyzing Candy Land—a game, introduced in the nineteen-forties, in which children from three to five move pieces around a board, Parcheesi style, from Lollipop Woods to Gumdrop Mountains, and so on, until the winner reaches the promised land where *everything* is made of candy. You didn't really expect the toymakers to bring out a game in



"I've been wondering if there isn't some way we could capitalize on the cat craze."

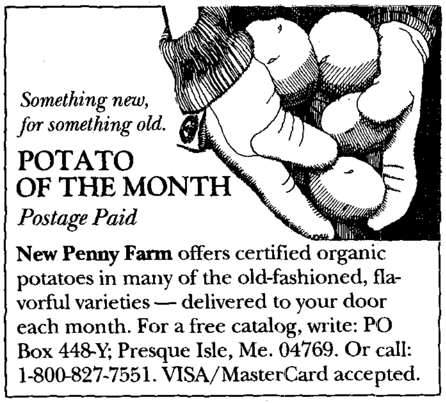


Reserve your place in America's history.
We present a unique family of hotels recognized for architectural preservation and unsurpassed hospitality. With each reservation, a contribution is made to the National Trust, supporting efforts to protect America's heritage.

For information, call toll-free
800-678-8946

National Trust for Historic Preservation

HISTORIC HOTELS of AMERICA


Something new, for something old.
POTATO OF THE MONTH
Postage Paid

New Penny Farm offers certified organic potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, write: PO Box 448-Y; Presque Isle, Me. 04769. Or call: 1-800-827-7551. VISA/MasterCard accepted.

Some of the best theatre
is just a stone's throw away.
Easy to get to from the Merritt, I-91 and I-95.
Easy to Subscribe
(203) 787 - 4282
LONG WHARF THEATRE
222 Sargent Drive New Haven, CT. 06511

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The CHARLOTTE INN
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads
Mobil Travel Guide Four Star Rating
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 508 627-4751

which children moved around a board from Broccoli Woods to Arugula Mountains, did you? Candy Land, sweet and sticky as ever, is $10.75 at the Penny Whistle stores. It would be interesting to speculate on what the results of a study by F.I.T. scholars might have been a few years back on the chances of success of a toy category featuring teen-age mutant Ninja turtles.

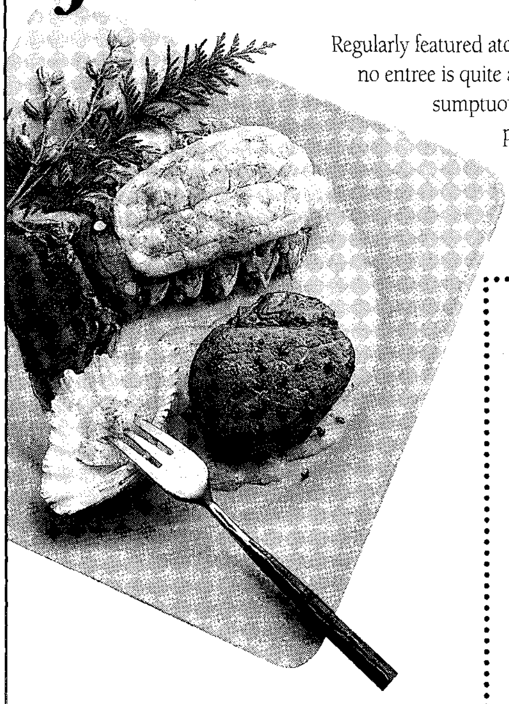
IT is just as well that the children in the toy aisles are shouting out words that amount to generalized exclamations of delight, since in the toy business itself spirits are low—as they are in so many areas in this recession (or non-recession, as the White House calls it). Of course, this mood has prevailed for some time. Last December, a cartoonist for the Daytona Beach *Sunday News-Journal* showed a pawnshop window featuring a Santa Claus suit and sleigh that had been hocked, with a bystander commenting, "I'd say this makes the recession official." (Apparently, nobody told the President.) The financial pages are crowded with accounts of bankruptcies and subsequent takeovers in the toy industry. One rather sad result, to some minds, is that when the Hasbro company, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, which was once known mainly for its G.I. Joe line and is now America's largest toy company, took over the troubled Tonka company last spring, it became the manufacturer of sixteen of the top twenty best-selling games, and will collect nearly three of every four dollars spent on games in this country. Those combative archrivals since the last century Milton Bradley and Parker Brothers, the makers of Monopoly, are now under one corporate umbrella, which also, several years ago, took in Selchow & Righter, the makers of Scrabble and Trivial Pursuit. Various game-makers (or divisions of Hasbro) have bucked each other up with reminders that board games sell well when times are hard, since they are relatively inexpensive and provide family entertainment if there is no cash around to go out on the town with. Monopoly, the game-makers point out—it's about $10 everywhere—first went on the market during the Great Depression. This year, Parker Brothers, which may have been reading the financial pages for non-toy-business news, has added a game called Don't Go to Jail. Revising the message on the standard Monopoly chance card in which "Go directly to jail" is a relatively casual hazard, the company has turned it into a true peril: if players insist on rolling the dice for higher and higher stakes, they could lose everything. Macy's has this admonitory game for $10.

The makers of board games also assure each other that selling their products could amount to a public service, since families would be brought together around the game boards. This is not a universal judgment. The columnist Erma Bombeck once wrote of her own family, "We equated losing the game with losing the will to live," whether the game was Candyland, Clue, Monopoly, or, especially, a war game she identified as Sink the Sub. After describing board-game boxes that beckoned "Mom, Dad, two-and-a-half children, and one cute dog to a laughter frenzy," Bombeck wrote, "God forbid the commercials showed a real family playing these games. . . . Real kids rip the lips off their brother and leave home." Of course, you are free to ignore this warning as not being in the Christmas spirit. However, it may be that the family of one noted military figure would not entirely disagree. The wife of General Norman Schwarzkopf commented last spring about her husband, "Oh, he doesn't like to lose at all." And she added, "We really don't particularly like to play with him on board games, because he is a sore loser."

The toy industry has a problem with the American family situation which doesn't affect all other businesses. Last month, a front-page story in the *Times* reported that the national birth rate was falling—as, according to the experts quoted, it traditionally does in times of recession. The toy people haven't yet reacted formally to this information, but many years ago when there was news of a decline in the birth rate the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World* responded with an irate editorial declaring that the development "hits the toy and hobby business smack in the pit of the stomach." The editorial went on to say, "We must depend on the nation's children. . . . If that group grows smaller, it means our industry must get more dollars from each child's family." This conclusion will not surprise many surrogate Santa Clauses. In the past, when toy-industry leaders were faced with a drop in the birth rate they reminded each other that parents generally spend an uncommon amount of money on only children. (Johnny Carson once suggested that a good name for a store that specialized in this category would be Toys R I.) Some present toymakers are already in good shape for a world with a falling birth rate—which would mean fewer dolls, say, per family. But what if doll-world pregnancies resulted in act-of-God (actually, act-of-Tyco) quintuplets? The Tyco Toys people were all set with a doll line called the Quints, two inches tall, who are all blonds or all redheads or all blacks or all Asians. The fact that the dolls, each of which comes with combable hair (and it *will* be combed), are sold in sets of five somehow conveys the impression that you aren't spending five times as much as you would spend for dolls that arrived separately. Still, it can add up. Five dolls, abetted by their owner, can be quite demanding, and you will be encouraged to buy numerous sets of accessories that accommodate five, and pieces of equipment just right for five. There is, for example, a tricycle built for five, a rocking chair built for five, and even pets—puppy dogs or kittens—for five. At the Kiddie City stores, sets of Quints are $9.99, and the rocking chair is $11.99.

The Irwin company took a more modest approach, in some respects, to the sag in the baby rate and the multiple-birth question: twins, which are sold as a package. These are substantial, fourteen-inch dolls, wearing romper suits. You have to keep them together because they cry when they're apart (they need a nine-volt battery). At Macy's, this cozy pair goes for $99. We've noticed that even when you get away with laying out money for only one doll at a time, some of the dolls—again egged on by their owners—insist before long on bringing their friends. Selecting a doll for a child is a serious responsibility, but we hadn't understood how grave a burden it might turn out to be—in view of the dolls-and-their-friends question—until we read a *Newsday* column earlier this year by M. G. Lord, who ordinarily deals with politics. Ms. Lord had been very angry, she reported, to learn that the Mattel company, which makes Barbie, was planning to market her in Eastern Europe. "If Barbie's creepy sex-po

Surf and Turf for Two...
just $29.95! (a $62.50 value)



Regularly featured atop the menus of the best restaurants, no entree is quite as indulgent – or appreciated – as this sumptuous duet! We've paired our hand-trimmed, perfectly aged filets with meaty lobster tails PLUS a quarter pound of our exclusive seasoned butter. A luxurious gift for friends, family or yourself! Arrives frozen. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

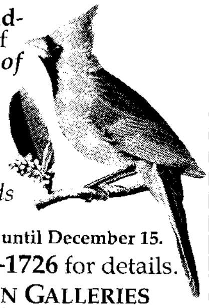
Surf & Turf for Two
- 2 (6 oz.) Filet Mignon, 1¼" thick
- 2 (8 oz.) Lobster Tails
- ¼ lb. stick of Pfaelzer Seasoned Butter

Item **3135N**, a $62.50 value, JUST **$29.95** plus 6.50 shipping and handling.
Limit one per customer. Offer expires 12/31/91.

For credit card orders or a FREE catalog call:
1-800-621-0226
Pfaelzer BROTHERS
Gourmet Foods of the Finest Quality Since 1923.
281 West 83rd Street, Burr Ridge, IL 60521
© 1991 Pfaelzer Brothers
NY12A

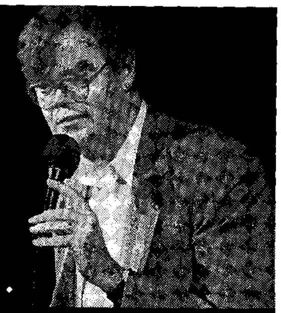
"That enchanting small hotel in Old Santa Fe."
When only the best will do, choose the Inn on the Alameda. The combination of personal service, convenient, private location and Southwestern elegance make us the hotel you'll return to again and again.
Call today, 1-800-289-2122 and discover for yourself the romance of Santa Fe captured at the Inn on the Alameda.
303 East Alameda,
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.
INN ON THE ALAMEDA

ANTIQUE WILDLIFE LITHOGRAPHS
150-year-old hand-colored originals of Audubon's *"Birds of North America."* Large collection. Surprisingly affordable.
Free book picturing all of Audubon's birds to interested parties.
Christmas orders filled until December 15.
Call 1–800–877–1726 for details.
GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
Investment Quality Collectibles
7315 Wisconsin Avenue Bethesda, MD 20814



BOSTON FOR XMAS?
Our short-term furnished apartments make a perfect base for visiting College children, exploring Boston or even New England. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Beacon Hill and Back Bay.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"



Oh, the stories he tells....
GARRISON KEILLOR'S AMERICAN RADIO COMPANY™
Live every Saturday. 6 p.m./5 p.m. Central.
Call 1-800-852-1144 for station information.

Here's the greatest little secret in America!

We know of two sun drenched islands off the southwest coast of Florida.

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA

Here you'll find natural beaches, exotic shells, tropical wildlife, bicycle trails, charming shops, golf and tennis, great fishing, and places to stay that are remote and idyllic.

Sound wonderful?

It is, and what's best is that you can enjoy your vacation in a fully equipped condominium (not a stuffy motel room) with all the comforts of home.

CALL DIRECT FOR SPECIAL DISCOUNTED RATES

1-800-237-6008

VACATION RENTALS

Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.

P.O. Box 5 • Sanibel Island, Florida 33957

PERIODIC TABLE OF THE FISHES

Latest in the series of award-winning posters; exquisite and witty take-offs on the Periodic Table of the Elements. 75 fishes, full color. Latin names and calories. 21½ x 34"

$26 plus $4.50 s/h. MC, VISA, ck or M.O. CA residents add tax.

1-800-666-5436

Free catalog available

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

1442A Walnut St., Dept. N

Berkeley, CA 94709

Sample box

SILVER SHEEP PIN

From James Breakell, the perfect accent for your favorite winter wear. Sterling $40. 14K gold $530. Add $3.50 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-767-6411

Actual Size 2" long

J.H. Breakell & Co. 69 Mill St. Dept. NYSP Newport, RI 02840

SALGADO

Fine Prints. Also Doisneau, Riboud, etc. Write for free brochure: Mother Jones, 1663 Mission St., Box Y, San Francisco, CA 94103. Fax: 415 863 5136

body isn't troubling enough, there's also her rapacity," the columnist wrote, and she went on to mention Barbie's Dream House, and how it would play in a world of food shortages. "Few women of my generation managed to escape childhood without Barbie-related scars," she wrote. "After I begged for a Barbie, my mother bought me Midge, Barbie's ugly sidekick. . . . When I complained, she compounded the mistake by simultaneously giving me a Barbie and a Ken. I can still remember Midge's anguish—her sense of isolation—having to tag along after a couple. . . . Ken and Midge, I'm sure, are among the many reasons why I've been in psychoanalysis for eight years." Well, we bring good news. Available at the Toy Park is a Barbie doll in a bridesmaid's dress of gauzy pink dotted swiss, for $19.99. For the same price you can invest in Ken, wearing a best man's outfit; in a doll named Alan, to whom we haven't previously been introduced, and who is dressed as the groom; and in the bride herself, labelled "Barbie doll's best friend" and looking truly handsome in all her bridal splendor. She's Midge. For that matter, Kiddie City offers the entire wedding party, including a flower girl named Kelly and a ring bearer named Todd, along with essential accessories such as a bouquet, a ring, and a supply of alleged rice, for $69.99. So there are happy endings in the doll world after all, although they may come too late for some of the dolls' owners.

Actually, Barbie has not had an easy year of it in some ways. Oh, the money was good enough. She is on the latest toy-best-seller list put out by the trade magazine *Playthings*—the only doll to make the Top Twenty. On the other hand, her lawyers had to go to court to stop the marketing, by the Kenner company, of a Miss America doll, arguing—successfully so far—that she is virtually indistinguishable from Barbie. A pesky problem that faced Barbie recently was a complaint by Cathy Meredig, an industrial engineer in Woodbury, Minnesota, that Barbie's measurements—the equivalent of a thirty-six-inch bust, an eighteen-inch waist, and thirty-three-inch hips—were an ideal that most little girls, as they grew up, would find it almost impossible to achieve, and so the girls would develop feelings of low self-esteem. Meredig launched the High Self-Esteem Toys Corporation and began making arrangements to put out a doll with the equivalent of a thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-seven-inch waist, and thirty-eight-inch hips, to be called the Happy to Be Me doll. ("AT LAST, A HIPPER DOLL," one headline read.) This wholesome approach will no doubt be welcomed by many mothers; the dolls are $10 at Macy's and Toys R Us. The Happy to Be Me doll might make it big, but we predict that it will be some time before she breaks out of Toyland and is elevated to an icon of the art world, which, a *Times* arts critic recently reported, has happened with Barbie: "She stands there, wide-eyed and frozen, like an animal caught in the headlights. . . . She is Barbie, needing only one name, like Madonna or Elvis or Picasso."

A year ago, when expectations of a war in the Middle East were everywhere, a *Newsday* cartoon by Doug Marlette showed leaders of the three armed services, each holding a toy armament—a battleship, a tank, a fighter plane—as they sang for the President (who was dressed in a Santa Claus suit) a carol suitable for the season: "Nine carriers cruising! . . . Eight battalions marching! . . . Seven tanks a-rolling! . . . Six Stealths a-bombing! . . . Five gol-den sheiks!" There were those who expected that the toy business, and particularly its military branches—G.I. Joe and all that—would be quick to cash in on the war fever after the international troops moved against Iraq. Sean McGowan, a toy-business analyst, pointed out in a column in *Toy & Hobby World* last spring that the Little Tikes company, which makes ride-on vehicles for preschoolers, could easily have turned one of them into an M1A1 tank, and Fisher-Price could have added MREs to its Fun with Food plastic-food line. They didn't do so. It is true that one of the plush Care Bears appeared with the Stars and Stripes stitched to its belly, and there are three series of Desert Storm cards, which are now considered "collectibles"—another big word (though not, perhaps, humongous) in the toy business. But, McGowan also observed, compared to the fervor with which some American enterprises embraced the war—personified, he noted, by "Iraq-bashing t-shirts in size

18 months"—the toy business generally stayed on the sidelines, with G.I. Joe, a Real American Hero, who, McGowan noted, is "a natural scud-buster," continuing to defend "the earth's non-sand environment."

The non-sand environment that some G.I. Joe dolls are preoccupied with is that of the ecology movement. In the recent past, their various strike forces have been intent on destroying the hostile members of Cobra, sent out by some unnamed enemy country to destroy *them*. Now there's a strike force called Eco-Warriors, "out to stop Cobra's most sinister attack to date—destruction of the Earth's environment." The latest Cobra agents are "evil polluters" intent on messing up "the world's fragile ecological system." The good-guy Joes in this worthy cause are called Flint, Clean Sweep, and Ozone; the bad guys are Cesspool, Toxo-Viper, and Sludge Viper. Cesspool, who is $6.99 at the Toy Park (you'll find these three-and-a-half-inch fellows all over town, at prices as low as $2.99), fell into a cesspool and was hideously disfigured by some contaminant. (Hideous disfigurement is all the rage now in the toy departments.) You can tell when Cesspool has been hit by enemy (G.I. Joe good-guy) fire: if you dip him in ice water, further terrible injuries are evident. Dip him in warm water, and he's as good as new—that is, in only as bad shape as he was before. Whether or not war is hell in the real world, in the toy departments it's water-soluble.

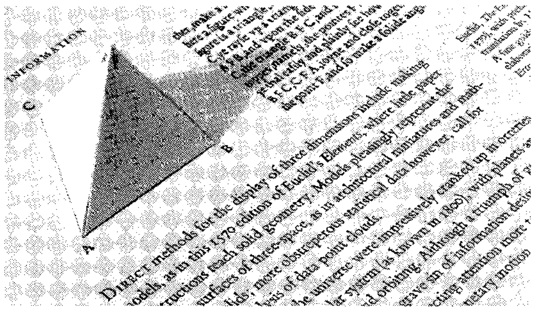
Dolls that have every reason to shout—if not "Cowabunga!" at least something like "Eureka!" or perhaps "Look, we've come through!"—are the Cabbage Patch Kids. The doll phenomenon of the eighties seemed about to be given up for dead a few years back, when the company that made the Kids, Coleco, went into bankruptcy. Eventually, Coleco was bought by Hasbro (isn't everybody?), which did not cast them aside as last decade's marvel, painfully reduced in circumstances, but kept them on the market. To general surprise, the Kids continued to sell. Last year, they brought in about a hundred million dollars; this year, the take is expected to be closer to two hundred million. For many parents, one of the attractions of the original Kid was that she didn't do anything; that is, she had no accomplishments besides being a nice, soft

"A remarkable range of examples for visual thinking. A real treat for all who reason and learn by means of images." RUDOLF ARNHEIM

"The book itself provides a model of good design—each beautifully printed page a harmony of space, type and illustration. . ." NEW YORK TIMES

"Spectacular, reminiscent of E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion.*" BALLAST QUARTERLY

"An incredibly beautiful, true, refined and luscious book." DENISE SCOTT BROWN and ROBERT VENTURI



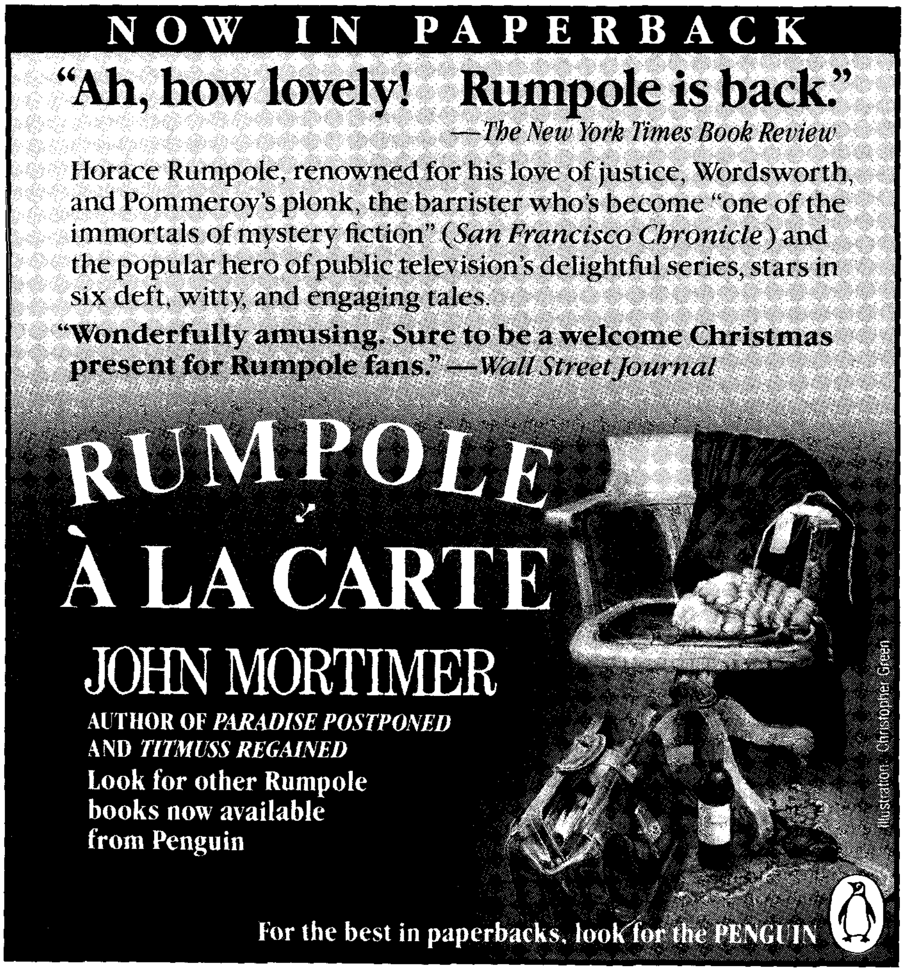
A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570

ENVISIONING INFORMATION

by EDWARD R. TUFTE

Over 400 illustrations with exquisite 6 to 12-color printing throughout. Finest examples in technical, creative, and scientific presentations: diagrams, maps, charts, legal exhibits, computer graphics, and use of color. Winner of 7 book awards. $48 per copy postpaid. Also available: *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information,* $40 per copy postpaid.

Order directly from publisher. Same-day shipping. Moneyback guarantee.
Send check to: Graphics Press Box 430-N Cheshire, Connecticut 06410



NOW IN PAPERBACK

"Ah, how lovely! Rumpole is back."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

Horace Rumpole, renowned for his love of justice, Wordsworth, and Pommeroy's plonk, the barrister who's become "one of the immortals of mystery fiction" (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and the popular hero of public television's delightful series, stars in six deft, witty, and engaging tales.

"Wonderfully amusing. Sure to be a welcome Christmas present for Rumpole fans."—*Wall Street Journal*

RUMPOLE À LA CARTE

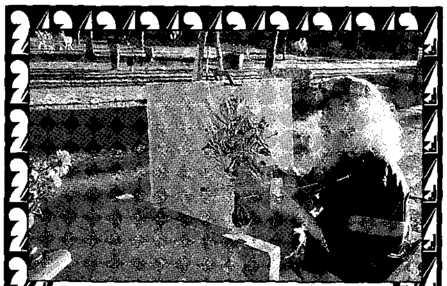
JOHN MORTIMER

AUTHOR OF *PARADISE POSTPONED*
AND *TITMUSS REGAINED*

Look for other Rumpole books now available from Penguin

For the best in paperbacks, look for the PENGUIN

Illustration: Christopher Green



Santa Fe
Dine ... Shop ... Gallery Hop

Fascinating people from artists to chefs have long been drawn to this intriguing city in the foothills of the Rockies ... to the beauty, culture and traditions for the senses; activities and attractions for the soul.

Ask for a free Visitors Guide.

Santa Fe ... where the past is always present.

1-800-777-CITY • (505) 984-6760
Convention & Visitors Bureau
P.O. Box 909-NY
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504-0909

NEW MEXICO USA
Land of Enchantment

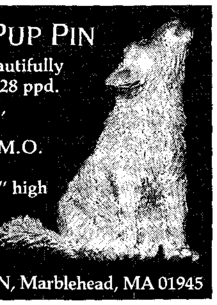
THE FRESHEST BREW...THE RICHEST COFFEE...
THE ULTIMATE GIFT

ROAST-YOUR-OWN
COFFEE BEANS
The Complete Kit

The Kit contains: 12 ozs. of Guatemala's (Coban) finest green gourmet coffee beans • reusable burlap sack • roasting pan w/ lid • oven mitts • wooden spoon • thermometer • easy-to-follow stovetop instructions (ready in 15 min.) and recipe booklet • sample roasted beans • bean reorder form.

$29.95
plus $3.95 shipping
Mastercard/Visa accepted

Call Toll-Free 1-800-873-7557
or send payment to:
AGAPE IMPORT/EXPORT, INC.
1116 Pine St., Phila., PA 19107



WOLF PUP PIN
Endearing young wolf, beautifully detailed. #P-17, sterling: $28 ppd. 14K: $265 ppd. Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST.
1⅝" high
Catalog upon request.
TORY'S
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

Spring on Bequia

ESCAPE TO TRANQUILITY
Beautiful, small inn on a plantation on Caribbean island of Bequia, St. Vincent Grenadines. Pool, tennis, beach, delicious food. Call or write: SPRING ON BEQUIA, P.O. Box 19251, Minneapolis, MN 55419. (612) 823-1202.

WALK ENGLAND
Travel back in time on our luxury tours of the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains in Wordsworth's **Lake District**, plus **The Roman Wall** and **Yorkshire Dales**. World-class walking and literary/cultural/culinary fun. 12-person groups. Private suites in a Victorian mansion.
ENGLISH ADVENTURES (303) 797-2365
803 Front Range Road • Littleton, CO 80120

armful. This year, however, the Kids are up to various tricks, which you will be invited to choose among. My Own Baby makes cooing and giggling sounds; Kissin' Kid puckers up and makes smacking sounds when her midsection is pressed; and Pretty Crimp'n Curl gets her hair done. This Kid, who is $44 at the Toy Park, is fourteen inches tall, as are most of the Kids, and has yarn hair. The hair is treated so that when her owner goes to work on it with the curling iron provided (no electricity) the hair stays crimped until the owner has other ideas for it.

On nearby counters you may find baby dolls that, unlike the Kids, have, as far as we know, no toy-department provenance at all. They're called Waterbabies, and that's *no* metaphor. These twelve-inch dolls, who wear printed sleepers with attached, lace-trimmed bonnets, arrive looking—except for their heads—something like collapsed plastic balloons. As a matter of fact, they were designed by a onetime St. Louis banker named Dan Lauer, who remembered how the girls in his family had, long ago, filled balloons with water and then dressed them in baby clothes and played with them as dolls. Through a hole in the back of the doll the children on your list can fill her with warm water up to the marking on the funnel provided. And there's a stopper that's a good, tight fit. These dolls are very nice and warm (and jiggly) to hold, and certainly more cuddly than many of the hard-plastic baby dolls on the market, who, as you may have noticed, are as huggable as electric toasters. If you feel up to facilitating the adoption of such an unusual addition to a doll family, it's $20 at Macy's.

THE subject of gender, as in "gender gap" and "gender bias," is in the national headlines daily, and it is also on the minds of those who preside over the toy industry. (Not that we can say we've come across an Anita Hill doll—or a Clarence Thomas doll, for that matter.) Leaders of the industry have to deal constantly with complaints that the most popular toys outside the doll department are those favored—by a wide margin—by boys: not only toy armaments but, for instance, Nintendo, dinosaurs, and mutant turtles. A common response from industry executives is that it's not their fault that little girls, for two years in a row in the eighties, made the Fisher-Price Fun with Food line the best-selling toy. Some years ago, the Fisher-Price people conducted experiments in their factory, in Aurora, New York, in which girls and boys were observed as they played with the Fisher-Price doll house. "No matter what we did, the little girls spent most of their time rearranging the furniture while the little boys kept stomping in shouting 'Where's my dinner!' " one Fisher-Price representative commented later. "GIRLS STILL APPLY MAKEUP. BOYS FIGHT WARS" was the headline a couple of years back over a *Times* story about how the feminist movement had largely failed to change the toy world—or, it seems, the children as they make out their Christmas lists.

It's not that some parents don't put up a fight. Some even go as far as to suggest that classic children's stories be rewritten to accommodate the feeling-left-out little girls. Some years ago, a New Jersey resident complained to the *Times Book Review* that in that favorite book of generations of small children "The Little Engine That Could" the little blue engine that at first thinks it can't is referred to as "she," while "the shiny new passenger engine and the big strong freight engine which are too busy and important carrying people and machinery to help . . . are described as 'he.' " The letter asked, "Are we going to give this same message for another fifty years—that the 'big, strong' males do the important work in the world and can't be bothered with children's concerns and that only the 'little, kind' females can be relied upon to help out children and become a part of their world?" We have to report that in the version of the familiar story which we found at the Toy Park the train gender has not been reconstructed. However, this version is called "The Little Engine That Could with Light and Sound" and comes with a toy engine seven inches long. It's the little blue engine, and not the big, strong male one, that the children—boys and girls both—can squeeze at the proper moments in the story so that it says, "I think I can, I think I can," and makes chugging sounds, and its headlight lights up. Two AA batteries, which make all this possible, are included in the package, for $12.99.

Last year, toy-industry leaders were happy to be able to put out toys and games based on the New Kids on the

Block quintet, who appealed especially to girls. The five were even given a slot in the Saturday-morning cartoon lineup. However, the cartoon was cancelled last spring, because it appealed to girls, and not to enough boys—who tend to watch more cartoons and thus keep the ratings up. It was replaced by an animated version of the exploits of the rapper M. C. Hammer. The sponsors clearly felt there was no danger that too many little girls would be interested in him. Anyhow, the girls are busy playing a game called Meet Me at the Mall (on the box it says "Shop 'til you drop!"), in which the goal is to fill shopping bags with merchandise cards. It's $11.99 at Toys R Us. At Macy's, there's an electronic shopping game called Mall Madness: when the little girls insert their credit cards, a voice directs them how to find what they are looking for—that kind of thing. Four AA batteries are needed for this absorbing pastime, which is $40. Perhaps what the shoppers are looking for is last year's Parker Brothers game called Careers for Girls. If it's on the list that some child gave you, you may be interested to learn that among the careers it encourages little girls to choose are schoolteacher, rock star, fashion designer, animal doctor, college graduate, and supermom. The players answer such questions as "Show us how you dance with your main squeeze" and "Describe your dream husband" and "Tell us the names of your eight children." After some parental protests, Parker Brothers reluctantly discontinued the game, but Barnes & Noble still has some, for $8.99. Of course, not all the little girls you know are bent on chasing through gameboard malls. Some of them would be happy—and would make their mothers and grandmothers happy—if they had a chance to play with one or more of the Little Women dolls, which were designed by Madame Alexander and are $40 in the seven-inch size at Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th). Last year, Anna Quindlen reported, in her column in the *Times*, that she had taken a survey and discovered that "not a single man I know—and we're talking educated men here" had the faintest idea who Jo March was. "One guessed that Jo March was a second baseman for the Baltimore Orioles."

The fact that only thirty per cent of Nintendo users are female is a statistic

DÜRER'S ANIMALS
by Colin Eisler

Nowhere more than in the work of Albrecht Dürer—the greatest Renaissance artist of northern Europe—have creatures of every variety been chronicled so fully or captured with such compelling detail. In this guided tour through Dürer's works art historian Colin Eisler reveals the mythic, religious, and social meanings attributed in the Renaissance to animals ranging from dogs, birds, and farm animals to mythological beasts and monsters.

36 color, 625 b&w illus. 386 pp.
Cloth: 0-87474-408-3
$75.00 through Dec. 31; $90.00 thereafter

Available at fine bookstores

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION PRESS
Dept. 900 • Blue Ridge
Summit, PA 17294-0900
800/782-4612 • 717/794-2148

THE MONUMENTAL NEW HISTORICAL MASTERPIECE
FROM PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR
ROBERT K. MASSIE
Dreadnought
BRITAIN, GERMANY, AND THE COMING OF THE GREAT WAR

From the author of the best-selling *Nicholas and Alexandra* and *Peter the Great* —a vast, vibrant, brilliantly colored tapestry of the personal rivalries, twisted ambitions, malicious games—and tragic, mindless optimism—that plunged Europe into the devastating carnage of World War I.

"**History in the grand manner...** Massie does not simply retell the past. He allows one to relive it." —*Time* Magazine

"**This fall's most important work of history.**" —*Newsweek*

"**A classic...**engrossing in its glittering gallery of characters, *Dreadnought*... unfolds like a Greek tragedy in its inexorable march to Armageddon. Those hundreds of pages turn swiftly. Massie, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his earlier *Peter the Great*, may very well be in the running for another." —*Chicago Sun Times*

A Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

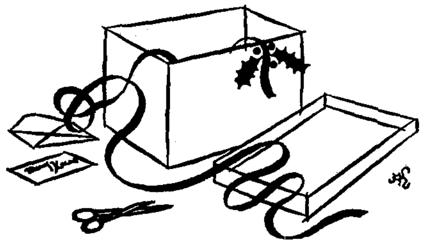
At bookstores now

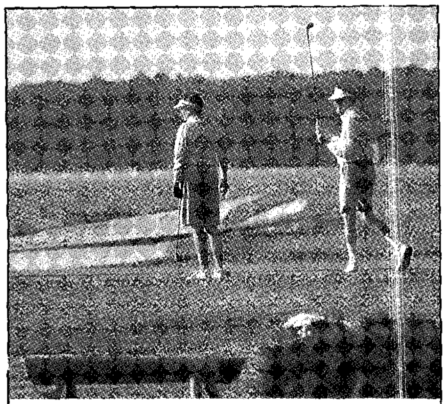
RANDOM HOUSE

that is the subject of much discussion by video-game-makers and their psychologist advisers. The National Coalition on Television Violence has complained that the vast majority of Nintendo games have high violence levels, and a Rutgers psychologist, Robert Kubey, told the Washington *Post* that society "might want to consider whether it is appropriate behavior for a child to spend hours blowing up simulated people." On the other hand, Victor Strasberger, a pediatrician at the University of New Mexico's medical school, has said that Nintendo's Super Mario Brothers series—which you may well have on your list—"strikes me as being a fairly creative and harmless enterprise." Most experts agree that video games are generally designed to appeal to boys. Girls, Kubey said, are not at ease with games that reward "competition, control, and some penchant for destruction." The experts also agree, however, that the girls could benefit from the coördination and visual skills that video games help children learn. "They'll be working at a desktop computer eventually, too," one of these analysts says. Even Blondie, after sixty years as a supermom, is looking for a job. A twelve-inch figure of Blondie is $15 here and there around town, and Dagwood is the same price. He looks frazzled, as usual, but this isn't a talking doll, and so you can't make him jump up and down and shout—his generational gap agape—"The wife of Dagwood will never work! Never! Never! Never!" as he did in the comic strip when she broke the news to him. (Perhaps we should mention that the feminist-minded shouldn't conclude that the cartoonist, Dean Young, suddenly came around to their point of view. He decided to send Blondie out into the work force, he has explained, not as a sociological statement but "to get some more gags.") Howard Phillips, a creative director for Nintendo, citing the dozens of maze or quest games in which the player has to vanquish a dragon or get rid of an evil usurping king, maintains that these games "embody a sense of justice, of standing up for the rights and well-being of those who can't defend themselves." Whether or not you've got that straight, for many toy buyers it may be too late to cavil. Last Christmas, seventy per cent of American households with children between the ages of eight and fifteen already had Nintendo. Of every dollar Americans spent on toys in 1990, sixteen cents went to the Japanese-owned company. Last spring, the Center for Communication, on Lexington Avenue, held a well-attended seminar on the topic "Up Against Nintendo: A Multi-Media Marketing Case Study." The children who have made it clear that they would be pleased to find Nintendo game cartridges under the tree have doubtless provided you with a list of the ones that would be acceptable. They are likely to run you twenty-five or thirty dollars each. In investing in a Nintendo system, you may be able to get a child you know to settle for a Game Boy—a hand-held system that will set you back only about $90 at many stores, including Bloomingdale's. You can assure the recipient that the name is not intended to have any implications concerning gender.

THE achievement of the T.M.N.T.s in becoming the nation's best-selling toy this year is notable. Last year, they surpassed Nintendo in units sold, but in 1991 they have also become the best-selling toy from the point of view of total money spent on them—which is remarkable considering the cost of Nintendo systems and games and the cost of the Turtle figures, which is five dollars apiece, on the average. Their dominant role in the toy business last year was such that an item in *Toy & Hobby World* defined the plight of one action figure—Mattel's He-Man—as his having "had the unfortunate luck not to be a turtle." And yet, for all their success, the Turtles have a clientele problem similar to Nintendo's. Though half the child population—that is, half the toy customers—is female, only between seven and ten per cent of the two billion dollars' worth of T.M.N.T. merchandise sold annually is bought for little girls.

The Playmates company, which makes the T.M.N.T.s, is working on this dilemma with some success. Little girls previously known mainly for dressing and undressing Barbie have, according to their mothers (the *Times* reports), been heard shouting "Cowabunga, Shredhead!"—invoking the name of a noted Turtles enemy. Again, psychological experts are eager to help. Claire Etaugh, a professor of psychology at Bradley University, in Peoria, Illinois, has said, "The Turtles . . . are action figures. They solve problems; they get things done," whereas "Barbie doesn't go after the bad guys," and the professor added, "For a girl to play with boys' toys is bettering herself." The Turtles' fondness for pizza, an all-gender item, is helpful, of course. In fact, plush versions of the Turtles, which are $17.99 at the Toy Park in the fourteen-inch size (or $39.99 in the twenty-four-inch size), seem to appeal to girls about as much as they do to boys. The Playmates people are said to have considered adding a female Turtle, but one question might be how hideous—though endearingly hideous—a girl mutant turtle could look and still appeal to a sometime Barbie admirer. The Turtles, by the way, are respectful of their New York origins. Last February, the four of them (actors in costumes like the ones they wore in their movies, which were designed by Jim Henson, of the Muppets) came down to City Hall and presented the city with a model of the Manhattan manhole cover they fell through, which started it all. The cover—which read "Cowabunga New York!"—was presented as a token of appreciation to "the totally awesome citizens of New York City." A red carpet was rolled out for the Turtles on the front steps of City Hall. (They brought the carpet, their budget being in far better balance than the city's right now.) Last month, the Bronx Zoo's curator of herpetology, to whom the individual Turtles are apparently as real as they are to children, told the *Daily News*, "Leonardo came up and gave us a check for seventy-five hundred dollars" to help with the zoo's work in preserving endangered Madagascan tortoises. The Turtles are the most popular toy not only in this country but in England and the rest of Europe. It doesn't mean that all children there fall in line. Some toy-business come-ons sound more like threats than like promises. The makers of the Simpsons Mystery of Life game (that's Bart Simpson) promise that every family that plays it "can be a Simpsons family." In this game,





GOLF REDEFINED.

Come build your game at the new Golf Learning Center. Set up a lesson with Hall of Famer Louise Suggs. Or Golf Digest's Jack Lumpkin, Scott Davenport or Gale Peterson. Have your clubs custom fit.

It's all here. The history of Retreat Plantation, championship play over 54 holes. Golf in its most basic, challenging forms. The Cloister and Sea Island play gracious hosts. With spa and beach club, superb dining, dancing—much more than your usual game.

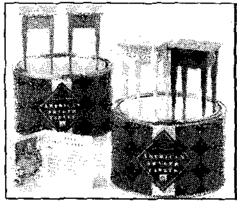
The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561. Call 800-SEA-ISLAND.

Sea Island®
THE CLOISTER®

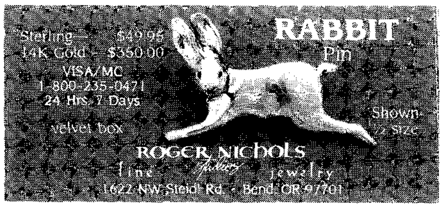
We don't just give you a place to put your money...WE GIVE YOU A PLACE TO PUT YOUR VALUES.

Since 1973, The South Shore Bank of Chicago has revived struggling communities by making millions in loans for housing rehabilitation, small businesses and nonprofit organizations. ■ *A MIRACLE?* No. Just a bank doing what banks were created to do: show faith in good, hard-working people. ■ For information on opening a CD, money market, IRA, savings or checking account call 1-800-NOW-SSBK.

South Shore Bank
What banking was meant to be.
71ST & JEFFERY BLVD., CHICAGO, IL 60649
MEMBER FDIC



SHAKER SHAKERS
Solid Cherry Miniature Shaker Style Tables as Salt & Pepper Shakers!
$28 a set + $2 75 Ship & Handling
Send Check, VISA, Mastercard, or call
1 • 800 • 532 • 4262
AMERICAN ICONS
2345-A Harper St. Jacksonville FL 32204

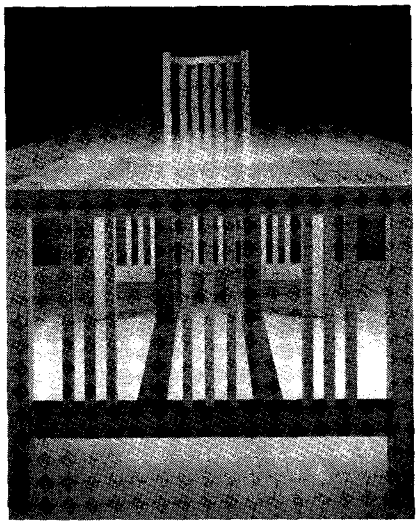


RABBIT Pin
Sterling— $49.95
14K Gold — $350.00
VISA/MC
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
velvet box
Shown ½ size
ROGER NICHOLS fine jewelry
1622 NW Steidl Rd. • Bend, OR 97701

which is $9.95 at the Kay-Bee stores, each player is designated as one or another of the Simpsons—Homer, Marge (with Maggie), Bart, or Lisa. The object is for each character to sabotage the other characters' accomplishments; along the way, they engage in a burping contest. We don't know whether this game is on the list laid out for Father Christmas at Kensington Palace by Prince Harry, but the evidence is that it would get a big welcome there: other British children may go around letting loose Turtle exclamations, but the popular Bartism "Eat my shorts!" is said to be what the Prince has been heard shouting as he runs through the palace.

Among the toy animals, we notice, dogs have taken over. It may be that they have got above themselves since "Millie's Book," written by Barbara Bush's spaniel, outsold the autobiography of the previous occupant of the White House, Ronald Reagan. Millie was so popular that when the Bushes went to Saudi Arabia a year ago the President several times introduced his wife to the American troops as "Millie's mom." Though this presumably increased her stature with them, she was already a person of achievement with much younger Americans: according to a Playskool survey of four-to-six-year-olds at day-care centers around the country last year, when the children were asked who sewed the first American flag many of them answered "Mrs. Bush." The Dover bookstore, at 180 Varick Street (Charlton), on the ninth floor, has among its large (and wonderful) collection of paper-doll sets one of the Bush family, for $3.95: Barbara; George; ten of their grandchildren; twenty-four outfits and ensembles for the President and the First Lady; and Millie (of course)—but no paper doll of Mrs. Bush sewing the first flag.

If you had in mind a dog that isn't part of a paper-doll set, the one called Go-Go, My Walking Pup, a plush white Maltese, sells for $39.95 at the Kay-Bee stores. It has an easy-to-operate switch at the end of its leash so that it can be made to walk forward or backward while its head moves from side to side—and, more or less lifelike though it is (you see dogs walking backward all the time, right?), there's no need for a pooper-scooper. Not that this would necessarily make it more attractive to children. After Hasbro put on the market last year a



Geometry in wood.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

SANTA FE
Great Low Rates Now Available!
La Posada de Santa Fe—Santa Fe's Inn has adobe style cottages on six acres of landscaped gardens only 2 blocks stroll from the famous historic plaza.
CALL Rachel at 800-727-5276 for reservations.
La Posada de Santa Fe
330 East Palace Avenue, SANTA FE, NM

Harbor Sweets®
Handmade Gift Chocolates
"The result of our hobby, to make the best chocolates in the world regardless of cost."
Call toll-free for our catalogue or for the location of the shop nearest you.
1-800-234-4860

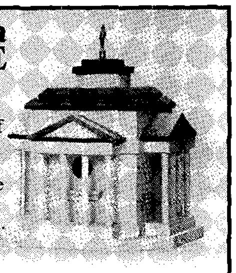
NEW RELEASE!

CLASSIC
BOB & RAY
VOLUME ONE
$25.95* plus $4.00 for handling & UPS delivery

Now, just in time for the holidays, you can treat *yourself or a friend to the wit of America's best loved* radio comedy duo!
Not available in stores, this 4-hour, 4-audiocassette collection of original material from 1946-1976 has been remastered in Dolby sound and includes: Wally Ballou at a tranquilizer factory; Mary McGoon's Recipe for Frozen Ginger Ale Salad; Matt Neffer, Boy Spotwelder; "Grub, the Story of Food;" Biff Burns; The McBeeBee Twins and more — "all brought to you by someone."
This collection contains no material found on any other RadioArt Bob & Ray album.
For fastest delivery, use your credit card and call toll-free:
1-800-346-0600
*Take $5 off each additional album you order.
For Christmas delivery, we must have your order by 12/15/91. Include name and address of gift recipients. Gift cards will be enclosed. Rush delivery available at additional charge.
NY and IL residents, please add sales tax.
For mail orders, send your address and check or MasterCard, Visa or Amex account number and expiration date to:
RADIOART, Dept. NY4, Box 7231, Bensenville, IL 60106

Christmas and New Year's by the Sea
Lantana COLONY CLUB
Somerset, Bermuda
1-800-468-3733
or your travel specialist
A warm and elegant cottage resort in Bermuda style. Less than two hours from the East Coast. Comfortably priced without compromising luxury.

Villa Rotunda BIRDHOUSE
Palladian style villa suitable for nesting songbirds. Hand made of solid white pine, natural cedar roofing and brass finial. A decorative piece for the home, garden or terrace. 13" x 13" x 15"h. $198 + shipping
Call (609) 361 - 8376
Melloncamp Design PO Box 3047 Harvey Cedars, NJ 08008



BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

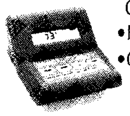
doll called Baby Uh-Oh, which stains its diapers (it's about $30 everywhere), a company representative said defensively, "We test-marketed this doll. Kids like *disgusting* things."

While you may not have thought of children's blocks as presenting a gender problem, the Tyco company, which was once associated mainly with electric trains but now makes all kinds of toys (including the Quints), concluded, to its subsequent profit, that there was one. Last year, it brought out Dream Builders, which it described as "the first and only sets of building blocks designed especially for girls." It seems that although boys and girls play with blocks in about equal numbers at the preschool age, the girls later tend to be distracted with doll-hair crimping and the like. The Dream Builders sets, Tyco points out, provide "three important levels of play—construction play, decorative play, and doll play." You won't have any trouble finding them on the shelves, since the buckets they come in are pink and lavender, and the blocks are also pastel-colored. (Nearly all blocks and quite a few other small toys now come in plastic buckets, and a great help it is at cleanup time. Schwarz, for example, has for $45 a bucket of die-cast Matchbox cars, twenty-seven in all, each different, and they can be hitched together to make one long, long vehicle—or humongous gridlock. There's also a play set for the cars to race around when the pileup is over. The Matchbox people like to mention, by the way, that the over a hundred million little cars and trucks they make annually is more vehicles than are made by Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors combined.) The Tyco theory about blocks, it seems, was that the girls were turned off by the bold reds, greens, and yellows of other blocks, such as Lego. Bloomingdale's has a basic Dream Builders set for $19.95. And at Toys R Us you'll find a bucket of Dream Builders with which—O joyful day!—the little girls can build a shopping mall. The final structure has four retail stores that sell musical items, clothes, shoes, and fashion accessories. All of them fit onto a two-foot-square play mat, and once the construction job is over, the little hardhats can play with a jointed teen-age-type doll, which is included in the set; $32.99.

The Dream Builders sets say "Works with Lego." The fact that the blocks

And now for a look at today's weather.

You just won't find a more professional, complete picture of the weather than the one you'll get with Weather Wizard II. Weather Wizard II has all it takes to watch the weather like the pros. All for only $195.
FEATURES INCLUDE:
•Inside & Outside Temps
•Wind Speed & Direction
•Wind Chill
•Time & Date
•Alarms
•Highs & Lows
•Instant Metric Conversions
•Rainfall Option
•Optional PC Interface



WEATHER WIZARD II
THE PROFESSIONAL HOME WEATHER STATION
Only $195. Add $50 for self-emptying rain collector.
Order today:1-800-678-3669 • NY612T
M - F 7 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Pacific Time • FAX 1-510-670-0589
M/C and VISA • Add $5 for shipping. CA residents add sales tax.
One-year warranty • 30-day money-back guarantee
DAVIS INSTRUMENTS 3465 DIABLO AVE., HAYWARD, CA 94545

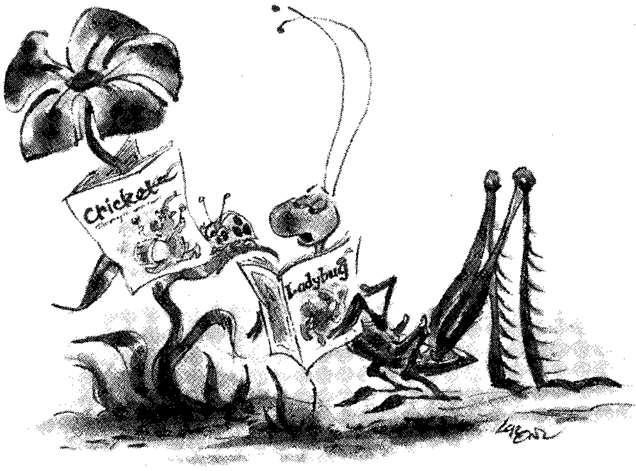
Is There a Singer in the House?
Think you can sing? Here's your big chance!
Exact recreations of the hits, except *You're The Star!*
Send for 112 page full color catalogue. Over 4500 songs, all eras, all styles, with *removable* guide-vocals and printed lyrics.
Pocket Songs YOU SING THE HITS
50 S. Buckhout St.
Irvington, N.Y. 10533 Dept. NY9

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Your name translated into Egyptian hieroglyphics.
HANDMADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche shown spells 'Charlotte'
18K Gold from $150
Sterling Silver $40
ORDER BY PHONE
1 (800) 447-2504
VISA • MC • AMEX • DISCOVER
For FREE BROCHURE Call or Write:
LITTLE EGYPT IMPORTS
4039 Broadway
Kansas City, MO 64111

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
Frederic Remington Originals
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9278 • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only

do indeed fit together with the eight-studded plastic Lego bricks, which is also the case with Tyco's popular non-pastel Super Blocks, has been a problem for Lego in the last few years, but it is one that the Danish company approaches with the majestic air of an enterprise that sells an estimated billion dollars' worth of blocks annually and refers to them not as a toy but as "the Lego system of play." Lego's president, speaking of American agents, whom the company held responsible for Lego's not having caught on in this country until long after it did in Europe, said, "They didn't really sell the idea. They sold a bunch of bricks." The name Lego comes from the Danish phrase *leg godt*, which means "play well," and Lego also means "I put together" in Latin. (And what does Tyco mean in Latin?) Lego sets are everywhere; you have to read the labels (or the list in your hand) to decide whether the set you're thinking of buying will make the right age group happy. At the Penny Whistle stores, a Lego spaceship set for seven-year-olds and up is $36. At the Toy Park, a basic set of Lego blocks called Duplo, for children two to five—just remember that the smaller the child, the larger the block—is $22.99.

WE have to report a preoccupation with water in the toy departments this season, and we're not just referring to Waterbabies. If you don't take care, you could get the impression that a third of the dolls on the shelves that aren't Barbie are mermaids, thanks to the Disney movie "The Little Mermaid." The video of this is available for $17.95. (Like all videos, cassettes, and books mentioned in this report, it can be bought almost anywhere such items are sold. The prices—as for all toys—may vary from store to store and sometimes from hour to hour. Shop around.) A nine-and-a-half-inch version of the Little Mermaid is $17 at Macy's. She has long red hair and is seated on a lavender plastic rock. A doll called My Pretty Mermaid, six inches tall, whose tail sprouts designs under water, is $7.99 at Toys R Us. A Talking Ariel, the Little Mermaid, is eighteen inches tall and says six magical phrases, including "Don't be such a guppie," when you pull a string on her back; she's $24.99 at Kiddie City. (Whether or not it reflects an unwritten rule of nature, there don't



(Advertisement)

LADYBUG & CRICKET CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

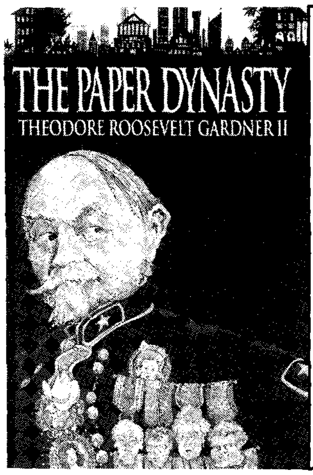
Delight a child! Treat your favorite youngster and fifteen friends to a private party at their local zoo, when you win the Ladybug & Cricket Cartoon Caption Contest.

To Enter

To win the zoo party for 16 children, just call our toll-free 800 number. Give us your caption for the above Lee Lorenz cartoon in 25 words or less.

EVERYBUGGY CAN ZOO IT!
CALL 1-800-4 LADYBUG

No purchase necessary. Simply make your call by January 24, 1992 to qualify. Winner will be notified by phone or mail the week of February 17, 1992. Captions will be judged on creativity and appropriateness to Ladybug & Cricket children's magazines.



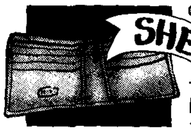
THE GANG THAT PUT CITIZEN KANE OUT TO PASTURE

"Crackling entertainment…references to the Chandler family are scarcely veiled." —*Publishers Weekly*

The true story of the most remarkable family in America inspired this exciting novel. In four generations they built a mega newspaper conglomerate from a four page journal. And they made the dusty cowtown of Los Angeles a thriving metropolis. Here is a great American saga, rooted in history.

600pp. $23.45

at your local bookstore, or order from
ALLEN A. KNOLL, PUBLISHERS
800-777-7623

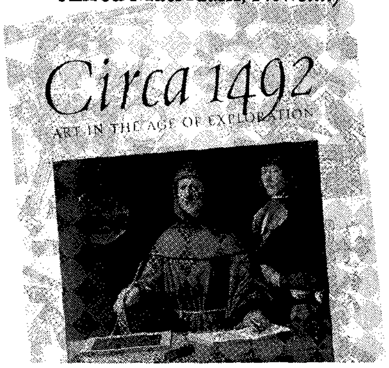


Call 415-822-8988 Fax 415-822-7327
VISA • MC
SHELL CORDOVAN
The Michael St. Michael Co.
1075 C Revere St. San Francisco, CA 94124
HIPSTER $109
Catalog

Mainely Foods
Delicious Gift Treats Made In Maine
MAINE GRADE A MAPLE SYRUP
1 Gallon $49.50 1/2 Gallon $26.00 1 Quart $16.00
MC/Visa/Check. Ship. Incl.
Corporate Orders Welcome.
Inquire about our other gift ideas. 1-800-682-6318

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, love-seats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free 1-800-451-7247
klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930

"The blockbuster catalogue for the blockbuster show.... Dazzling."
—Alfred MacAdam, *Newsday*



edited by Jay A. Levenson
Introduction by Daniel J. Boorstin

"Grand and informative."—Jack Flam, *The Wall Street Journal*

"Sumptuous."—*John Barkham Reviews* 675 color + 96 b/w illus.

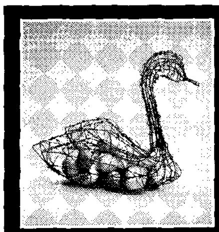
Published in association with the National Gallery of Art

At fine bookstores.

Yale University Press
92A Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment

All inquiries
(613) 236-7181
Karsh



THE KITCHEN SWAN
Grace and elegance in your kitchen
Perfect catch-all for fruit and vegetables
15″×15″ $40
THE MARCO POLO COLLECTION
Treasures For The Entire Family
Catalog/Orders: 1-800-647-8740

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
THE BOATHOUSE, 410 Severn Avenue, Annapolis, MD 21403
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295

seem to be any black mermaid dolls.) The Toy Park has paint-by-number Little Mermaid cards; a set is $3.99, and watercolors come with it, of course. Where there's water, can bath time be far behind? Children who aren't especially interested in sharing their bath with a smart-talking mermaid might like a Rub-a-Dub Dolly, sixteen inches tall. She comes with her own sponge brush and her own visor, which has a plastic duck sitting on it; her hair can be washed. There's a black version of this doll and a blond-haired version, and they're $15.99 at the Kay-Bee stores. Where there's water, there may well be bubbles, too, and this seems to be an especially big bubbles year. Baby Bubbles, a sixteen-inch soft-bodied doll who is either black or white, arrives with a washcloth, a comb, and a bottle. When she's fed with the bottle, she "blows bubbles just like a real baby," the ads say. Kiddie City has her for $26.99. A Mickey Mouse camera—that is, there's a picture of him on the side of it—is really just a toy that looks like a camera; when you push the button, it blows bubbles, and it is $16.99 at Kiddie City. (This needs bubble solution and three AA batteries.) At the Toy Park, we even found a Bubble Sax plastic saxophone equipped with three buttons, which hit different notes. The kids can improvise the music. As they play, it blows bubbles. (Here the solution is provided.) Or, if the bubble solution runs out temporarily, the sax can play music anyhow—all this effervescence for $19.99.

Those of your young friends who may still be in the tub and are of a literary bent would be happy with "Ernie's Bath Book" (it goes right in the water with them), which is $3.95 at Barnes & Noble. When everybody's dried off, the ideal entertainment would be a cassette, just out, that begins with Ernie—that is, of course, Ernie of the Muppets and of "Sesame Street"—singing "Rubber Duckie." Ernie, Kermit the Frog, and Guy Smiley, the excitable newscaster, along with other "Sesame Street" characters, were played by Jim Henson, who died in May, 1990. The cassette, which is $8.95 and runs a generous forty-eight minutes, is entitled "Jim Henson: A Sesame Street Celebration" and is a collection of twenty-one musical numbers that Henson sang on the program over the years, in his reedy, non-showoffy, almost

Now Printed in New York

International Herald Tribune
Baker Affirms Jan
As Final Pullout
To Avert a War in

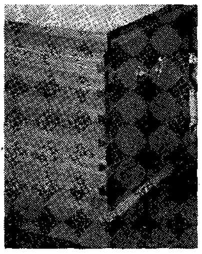
If you like the Trib when you're travelling, why not get it at home?

Now the International Herald Tribune offers same day delivery in many U.S. cities.

For your daily international briefing – with features on travel, fashion, global investing and much, much more, call us toll free:

1-800-882-2884

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ART AND JEWELRY ■ OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES ■ CONTEMPORARY ART SPANISH COLONIAL FURNISHINGS
DEWEY GALLERIES, LTD.
ALL IN AN HISTORIC SETTING ON THE PLAZA IN SANTA FE
CALL 1·800·327·7721
FOR OUR INFORMATIVE VIDEO
$5.00 INCLUDES SHIPPING



Handmade furniture for those who value fine craftsmanship in wood.
Free Brochure or Full Catalog $5.
Dept. YS, 99 Prescott St.
Worcester, MA 01605
508-831-9949
DOVETAIL WOOD WORKS, Inc.

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2· Pgh., PA 15220

diffident voice. On the cassette jacket, Joan Ganz Cooney, the founder of "Sesame Street" (it is beginning its twenty-third year, which means that quite a few of today's parents first learned about letters and numbers from that address), says of Henson, "He was our era's Charlie Chaplin, Mae West, W. C. Fields, and Marx Brothers—and indeed he drew from all of them to create a new art form that influenced popular culture around the world." For the age group that doesn't know anything about popular culture but knows what it likes, a fourteen-inch plush Kermit the Frog, who's a puppet, is about $15 all over town, and a ten-inch plush version (not a puppet) of his good friend the Cookie Monster is $24.99 at the Toy Park. He wears a tag saying "Roses are red/The Cookie Monster is blue/Cookies are sweet/And so are you," which should lift the spirits of any new owner who's having temporary lack-of-self-esteem problems. You can sponge off these characters, but they don't go in the tub. However, you can use the washing machine to freshen up some other very nice soft dolls, nearly two feet tall, who can be hugged, dragged about by one arm, or, in a pinch, used as pillows. They're called My Buddy and Kid Sister. Both the boy and the girl dolls wear overalls and jaunty visored caps and come in both black and white versions; $24.99 at Alexander's.

Until a few years ago, black parents often complained that black dolls made by the large toy companies were simply the standard white dolls with darkened skin. Things are better now. Barbie has a friend named Shani, part of a new line that, according to Mattel, the manufacturer, "brings to life the special style and beauty of the African-American woman." And there's a twelve-inch embodiment of M. C. Hammer, who's "Barbie's newest celebrity friend." Shani and M.C. are $19.99 and $17.99, respectively, at Toys R Us. Back in 1985, a local financial editor named Yla Eason was stunned when her three-year-old son explained to her that he couldn't grow up to be like He-Man, the Masters of the Universe superhero, because He-Man was white. She was upset enough to go into the business of manufacturing "ethnically correct" black and Hispanic dolls, and she is now the head of the Olmec Corporation, the largest manufacturer of such items in the country. One of its products is Sun-Man, whom his ads describe as "the greatest super hero ever." ("Sun-Man's magical skin gives him unequaled, unlimited and special super strength so he can fight evil forces within the Universe.") Another impressive doll is the company's new eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll, Imani, whose name means "faith" in Swahili. She is "an African American princess who represents independence, self-worth and pride in her heritage." Imani, who has braided hair, is very grand-looking, and comes wearing an African dress made of kente cloth, "a fabric worn by royalty in Nigeria." It's advertised that Barbie can fit into Imani's clothes, but we suspect she would have to ask very, *very* nicely. Sun-Man and Imani are about $6 and $11, respectively, at, among other places, Woolworth.

AND now for the miscellaneous roundup. It seems that in nearly every toy-department crowd you'll hear a voice asking, "What ever happened to the old Erector sets?" They have in fact been off the United States market for a decade, but now they are back, sponsored by the French company Meccano. A No. 3 Erector set, which has a six-volt electric motor and three hundred and fifty-three parts, and with which the owner can build a tractor, a dragster, or an airplane, is $78.75 at the Penny Whistle stores. Two AA batteries are needed for it. There are no pastels. Going back much further in time, there is the "Treasury of Civil War Songs," sung by Tom Glazer, which could interest an older child who watched Ken Burns' "Civil War" series on PBS; on cassette, it's $5.98. It begins with "John Brown's Body" and ends with a lament at Lincoln's grave, but there are lighter moments in between, such as "Eating Goober Peas" (which you can get arrested for). B. Shackman, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), has a fifty-four-piece notched building-card set for $6.50. The faces and scenes on the cards are from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." This would be a handy prop, ready to be knocked over when Alice finally shouts, "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" Also at B. Shackman is a ten-inch-long red or blue metal double-decker bus that could be turning off Piccadilly Circus; $10.

Snoopy seems to be less in evidence than he used to be, although the Hallmark stores have a nice twelve-inch

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $4.50

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $3.00

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

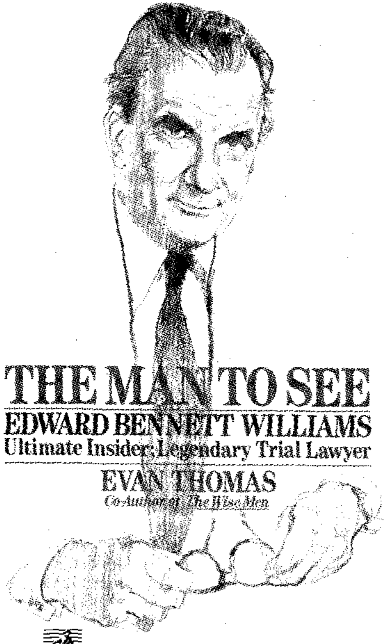
Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592

GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET
Geoff Keezer, Dean Johnson & David Ratajczak
Two nights only Dec 3 & 4 at 9 & 11pm
(Special Showtimes)

MILTON NASCIMENTO ACOUSTIC
Ron Carter, Hugo Fattoruso & Robertinho Silva
Four nights only Thurs Dec 5 to Sun Dec 8 at 9 & 11:30

MILT JACKSON QUARTET
PLUS
MARK WHITFIELD TRIO
Tues Dec 10 to Sun Dec 15 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat at 1:30 am

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Tel. 809-953-2211 • Fax 809-953-2731
For Res. call your Travel Agent
or 800-237-3237 / 800-424-5500



"A superb biography of this Wily Man, teeming with anecdotes, brimming with personalities, crackling with drama."
—Christopher Buckley, *The Washington Post Book World*

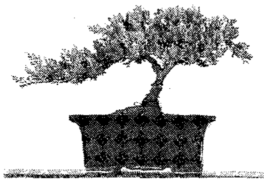
THE MAN TO SEE
EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS
Ultimate Insider; Legendary Trial Lawyer
EVAN THOMAS
Co-Author of *The Wise Men*

SIMON & SCHUSTER
A Paramount Communications Company
AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

AZTECS
by Inga Clendinnen

"Probably the best presentation of the Aztec people, their culture, and their city."
— Michael D. Coe
A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate Selection $29.95
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Beautiful Bonsai

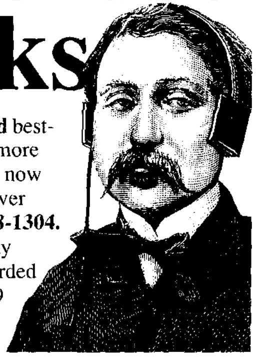


A unique and wonderful gift
Professionally grown juniper bonsai in ceramic bonsai pots.
Care instructions included.
small 5" **19.50**
medium 8" **25.00**
large 10" **35.00**
deluxe 12" **45.00**
1-800-457-5445 • New England Bonsai
Major credit cards accepted. Prices do not include shipping.

version of him for $15.95. (Snoopy, by the way, may have been the first toy character to shout "Cowabunga!" In "The Official Price Guide to Peanuts Collectibles," items from the early nineteen-seventies show the famous beagle committing the "cowabunga" word.) A gray plush ride-on rocking elephant, twenty-one inches from the floor, is $195 at Schwarz. The store brags that he's sturdy enough to hold Daddy, but you're on your own there. The children who are rocking on this fellow might like a little musical accompaniment on their travels. At Toys R Us, you'll find an Easy Touch Tape Player, for $27.99. This item used to be so simple that it was said a two- or a three-year-old could handle it; in the latest version, parents install the tape, set the volume, and lock things in. All the child has to do is push two bright-colored buttons for "On" and "Off," and the claim is that a six-month-old child can operate it. A perfect tape for this would be "Music for 1's & 2's" (that's one- and two-year-olds), by Tom Glazer, a versatile sort, who, as you see, has no trouble handling music for quite divergent age groups. On this record, he sings slowly and gently of the events of a very small child's day: being lifted high, getting one's shoes on, playing with toys ("I roll my ball to Daddy; he rolls it back to me"). This is $7.98. Of course, there are all kinds of electronic Christmas offerings. On a video called "Babysongs Christmas" ($14.95), a bunch of children are shown putting on a Christmas pageant with some animated characters and singing appropriate songs, including "Deck the Halls" and "The Twelve Days." On an audiotape called "Christmas Magic," Joanie Bartels sings a lighthearted repertoire, ending with "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" and beginning with "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." (As if you didn't know.) A video based on Ludwig Bemelmans' "Madeline's Christmas," an animated affair narrated by Christopher Plummer, is $14.95. You can get the book itself for $13.95 at Barnes & Noble. Perhaps you remember the plot. Absolutely everything seems to go wrong in that old house in Paris that was covered with vines; it's *crise* upon *crise* for poor Madeline; and then comes the happy ending. So take heart. Think of yourself as being on the crest of a wave. And watch out for those bubbles. Merry Christmas!

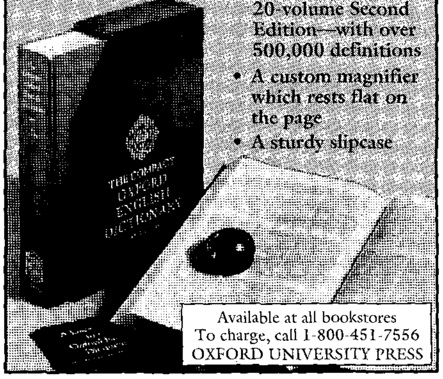
ELIZABETH GEORGE
The author of
Well-Schooled in Murder
knows a deadly thing or two about revenge
A SUITABLE VENGEANCE
"A sumptuous, all-out reading experience." —Charles Champlin, *Los Angeles Times*
Also available on Bantam Audio Cassette
A BANTAM HARDCOVER

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

THE COMPLETE NEW OED
NOW IN ONE VOLUME
- The full text of the 20-volume Second Edition—with over 500,000 definitions
- A custom magnifier which rests flat on the page
- A sturdy slipcase



Available at all bookstores
To charge, call 1-800-451-7556
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOKS

Golden Boy

"RIPENESS is all." So Shakespeare, for whom a man aged forty was in his "sere and yellow leaf," and who set the depth of love and of civic ferocities of "Romeo and Juliet" among a world of teenagers. Literary and musical precocity still makes sense to us: Schubert dies at thirty-one, his opus numbers exceeding nine hundred. Rimbaud, the begetter of poetic modernity, falls more or less silent at nineteen. Certainly since Napoleon, what is exceedingly difficult for us to grasp, psychologically and technically, is the idea of a military genius, of a political master, of a legislator and founder of cities in his teens and early twenties. Joan of Arc was seventeen when she stormed Orléans and began liberating France, but saints are stubbornly special, and defiant of reason. To us, political youth attaches, at the earliest, to the middle-aged.

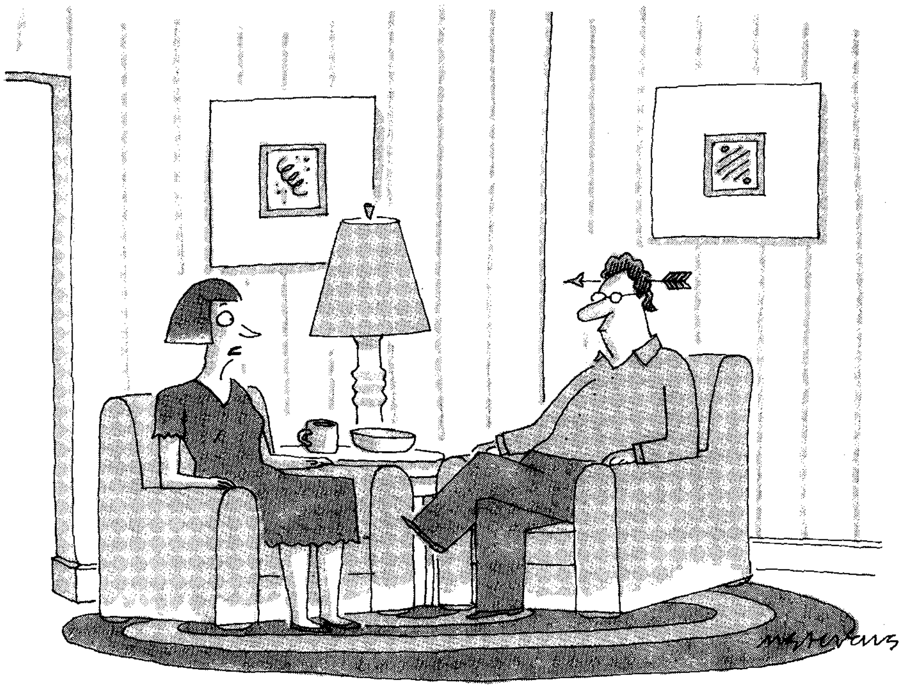
Little is understood about the changes in physiological nurture, in cultural context, which may or may not account for the meteoric maturity—creative, sexual, political, and, above all, military—characteristic of numerous figures in antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Homer's eloquent paladins were often boys. Alcibiades had lives behind him before manhood. The exemplary case is, famously, that of Alexander, who was regent of Macedonia at sixteen; who was eighteen when he led the decisive charge at the battle of Chaeronea; who died at the age of thirty-two, having traversed some twenty-five thousand miles in an arc of conquest, of imperial establishment, for which history has no true parallel. Young Bonaparte, just beginning his career, wept at the comparison.

Alexander's legendary radiance; his almost crazed yet controlled battle prowess; the tactical genius, which makes Granicus, Gaugamela, and the battle at the Jhelum set pieces that are closely studied in staff colleges to this day, gave him mythical stature from the outset. Later ages were spellbound by Alexander's lightning reflexes (that cutting of the Gordian knot), by his uncanny handling of men. Liberal imaginings perceived in Alexander the Great an inspired cosmopolitan, a ruler who sought to meld Europe with Asia, race with race, and civilization with civilization into a dynamic ecumenism. To the aspiring despots and patrons of art in Renaissance cities, Alexander's relation to his teacher Aristotle, his love of grand architecture, the boldness of his occult speculations, were a challenge. Nineteenth-century historians and philosophers of history, especially in Germany, saw Alexander as the incarnation of the superman. His early passing, at the threshold of new conquests, added the touch of transcendence.

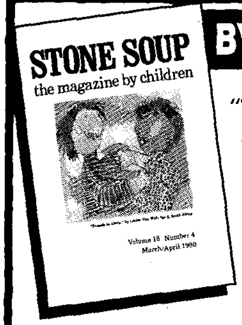
Peter Green's biography of Alexander is entitled not "Alexander the Great" but "Alexander of Macedon, 356-323 B.C." (University of California; $34.95. This is the first American edition of a book that originally appeared in England in 1974.) The difference between the two titles is of the essence. The portrait of Alexander that emerges, the judgments passed are often grimly iconoclastic. It is not the golden boy of neo-pagan or Nietzschean reveries whom we follow through these turbulent pages.

Recent archeology has done much to alter the classical condescensions of Attic Greece toward "barbarian" Macedonia. The tribal structure, the brutal mores, the sterility in respect to literature and philosophic discourse in the Macedonian north remain undeniable. Yet, archaic as it was, the kingdom of Macedon produced a measure of statecraft, of feudal coherence, which Athens ignored at its desperate cost. First and foremost, the Macedon of Alexander's father, King Philip, generated a war machine that had few equals before the Wehrmacht. Schooled to a pitch of irresistible impact, capable of executing complex maneuvers in total silence (Alexander, too, used that awesome trick), trained in the difficult arts of integrating mounted shock troops and heavy infantry, the Macedonian phalanx, the Companion Cavalry, and the bridge and siege-machine builders who accompanied the fighting host constituted an instrument without rival. Alexander inherited from his successful father—whose murder, in 336 B.C., he may have been more than a sleeping partner to—an army, a legacy of military obedience, and an impetus to dominion without which his own exploits would have been inconceivable. What Philip had crassly lacked was the diplomatic charms, the cultural veneer, the astute but also inebriate megalomania of his heir.

The saga is familiar, though each retelling leaves one breathless. It was in the spring of 334 that the twenty-



"I never know when you're kidding."



THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN

STONE SOUP the magazine by children

"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

STONE SOUP, now in its 19th year, is the perfect magazine for children. Children love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. An Activity Guide in every issue encourages budding writers and artists to create and submit their work.

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from Sept. to June.

☐ 1 yr $23 ☐ 2 yrs $40 ☐ 3 yrs $55

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Gift card from

Send a check, or call toll free to charge
1-800-447-4569
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

IS THERE A LAWYER IN THE HOUSE?

"I'm sorry, but counsel *must* take the witness."

This year, give the Gift of Laughter—this and 14 other hilarious prints of drawings by New Yorker cartoonist Lee Lorenz from W.W. Norton's irreverent but true, "DISORDERLY CONDUCT."

Set of 15 (11" by 14"), self-matted on quality stock. Guaranteed holiday delivery if order is received by December 15th.

Send check or M.O. for $150.00 to:
COMIX INC., Box 117, Easton, CT 06612

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! History, literature, fiction, military, 80 other subjects. Send two dollars for listings of 20,000 titles & prices.... We also operate a book shop (with 35,000 books not in our lists) on Rt. 28 in Ashokan, 9 mi. W. of NYS T'way, exit 19. Open seven days, 10 - 5.

EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232
WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS

one-year-old conquistador crossed into Asia Minor. He did so in the hope that glorious foreign wars would unite Greece at his back and would assuage Greek bitterness against Macedonian hegemony. He did so also in order to enfeeble and pillage the leviathan empire of the Persians, which had so long been Greece's foe. But these geopolitical motives probably came second. Alexander the Macedonian saw himself as the Homeric Achilles. It was to the site of Troy that he hastened after landing. The assault on Persia was a replay of the Trojan War, a reconsecration of Hellenic heroism and cultural superiority. In its modern turn, Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, closely patterned on the methods and the rhetoric of Alexander, reflected the same haunting vision. To invade the Near East, to press toward the phantasms of India is for the European a mission at once imperial and civilizing. It is in some quasi-mystical sense a mission to push back the frontiers of man.

Nothing in Professor Green's zestful, expert military history is more fascinating than his analyses of the actual ground covered by Alexander's troops. An early campaign finds the Macedonians marching two hundred and fifty miles in less than a fortnight, at a pace of between eighteen and twenty miles a day under full armament. During his Indian campaign, Alexander traversed fifty miles of desert in one night. In the thrust toward the Caspian, Alexander's army seems to have averaged thirty-six miles daily, sometimes over terrain that defies modern transport. One dash, from Rhagae to the Caspian Gates, covered fifty-two miles without halt. Only Napoleon, only Rommel and Patton (and they were motorized) have matched the speed, the successive hammer blows, the genius of surprise in Alexander's campaigns.

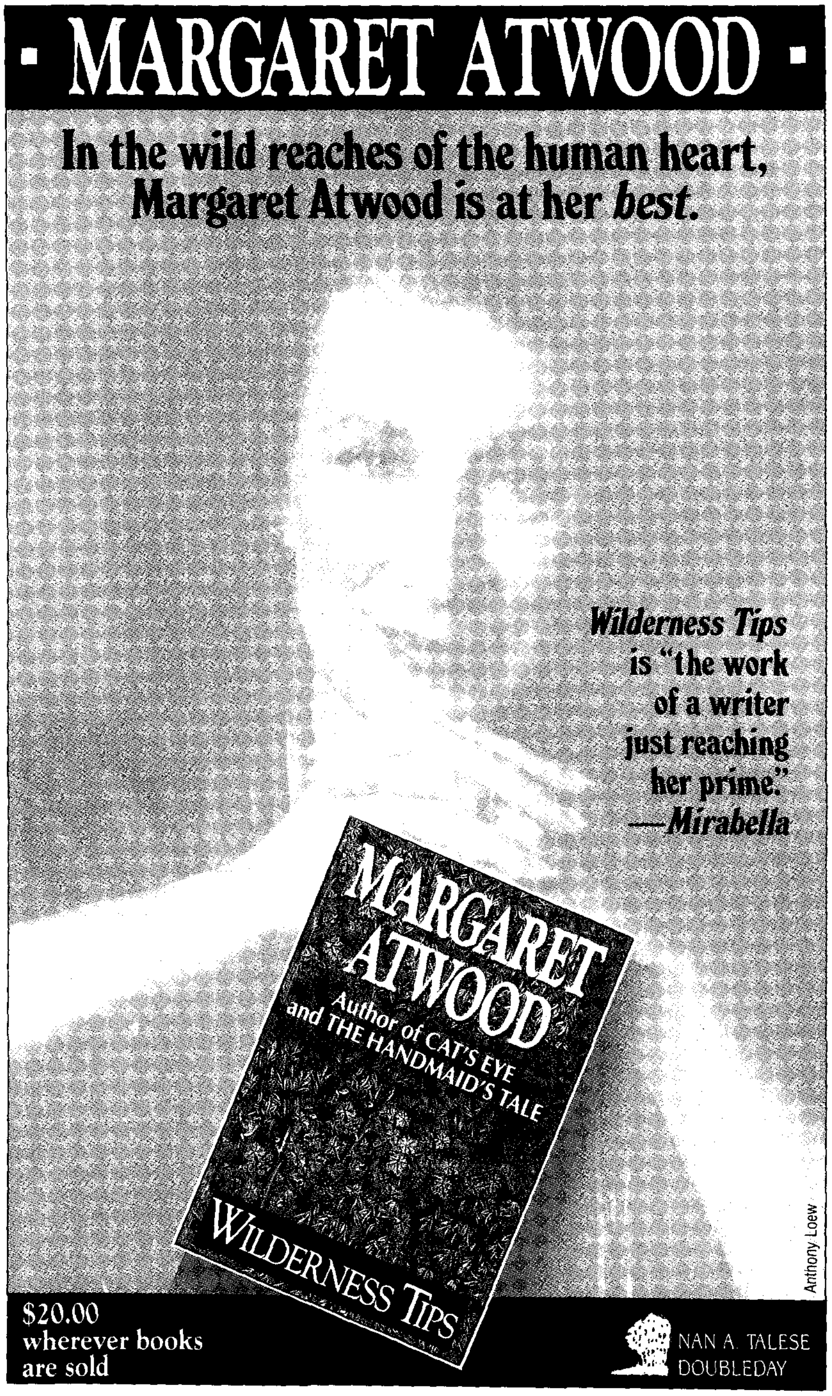
The young king's personal courage was, again, Homeric. He led celebrated charges against overwhelming odds and entrenched positions, and turned incipient rout into triumph. He was the first to cross racing waters and to scale glacial cliffs. Wounded in the thigh at Issus, Alexander would not cease from furious combat and pursuit till nightfall. On another occasion, the lord of war persisted in hand-to-hand mayhem and in the duties of command with his skull laid bare by a murderous blow to the head. Did he, like Achilles, harbor the intuition that an early death awaited a life otherwise charmed?

Invincibility became habit. Even the most critical analysis of ancient sources leaves Alexander's feats more or less intact and incredible. A year and a half after crossing the Hellespont, he had the western empire of Darius at his mercy. Babylon fell to his implacable advance in October, 331; Persepolis a few months thereafter. The year 329 saw the crossing of the Hindu Kush and the strategically inspired thrust into Samarkand. After the carnage on the Jhelum, one of the most brilliantly conceived battlefield maneuvers in all history, the Brahmin cities of India lay helpless before the all-conquering Macedonian. It was not only against great armies, against maddened war elephants and squadrons of scythed chariots, that Alexander found innovative means of triumph. It was against seemingly inaccessible mountain-peak citadels, such as that on the Sogdian Rock. It was against massively walled Tyre, severed from the mainland by treacherous waters. Nomadic and upland peoples of Afghanistan and central and eastern Iran who had never acknowledged a master found themselves outmarched, outridden, outfought by Alexander's flying squadrons. Four or five thousand miles from home, combat-fatigued beyond endurance, Alexander's Macedonian veterans mutinied. The scarred commanders who had fought for Philip urged Alexander to turn back, to be content with the immensity of his gains. They wasted their breath. Alexander removed or eliminated those of his staff whom he could no longer trust. He cajoled, taunted, bribed, or simply coerced the rank and file into drilled and forward-lunging fury. He never forgave those who, at the last, compelled him to renounce India and the unknown wonders beyond the rising of the sun.

During this processional, which led from Thebes to the Indus, from the Caspian to the Libyan sands, Alexander, moreover, managed an intricate feat of military reorganization. Step by adroit step, he made of his armies a hybrid. Around the Macedonian core stood the levies of Greek mercenaries and, increasingly, of Persians recruited to Alexander's star. In respect of manpower, like no condottiere before or since, he lived off conquered land, renewing his forces from amid those whom victory had delivered into his hands. All loyalties were to Alexander. Chastisement and reward (often lavish) stemmed from him alone. The collaborative councils, the debates over strategy and tactics, the votes—all of which had marked Greek military life since Homer—were abandoned. Genius is despotic or gives ear, at best, to a coven of intimates—of boon companions and, in Alexander's case, lovers. One by one, the generals who had helped bring victory to Philip and his son but had retained some independence of vision were either promoted into obscurity or murdered. From 330 B.C. on, the keynote was no longer Greek.

Peter Green develops this modulation into the Oriental with insightful distaste. Alexander was profoundly fascinated by that which he overcame. Already, after the first defeat of Darius, at Issus, the victor began affecting the rites, garb, and symbolic gestures of an Eastern potentate. It was in the winter of 332 that Alexander had himself crowned Pharaoh at Memphis. Soon those who sought his grace and favor would learn to approach his throne and person literally on the ground, in actual prostration—a Persian and Far Eastern abjection repulsive to Greek consciousness. Just how seriously Alexander of Macedon took his own elevation to divine status, and the oracular revelations that he had been sired by a god, is a complicated question. History records flashes of gruff, self-deprecating irony amid the worship, amid the fervid adulation with which Alexander surrounded himself. At other points, however, self-divinization seems to have taken a profound hold of the man's psyche. The world conqueror who could race across three hundred miles of pitiless desert in order to be initiated into the theophanic mysteries of the god Ammon in the sacred oasis at Siwa must have harbored awesome intimations concerning his own person. Immortality had already begun.

It is the price exacted that Professor Green stresses throughout. The utter destruction of rebellious Thebes by the boy king in 335 begins the long catalogue of horrors. The sack and firing


· MARGARET ATWOOD ·

In the wild reaches of the human heart, Margaret Atwood is at her *best.*

Wilderness Tips is "the work of a writer just reaching her prime."
—*Mirabella*

$20.00
wherever books
are sold

NAN A. TALESE
DOUBLEDAY

From whalers to warships, rowboats to racing sloops . . .

"A stunning assemblage of color photography, with a thoughtful text woven around the strongly visual presentation."
—*WoodenBoat Magazine*

At bookstores, or call 1-800-225-3362. $45.00 *

A DAVID LARKIN BOOK
Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108
© Houghton Mifflin Company 1991

PETER H. SPECTRE and DAVID LARKIN
WOODEN SHIP
THE ART, HISTORY, AND REVIVAL OF WOODEN BOATBUILDING

* + shipping & tax

The **best gift** you can buy a New Yorker

Where To...
Find It, Buy It, Eat It
in New York!

The complete guide to the best:

great gift!

WHERE TO FIND IT BUY IT EAT IT IN NEW YORK

RESTAURANTS!
SHOPPING!
ATTRACTIONS!
BUSINESSES!
YOU NAME IT!
YOU'LL LOVE IT!

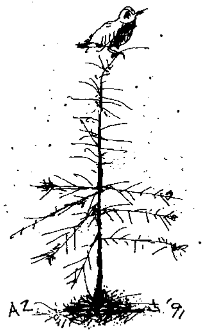
Only **$19.95**
P & H included
2 FOR $30.

Satisfaction is Guaranteed!
or return for prompt refund.

over 600 pages!

Send CHECK or M.O. to:
PIANO BARN • BOX 1234 A
WATER MILL, NY 11976

The perfectly wonderful gift for all ages...



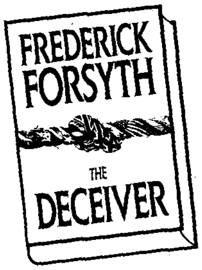
A PERFECTLY IRREGULAR CHRISTMAS TREE

Written & Illustrated by
Abbie Zabar

$14. Now at your bookstore or gift shop

ClarkSon Potter/Publishers
The Sign of a beautiful gift
A member of the Crown Publishing Group

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Rentals
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

Play Piano Classics Within Hours

KEY-READ® music
for bright people in a hurry

The music in the efficient notation that enables beginners to sight-read unsimplified Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven. Used in many Canadian public schools. $49.95 for instruction video, 100 p. book of Key-Read music including Moonlight Sonata, & catalogue.

Performance Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 292, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada, L3T 3N3
VISA 416-882-5905

of Persepolis became emblematic of crazed, histrionic triumph. At Tyre, Alexander's infantry turned to butchers until the vanquished city became "a bloody, reeking abattoir." Some two thousand captives were crucified. In obscene imitation of Achilles' treatment of Hector's corpse in the Iliad, Alexander had the ruler of fallen Gaza lashed behind a chariot and dragged to his death. Blood madness is a recurrent motif in Green's chronicle. At Persepolis, Alexander's men, under his specific license, "went completely berserk." During the Bactrian campaign, the wretched troops of Satibarzanes took refuge on a wooded mountain. "It was now August," Green writes. "Alexander simply set the forest alight and roasted the lot of them." At Massaga, in an act that made even the rougher nerves of the ancient world quiver, Alexander massacred seven thousand Indian mercenaries together with their wives and children after guaranteeing them safe conduct. As the close of his career neared, Alexander's soldiers fought "with savage, almost hysterical cruelty." Green adds: "Rapine and wholesale massacre became commonplaces."

Increasingly, this hysteria infected Alexander himself. Drink and the punishment of his divine flesh (he had been terribly wounded after he leaped alone, as Coriolanus would do, into an enemy city) whipped Alexander to bouts of frenzy. He slew Cleitus, one of the truest of his companions-at-arms, during a sodden feast. If Plutarch is accurate, Alexander attended, behind a curtain, on the torture of Callisthenes, one of the old guard who had faithfully served him. After the terrible march through the Gedrosian desert in the late summer or fall of 325, Alexander, Green says, "became increasingly paranoiac." From the very beginning, "his ambition had been insatiable, and murderous when thwarted." But now cumulative exhaustion, unparalleled wealth and personal power, and alcohol and homoerotic passion led to "dominant and uncontrollable megalomania."

The death—from fever, gluttony, and drink—of the beloved Hephaestion left Alexander wildly bereft. (He had the attending physician crucified.) Not long afterward (in May or June, 323), the man-god fell violently ill after a carousal in Babylon. If Alexander was not deliberately poisoned—a possibility that Professor Green considers seriously—he succumbed either to raging pleurisy or to malaria caught during an exploratory advance into the nearby marshes. Few, indeed, lamented his passing. "In Greece and Asia alike, during his lifetime and for several centuries after his death, he was regarded as a tyrannous aggressor, a foreign autocrat who had imposed his will by violence alone." Subtly but unmistakably, the analogy that Green has been building up emerges as from a bloodstained mist.

Alexander was infatuated with architecture on a monstrous scale. His psychological powers over other men were mesmeric. His eye for weakness, corruption, or cowardice in his adversaries or in those whose services he chose to enlist was uncanny. After the death of Darius, Alexander's motives for continued warfare lack all rationality. The implicit and sole purpose is that of world conquest—of the subjugation of the known and as yet hidden world to the domination of one man. Hysteria and a morbid distrust of all who drew near to him came to possess the Macedonian's fevered mind. The silhouette is that of Hitler.

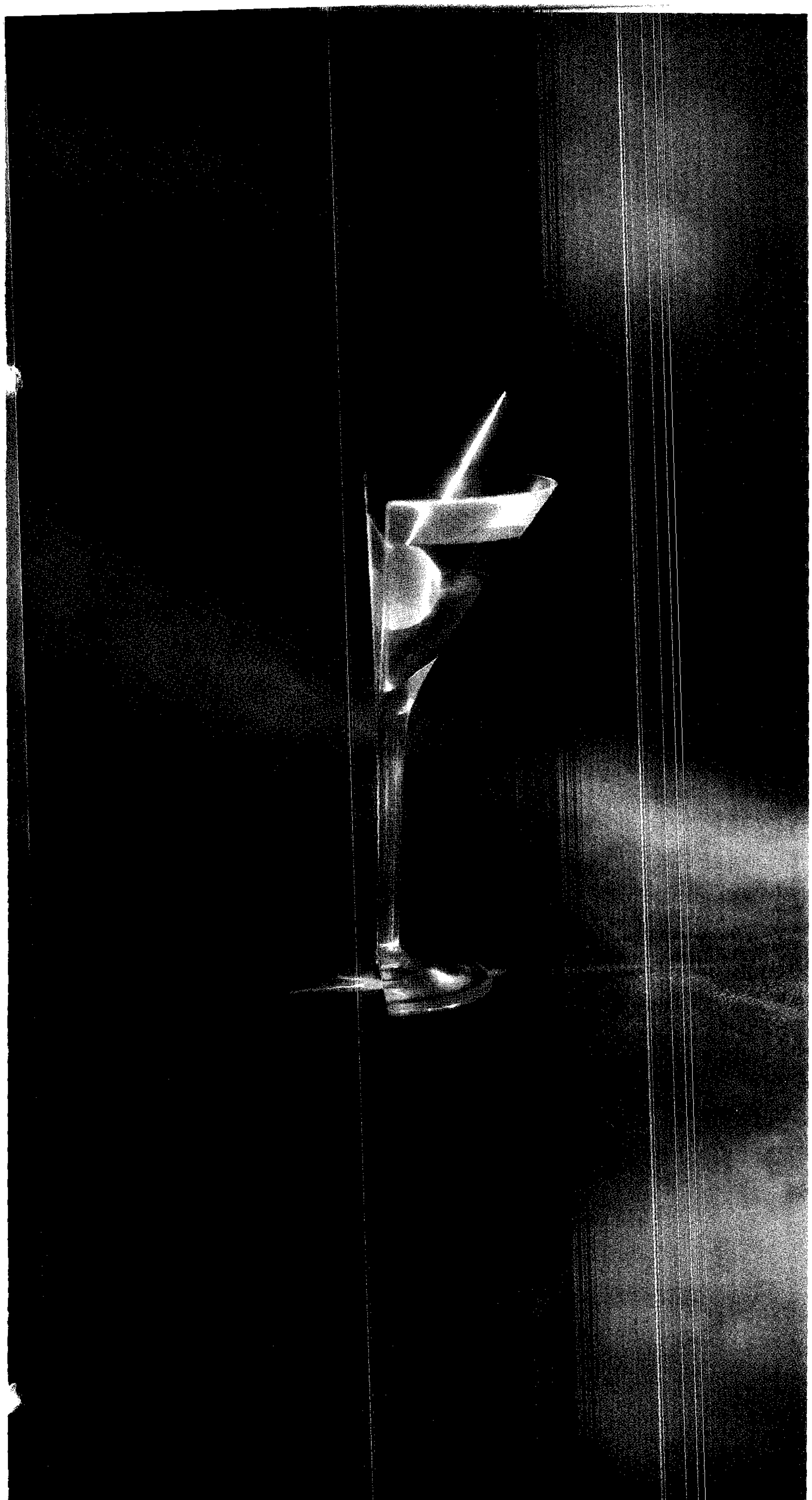
It is richly instructive to compare Green's biography with that by Robin Lane Fox, published in 1973. Lane Fox is a dazzling stylist. His Alexander shimmers with Hellenic beauty and the aura of personal magic. His feats retain something of the dawn innocence of their Homeric inspiration. Here Alexander is at decisive moments Aristotle's star pupil. Lane Fox has had (here as in later works) far more to say than Green about the positive elements of Alexander's legacy in the complex interweavings of Europe and Asia, of Attic rationalism and Oriental speculative mythologies to which we owe Hellenism and cardinal strains in Christianity. Sadly, one suspects that Peter Green's portrait cuts nearer the bone. At one stage, Wagner was hesitating between three conquering heroes for his next opera: Siegfried, Frederick of Prussia, and Alexander the Great. Quite so.

—GEORGE STEINER

•

Lapp herders in northern Norway claim that huge eagles ate about 1,300 of their reindeer this year and are demanding compensation from the government.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Remember when eagles couldn't handle paperwork?



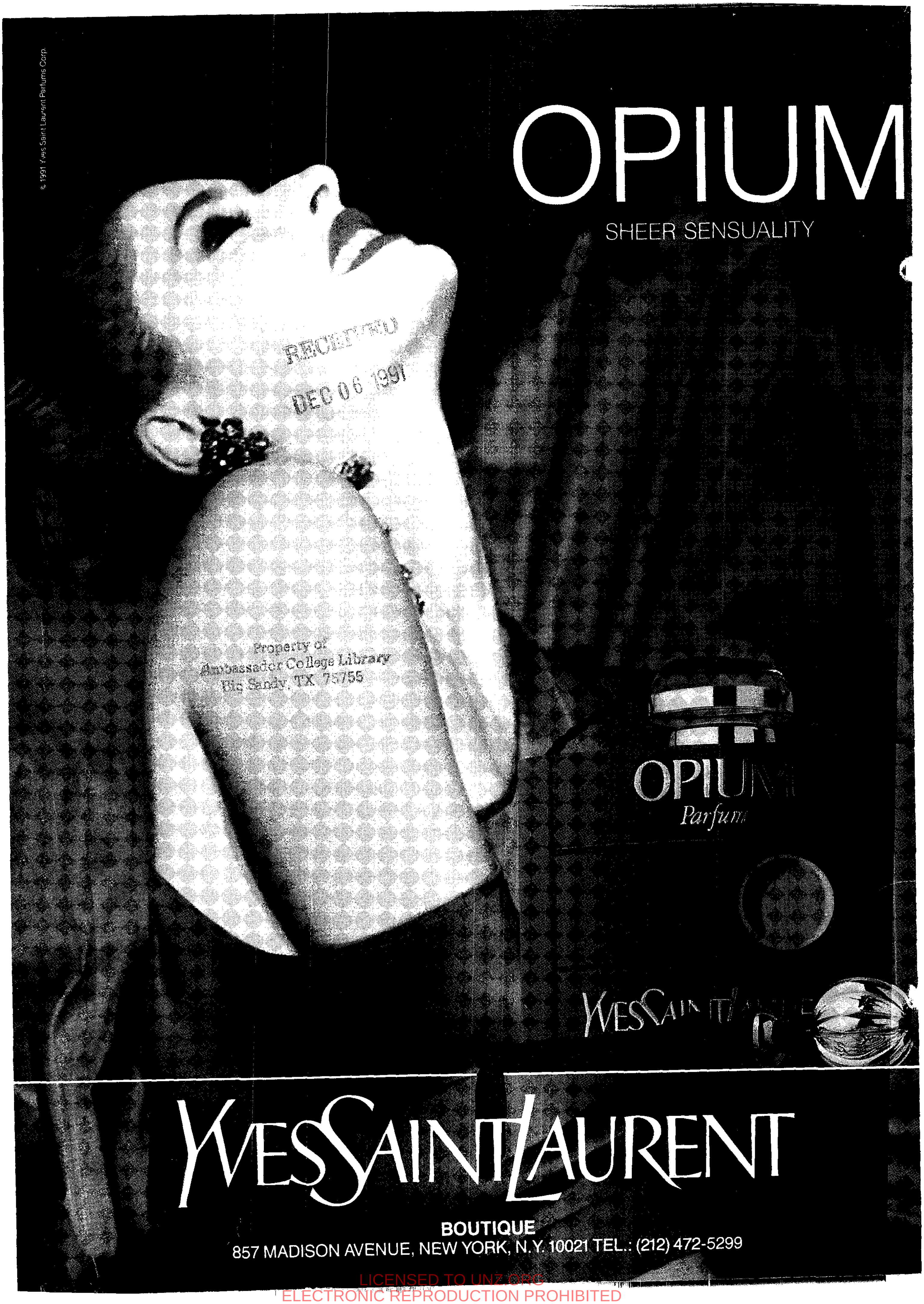
DURING THIS
HOLIDAY OF EXCESSES
MAY WE SUGGEST
YOU TAKE A MOMENT
TO THINK ABOUT
QUALITY
OVER QUANTITY.

UNCOMPROMISING

LONDON DRY GIN

Beefeater Dry Gin. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 47% Alc./Vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1991

IMPORTED
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN


OPIUM
Parfum
YVES SAINT LAURENT

OPIUM

SHEER SENSUALITY

RECEIVED
DEC 06 1991

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

YVES SAINT LAURENT

BOUTIQUE
857 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 TEL.: (212) 472-5299

© 1991 Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.